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THE BOOKMAN,

77784
AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY JOURNAL

VOLUME IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1896—FEBRUARY, 1897

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 21ST STREET

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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The London *Literary World* got its colours mixed the other day. It spoke of Mr. Crockett's forthcoming novel, *The Grey Man*, to be published in the autumn, as *The Green Man*.



It was under the trees of the ten-minute-old campus of the University of C—, but these two pretty feminine creatures were younger still. They were just becoming intimate. They had nice, serious foreheads, sensible shoes, well-bred noses, and smoothly disposed indigenous hair. And said one to the other, said she: "What degree are you studying for?" And the other replied: "Why, a Ph.D., of course. You know it takes a year longer, but I wouldn't wear any other gown for worlds. Those trimmed sleeves are too sweet for anything."

Who says the New Woman isn't as *weiblich* as ever?



The Lower Life is the title which Mr. Francis Gribble has chosen for his new novel, which deals with the world of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Gribble's thesis is that speculation destroys in a man all his "sentimental possibilities." His hero is a poet who takes to dabbling in stocks, and makes a success of the experiment.



Mr. Frederic Jesup Stimson, whose new novel, *King Noanett*, is reviewed on another page, is a man just past the prime of life, who nevertheless wears his years well. His literary reputation up to the present rests more on his legal works, which are well-known authorities in law, rather than in fiction, although under the pen-name of "J. S. of Dale" he has published more than half a dozen of stories. But

with the appearance of *King Noanett* he has won a new reputation for himself, and when all his other books are forgotten, this one will be read with delight in the homes of the common people. Mr. Stimson is a well-known lawyer in Boston, and most of his work in fiction has been done as recreation. Yet though composed during his hours of relaxation, he has been seriously engaged upon his latest work for the last five years. All the world loves a lover, and *King Noanett* is bathed in the atmosphere of the tender passion. But it is pure, unstrained, and ethereal; and far from being of the earth, earthy, it pervades the book like a spiritual presence. We are not afraid to predict that *King Noanett* will take its place in the hearts of the people with such books as *Lorna Doone* and *The Little Minister*.



The full-page illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham deserve a word of commendation, for it is seldom that we are favoured with illustrations that furnish a reflex of the author's intention. Mr. Stimson and Mr. Sandham, we understand, have worked together, and their sympathetic contact has been catching. For the last picture in the book, "The Vision at the Dawn," the author and the artist spent a whole day together on the Upper Charles, identifying the spot where Pomham was taken captive. It is an actual landscape, and is thus described in the novel: "I saw the country far to the north of us. . . . I came out on a mossy rock that topped the ridge through which the river broke; and here, to the south, I saw many miles of meadow, across which the upper river lay winding like a silver ribbon in the twilight." A portrait and autograph of Mr. Stimson appeared in our June number.

THE BOOKMAN.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company will publish during September a volume entitled *Ex-Libris*, by Charles Dexter Allen. The fac-similes of book plates will be printed from copper plates, and the edition will be limited to eight hundred copies, fifty of which will be bound in vellum or leather.



The accompanying fac-simile of the cover design of *A Venetian June*, which



is noticed on another page, is by Miss Alice C. Morse, a young artist who has been at work among the publishers for some time. Miss Morse is by no means a new designer, having drawn cover designs for the "Thumbnail Series," published by the Century Company, and Harper's "Odd Number Series," and having obtained a diploma and medal at the World's Fair exhibition for her covers. Her work in grotesque was tested two years ago in the decorations used in the curious little volumes containing translations from the weird ghost tales of Paul Heyse. Miss Morse is a graduate of the Cooper Union, where she took a prize in life drawing, and she is also an

adept in designing for stained-glass windows and embroidery. While working away during the past few years she has kept up her studies, and so is abreast of the newest of the new artists. Last summer she spent in Brittany, where she extended her studies, but this summer she has been unable to get away on account of her engagements.



Uncle Tom's Cabin was not the first anti-slavery novel. There was Hildreth's *Archy Moore*, which got so far as to be reprinted in England, but attracted comparatively little attention. Miss Martineau also, both in her little story of "Demerara," and in her novel, *The Hour and the Man*, had made slavery her theme. It follows that the subject did not wholly account for the book's success. At the same time the fact that a most mediocre story published immediately after and called *The Lamplighter* had an immense circulation, shows that there may have been something favourable in the conditions of the time.



We notice with a degree of interest that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company are bringing out a uniform edition of the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe's works. Especial interest will be taken in the limited large-paper edition, for every copy of which the publishers were fortunately successful in securing Mrs. Stowe's autograph early in this year. We have been somewhat surprised to note that in all the comments which her death has called forth, the merits of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been allowed absolutely to obscure the beauty and depth of charm of much besides that she has written. It is true that few, if any women among all who have lived, have accomplished a greater work by the writing of one book, for it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, more than any cause, that broke the fetters of the slaves. The book itself is full of genius, a Spagnolito book, as Macaulay called it. But *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, especially the touching, noble, and profound *Old Town Folks*, are among the best gifts contributed to literature in America, and it is to us quite inexplicable that, in the present rage for idylls, such works have been overlooked—works so tender, so accomplished, so religious. We should not

dream of putting any American novelist near her with the single exception of Hawthorne. The history of literature shows that resurrections are very rare, yet we cannot but think that there is a future for some of the neglected books of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Her character was in keeping with her works, although she had the weaknesses of the Beecher family, the weakness in her case being an inordinate love of gossip, which appears in her silly *Sunny Memories*, and in her thoroughly unwholesome Byron publications. That she repeated the story told her by Mrs. Byron cannot be doubted, but those who know most discredit the tale, although an extremely able writer in the *Saturday Review* accepted it, and supported it in articles which have seldom been surpassed for their trenchant vigour. The true reason of the separation very probably lies in another and a quite different direction, and we must wait a few years before the story is told. It is a story which will profoundly affect various reputations and positions, but it leaves Byron more human a great deal, and more pardonable than Mrs. Stowe's did.

⊗

We hear, by the way, that the first volume of Mr. Henley's edition of Byron, to be published by Mr. Heinemann, will be of peculiar interest, and will contain something like one hundred pages from the pen of the editor.

⊗

Mrs. Manningham Caffyn's new story, *A Quaker Grandmother*, touches the sex problem slightly; but is in a different vein to *A Yellow Aster*. It is a story of to-day, containing many bright passages and an interesting narrative. It will be published early in the autumn.

⊗

According to present arrangements, Messrs. Cassell of London will publish Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, now running in *Scribner's*, on October 17th, when it will probably appear in this country from the press of the Scribners.

⊗

One reader of *A Lady of Quality* has asked Mrs. Burnett a pertinent question, despite the fact that she dismisses it lightly: "What would Little Lord Fauntleroy think of Clorinda?" His lordship being by this time, doubtless,

a precociously serious youth, perhaps in college, with "views" on art, morals, and life (such as that kind of youth is sure to have), must be inexpressibly shocked, if not at the sort of person Clorinda was morally, then at the sort of person she came to be artistically. Mrs. Burnett's conception—we suppose she intends her study of Clorinda to be taken seriously and not ironically—is that of a woman secretly unchaste in maidenhood, who, when her discarded and hated lover threatens to interfere with a desired marriage, and is killed by her too hasty blow with a loaded riding-whip, puts the whole transaction out of her life as completely as she puts her victim's body out of the way of discovery when she walls it up in a subterranean vault. The deed is never discovered, except by an apparently hypnotised and dying sister, who can hardly be considered to count; it is not confessed, except to that sister, who absolves from further confession; it is unatoned for, except as Clorinda takes special pains to seek out and help other victims of the lover whom she slew. Yet Clorinda carries that stained and bloody past with its ghastly secret into an ideal marriage, and proves herself an ideal wife and mother—in short, "lives happy ever after."

⊗

In the main, popular discussion of Clorinda has laid the stress in the wrong place; on what she was rather than on what she became—how she "turned out." This is the smug conventionalism of the question—as Mrs. Burnett conceives it, and so lightly dismisses it—What would Little Lord Fauntleroy think of Clorinda? The real difference goes far deeper. It involves a radical departure from the doctrine of possible consequences. Is the great problem of the universe—"washing Lady Macbeth's little red, right hand," as some one has defined it—to be set aside so easily? Was the Old World's point of view superfluously serious from the Garden of Eden to the Greek tragedies? Have we moderns been fooled by Hawthorne and George Eliot, by Hardy and Hall Caine? Is Nemesis a superstitious survival, or is Clorinda a psychological *non-sequitur*?

⊗

The *Athenæum* reviewer who recently made a sensation by trouncing *Tom*



Hopkinson Smith

From a copyrighted drawing, by permission of *Topic*.

Grogan as "rubbish," as illustrating the "vacuity" of the author, his "vanity" and "weakness of mind," and the folly or worse of an eminent firm of publishers of putting their name to such "trash," has not been allowed to pass unchallenged even in his own country. Mr. L. F. Austin, that brilliant and caustic critic of the *London Sketch*, comes to the rescue. Here is what Mr. Austin writes: "Finding this terrific onslaught in the sedate *Athenæum* on a story called *Tom Grogan*, I turned to the offending volume with not a little curiosity. In a pretty long experience I have never read a book which called for such sweeping censure, and I expected of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story a unique sensation of iniquity. . . . I have followed the vicissitudes of *Tom Grogan* with sympathy and admiration. Where is the 'vacuity,' what is the meaning of 'vanity' and 'weakness of mind'? The *Athenæum* reviewer says that such a book is condemned by the 'Old World's standard of literature and life.' It is pained, no doubt, by the

unfamiliar technical terms employed by American workmen engaged in building a sea wall. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is not a great literary artist; he writes 'loaned' when he means 'lent,' and I wish he wouldn't, but he is a born story-teller; his characters are all alive, and *Tom Grogan* is a fresh and exhilarating piece of work. It is not fiction of the first order, but to denounce it in the style of the *Athenæum* reviewer is one of the strangest freaks of criticism that I can remember. I hope our friends over the water will not judge the 'Old World's standard' by this surprising explosion of an unaccountable animus." *Tom Grogan*, we may say, has been one of the most popular novels of the year, and is still enjoying a large sale.

⊗

The first thirteen chapters of Mr. Arthur Morrison's new East End story, *A Child of the Jago*, will be published serially in the *New Review*, beginning with the August number. They constitute an episode which is, in a sense, complete. Messrs. Methuen have secured the British book-rights, and the book, which is not yet quite finished, and has been retarded by unexpected delays, will appear in the autumn. It is because Mr. Morrison is desirous of the publication of the book this year that no more of the story will appear serially.

⊗

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has almost finished her story for boys. This will be a revelation to her friends, so full is it of all the dashing adventure which appeals to the heart of the boy. The scene of the story is Old California, in the days before the gringo came.

⊗

Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is the son-in-law of Richard Cobden, has reprinted Mr. John Morley's biography of Cobden in two volumes. The Macmillan Company will publish the work shortly in this country. Mr. Morley's biography is not remarkable, but it contains much material of great interest, and it bears out what Mark Rutherford says of Richard Cobden: "He was the most perfect gentleman that ever sat in the House of Commons."

⊗

On page 201 of the August *McClure's* Mr. W. T. Stead, in his article on Glad-

stone, is made to say: "Mr. Bright used to lay awake for hours thinking out his subjects." Did Mr. Stead really make this vulgar verbal error, or was it transformed when passing through the hands of the American compositor? The latter is more likely, as it is only too common in our speech; but then the reader should have caught it.



A new novel by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, the most ambitious piece of work he has yet written, entitled *The Story of Hannah*, has been appearing in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine* since the beginning of the year, and will be published this autumn in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. As Mr. Dawson's work advances the circle of his readers widens, and he begins to have an international reputation. His *London Idylls*, published last autumn by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, had a large sale in England, and recently his stories have been appearing in some of our foremost periodicals. An article from his pen on "The Religion of Robert Louis Stevenson" appears in this number.



The portrait which we give of Stevenson is one that has never been printed before, and was drawn from life by Mr. Percy F. S. Spense, and is herewith reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Dawson. Some of our readers will also be interested in Mr. North's article, printed in this same number, in which has been compiled for the first time a bibliography of Stevenson. The British Museum has lately acquired, among other rare modern books, Stevenson's second production, *The Charity Bazaar*, privately printed at Edinburgh; also his *Not I* and *Moral Emblems*, printed at his private press at Davos in 1881.



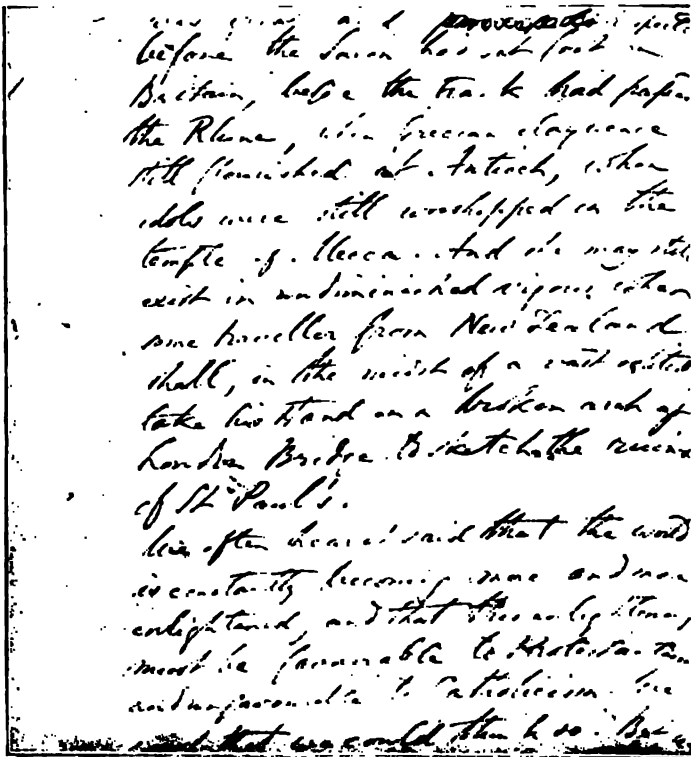
Robert Louis Stevenson

From a drawing from life by Mr. Percy F. S. Spense.

It is rather curious that almost on the very day when the first instalment of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's story of the Irish-American dynamiter, Captain Shannon, appeared, the very man from whom he took the idea of the story, James Tynan, who was known as "Number One," should have issued a manifesto in America. And in many points the very wording of Tynan's manifesto is similar to Captain Shannon's manifesto, which appears in the *Windsor Magazine* for July (now, by the way, out of print). It is all the more curious for the fact that "Number One" has otherwise not been heard of for a long time.



There is evidently a revival in interest



FAC-SIMILE OF THE PAGE OF MACAULAY'S MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING THE FAMOUS NEW ZEALAND PASSAGE.

in Irish conspiracy, for Mr. Tighe Hopkins's article on Kilmainham Prison, which appeared recently in the *Windsor Magazine*, where it attracted much notice, is to be reissued as a book, and with much interesting fresh matter. Both books will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

✽

Mr. Louis Becke, who is at present in Australia, has collaborated in a new book with Mr. Walter Jeffery. It is to be called *The Deserter*.

✽

Will Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the author of *Madame Roland*, recently published by the Scribners (and a very able and interesting biographical study it is), please explain the following passage, which appears in a letter written by Madame Roland to Bancal about 1790? "If I can give a little time this winter to English," she says, "I shall read Macaulay's *History*. I shall leave the historian only for the novel of Rousseau." Of course Macaulay the historian was not born until the century

following. We do not find that Macaulay's father, Zachary, was the author of any historical work, and Madame Roland could hardly have referred to what he may have written in regard to the abolition of slavery, which can scarcely be described as history.

✽

Speaking of Lord Macaulay, the accompanying fac-simile of the page of his original manuscript containing the famous New Zealand passage, which occurs in his essay on Von Ranke's *History of the Popes*, may be of interest to our readers. The complete manuscript of the essay is in the possession of Messrs. J. Pearson and Company, dealers in autographs, manuscripts, and rare books, Pall Mall Place, London. Mr. Wheel-

er, the acting manager of the firm, complains to a London *Sketch* representative that all the good autographs and manuscripts go to America, and that there are practically no buyers and no collectors in England. Neither the French nor the Germans buy English manuscripts, they go chiefly to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. "Boston is *dilettante*," says Mr. Wheeler; "it talks, but does not buy."

✽

Our attention has been called to an article on "Prices Paid to Authors," which was published a short time ago in the *New York Sun*, and in which the writer says of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady*, now running in the *Century Magazine*, for the serial rights of which eighteen thousand dollars is said to have been paid, that "large as the sum may seem at first thought, it is relatively small; it is much smaller than the other sums paid for the product of other literary workers. Thus Scott got forty thousand dollars for

Woodstock, and Moore got three thousand guineas for *Lalla Rookh*; Anthony Trollope received in all three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his various works." Forty thousand dollars is more than eighteen thousand dollars, to be sure, but eighteen thousand dollars is not all that Mrs. Ward will receive. For both serial and book rights she will probably be paid nearer sixty thousand than forty thousand dollars. It has been estimated that for the three novels, *Robert Elsmere*, *David Grieve*, and *Marcella*, she has been paid over two hundred thousand dollars. Anthony Trollope, according to this writer, received three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his works. There are few more prolific writers than Anthony Trollope. Harper's catalogue gives seventeen books bearing his name as author, and to have been paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for seventeen books is not so great an achievement as to have been paid over two hundred thousand dollars for three books.

From an excellent *causerie* on the question, "What makes a novel successful?" by Claudius Clear, we extract the following pertinent passages. Referring to Mrs. Humphry Ward's past popularity, the writer says: "Mrs. Ward, I still think, has faculties which would have given her a good place in the second rank of novelists. With that she was not content, and she forced herself into the front by writing treatises on religion and socialism and morality in the guise of fiction. She had a considerable miscellaneous knowledge of those themes, and a good measure of the skill that belongs to the first-rate newspaper specialist. In this way she met the needs of people who were uncomfortably aware that there were things in the air and in the *Nineteenth Century* which they ought to know, but didn't. I question, however, whether even Mrs. Ward will be able to keep up the game. The Americans are said to be very weary of her last book, and people are now generally aware that she has nothing of real value to say on any controverted subject; while as to the utter worthlessness of her later books as literature, there is a general agreement.

"The power of telling a story," he goes on, "is not necessarily the literary

gift, but it is a gift of great rarity and great price. It may exist where there is no culture, no taste, no genius, no wit, and no humour. Dr. Conan Doyle has it, and so has Mr. Rider Haggard. I have not been able to read Dr. Doyle's latest books, but in some of the earlier ones he showed this power in an eminent degree. You had not read four sentences when you were in the current of the stream, and anxious to know how things happened. This power of story-telling may or may not be accompanied with that of plot construction. It usually is. Whoever can construct a good plot, and can tell his story simply and directly, is independent of all the critics. He will always be able to command a great public."

Claudius Clear touches a vital point in the permanency of literature when he says: "A great, perhaps the greatest element in writing that appeals to the people is a religious faith. By this I do not mean an exact theological creed exactly expressed. I doubt whether people care for the religious novel, and I am sure they do not care for the unsympathetic religious novel, where things are laid down hardly and definitely. What they do like is the consideration of life under the steady assumption of the great religious truths. They like to have life drawn for them by one who believes that there is a God behind it and heaven above it. Then it becomes possible to look unshrinkingly on all its pain, to see its pleasures slipping, and yet to feel content, to know that all it yields is in the nature of a promise, and to feel the peace that comes from the assurance that the promise is going to be kept. The noisiness of sceptics and their disproportionate power in the literary class is apt to mislead. I have no doubt that the heart of the country is as religious as it ever was, and probably more religious. It answers with a thrill to any genuine manifestation of belief in a writer who has the other necessary gifts. Of course, I am not saying that any religious person can write fiction. Far from it. But I do say that if a novelist, otherwise thoroughly equipped, is profoundly imbued with religious faith, he has an immense advantage. He not only secures more readers, but he takes a deeper grip of those he has. He influences their lives and he lives in their memories, and is regarded by them



A NOVEL EXHIBITION OF DECADENT LITERATURE.

even with a strong personal affection. It is quite certain that there is a demand for religious fiction of the kind I have been describing which is not at all satisfied by the present supply. It is wonderful how very few works of fiction show a genuinely religious spirit. I find that many writers who are orthodox members of churches and have never challenged Christianity, bring nothing of its suffusion into their work, while many have deliberately made up their minds to leave the subject alone both in fiction and out of it."

⊗

Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco has in preparation for publication in the autumn a series of folk-lore stories of the South of France, entitled *Tales of Languedoc*, by Professor Samuel J. Brün, of Stanford University, and a book of short stories by Emma Frances Dawson, the title of which will probably be *An Itinerant House*. Both books will be illustrated by Mr. Ernest Peixotto, whose work in

the *Lark* we have already had occasion to commend. Miss Dawson's stories have a strong local colour, and Mr. Ambrose Bierce says of her, that "in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is head and shoulders above any writer on the coast;" which certainly piques our curiosity and assures prompt attention for the book when it appears.

⊗

Our readers will remember that in our July number we described a Stevenson window in Mr. Doxey's book-shop in Market Street, San Francisco. Mr. Doxey, who is a man of novel enterprise and ideas, has succeeded this with an exhibition in his window of decadent literature, a picture of which appears herewith. As an admirer of Stevenson

Mr. Doxey is, of course, no disciple of decadence, and we treat the whole matter as in the nature of a huge joke. Still it is no joke, but a serious sign of the times, for Mr. Doxey has brought home to the man in the street, as nobody else has done, the existence of decay, or what passes for decay in literature and art. He has arrayed in that weird window of his all sorts and conditions of modern writers and artists. He has recruited his "cohort of the damned," as Kipling has it, from nearly every country in Europe. By far the most interesting aspect of the question is the number of *fin de siècle* journals that have sprung up during recent years. They began with *The Yellow Book*, which sprang into life April 12th, 1894, the first imitation of which in America was the *Chap Book*, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, and which appeared just a month later than the Bodley Head quarterly. Since then nearly every State has had its decadent periodical. Far and away the most amusing, the

most curious of the whole series, is the *Lark*. It was brought into existence in May of last year. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of decadence, and is a good-humoured burlesque of the whole movement. It is a sixteen-page, ten-cent monthly, printed on a kind of paper more useful for holding tea than type. It ridicules the eccentricities of typography by printing prose as if it were verse. Its illustrations are exactly like the primitive woodcuts of three hundred years ago, and it cultivates the gentle art of nonsense-verse to perfection. Mr. John Lane, we believe, is to publish an English edition of the *Chap-Book*. Why not, we would suggest to Mr. Doxey, find an English publisher for the *Lark*?

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Gelett Burgess, whose discarded first name is Frank, comes of Puritan stock, and was born in Boston about thirty years ago. He is a descendant of one Tristram Burgess, who silenced by his sarcasm Randolph of Roanoke; and is also a relative of Edward Burgess, the designer of cup defenders. Mr. Burgess was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1887 as a civil engineer. He then travelled abroad, and being a man of many talents, has since been an instructor in the University of California, a clever designer of book-covers and title-pages, and is better known as the editor of the *Lark*, where his versatility has been tested successively over the pen-names "Richard Redforth," "Lewis G. Holt," and "James F. Merioneth." A devoted disciple of the Tusitala, he is pronounced by his friends to be "a saturated solution of Stevenson," and his



Gelett Burgess

style everywhere shows his worshipful study of his master. He is a favourite and friend of the family, and it is partly due to Mrs. Stevenson's advice and inspiration that he has turned his attention to literary work. The Stevensons dubbed him with another name, a Samoan one, "O le Lupe."

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In the field of fixed forms Mr. Burgess is very clever, and nearly all of the elusive French follies, from a sestina to a triolet, have been successfully treated by him. Perhaps, however, he has put his best work into the Vivette stories; charming, detached bits of a unique im-

agination, now pitched in ideal Arcadian forests, now in nineteenth-century romances, but always crisp and original in manner and matter. The nonsense rhymes and cartoons of the *Lark*, also due to his pen and pencil, perhaps find their only rivals in the jingles and drawings of Edwin Lear. It is often asked if the *Lark* is to be taken seriously. It ought not to be taken at all, except by those who know intuitively its intent.



Mr. Harold Frederic's new story, entitled *March Hares*, in which he was allowed to masquerade his authorship under the assumed name of "George Forth" only for a short time in England, is to be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. We understand that Mr. William Heinemann, of London, has issued an English edition of Mr. Cahan's story of the New York Ghetto called *Yekl*, which Mr. Howells has recently praised with his characteristic generosity to new writers.



Messrs. Little, Brown and Company announce a new book of North American travel, *The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America*, by Morley Roberts, to be illustrated by A. D. McCormack; also Salamon's unpublished *Memoirs of the Internuncio during the Revolution, 1790-1801*. *Les Études* says of these memoirs, "Without any premeditation, in quite an off-hand way, just as if he were merely chatting or telling a piquant anecdote, M. de Salamon causes a numerous gallery of scamps, rascals, tremblers, dastards, ingrates, and assassins to defile before us; then, with sudden changes of the scenes, a number of admirable figures—Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and so many intrepid and faithful men and women of the people." The same firm has in preparation for the holidays Prosper Mérimée's masterpiece, *Carmen*, translated from the French by Edmund H. Garrett, with a memoir of the author by Louise Imogen Guiney, and illustrated with etched plates and vignettes from drawings by Mr. Garrett.



Francis William Bourdillon, the author of one of the most lovely and also one of the most popular of the little songs of the present generation, "The Night

has a Thousand Eyes," which first appeared upward of twenty-two years ago in the columns of the *Spectator*, has written a novel called *Nephelê*. It is a romance of cloudland—the cloudland of mystical, musical sympathies. We have no means of saying whether the event on which the story is founded—the spiritual attraction of two minds absolutely unknown to each other, through a kind of mystical inspiration—be possible or not. Mr. Bourdillon firmly believes in the higher meaning and significance of music, and with a faith which is almost spiritual manages to engrave his conviction on even the least musical of his readers. We notice that the *Spectator* has devoted a page to a review of the book, and we expect to have the pleasure of receiving it with the imprint of the New Amsterdam Book Company before our next issue goes to press. *Nephelê* is undoubtedly worthy of a kind reception, and we urge so rare a treat as its pages impart on the attention of our readers.



The Sowers, by Henry Seton Merriman, receives deserved praise from Mr. James Payn. "From first to last," he says, "the book teems with interest. There have been few such good novels for years." This novel received a generous notice in our March number, and we are glad to see that so good a novelist and so skilled a workman as Mr. Merriman is coming into his own at last. In England over fifteen thousand copies of *The Sowers* have been sold since its publication in the spring, and it is at present the favourite book of the moment. "Henry Seton Merriman," we may say, is a pen-name for Hugh S. Scott. Some of his novels are: *The Slave of the Lamp*, *With Edged Tools*, which, by the way, is dedicated to Mr. James Payn; *The Grey Lady*, and *Flotsam*, which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. Mr. Merriman would appear to be a much-travelled man, judging by the widely diversified scenes with which his stories deal. Already he has embraced Central Africa, Russia, and India in his itinerary. One of the surest signs of his increasing popularity is the fact that he is in demand as a serial writer. *The Grey Lady*, published by the Macmillan Company, appeared in the *Windsor*



DRUMTOCHTY—THE VILLAGE.

Magazine last year, and we understand that the new novel upon which he is now engaged will be the leading serial feature in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1897.

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Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just received from Mr. Clifton Johnson the first batch of photographic views of Drumtochty life and character, to be used in the illustrated editions of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, now in preparation. These have proved to be much more interesting than was even anticipated. Mr. Johnson's work in the edition of White's *Selborne*, published by the Messrs. Appleton last Christmas, proved him to be no mere photographer, and in the series of pictures which he is now taking he shows fine eclectic and artistic tastes. To be sure, he has fallen upon a most picturesque subject, but it takes the eye of the artist to arrange and combine the points of view. We are permitted to reproduce five of these illustrations for the delectation of our readers who have enjoyed the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. The October number of *McClure's Magazine* will contain

an interesting article on Ian Maclaren and Drumtochty, to be illustrated with new portraits, and pictures of the scenes where the stories are laid.

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The places of interest in Logiealmond (Logiealmond, of course, is Drumtochty) and the surrounding district are rather numerous, of first importance being the famous Sma' Glen, which contains the grave of the mysterious Ossian, marked by a stone which is over eight feet in height. The Glen has been associated with many important events in the history of Scotland, notably the capture of Montrose at the entrance of the Glen and the remains of an old Roman camp. In appearance the Glen is rather wild, and somewhat resembles the gloomy Pass of Glencoe. A mile or two to the east of the village is the famous Logie House, the Lodge of the Drumtochty stories. Its beautiful situation has been fully described in *Kate Carnegie*, which is now appearing serially in these pages. At this point the scenery is very fine, the river Almond glistening through the trees at the foot of the finely wooded slope. Between the village and Logie House is the Auld Kirk, surrounded by



THE FREE KIRK OF DRUMTOCHTY, OF WHICH DR. WATSON (IAN MACLAREN) WAS AT ONE TIME MINISTER.



DR. WEELUM MACLURE'S HOUSE.



THE FREE KIRK MANSE, DRUMTOCHTY.



GLEN URTACH.

the parish kirkyard, the scene of so many interesting conversations in Ian Maclaren's stories. The Free Church standing at one end of the village contains the vestry, which is so minutely and humorously described in the opening pages of "His Bitter Shame." Upon the summit of Craiglea Hill, two miles distant, the country is visible for forty miles around. On a slope of this hill are glacier-marked boulders of interest to the geologist. All tourists and holiday-makers know how to go to Perth, but some information of the means of getting thence to Logiealmond will no doubt be appreciated. After leaving Perth for the Methven station, passengers change at Methven junction for Methven, where travellers will have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the well-known guard of the Methven train, known as Peter Bruce in the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, but to his friends as "Sandy Walker." A conveyance may be had from one of the posting establishments to convey the visitor to Logiealmond, and in good weather the drive is a very enjoyable one, fir plantations lining the road almost the whole way to the village of Harrietfield, known locally as "the Fens." Here in Harrietfield figures the clachlan, where Ian Maclaren has made his characters live—Logiealmond being the name of the estate in which the village is situated.



Mr. Johnson has a companion volume to his *New England Country* in the hands of Messrs. Lee and Shepard. The new book is entitled *Country Clouds and Sunshine*. Mr. Johnson asserts that "a pleasant New England village, not too far removed from a large town and the railroad, is the best dwelling-place in the world." He has been very successful in catching the spirit of rural New England life, and in presenting a series of pictures both with pen and camera. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company are also using Mr. Johnson's excellent photographs to illustrate eight of Mr. John Burroughs's delightful out-door papers. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Burroughs have long been friends, and the author and artist have co-operated in making a book which will form an attractive panorama of the rural year. The papers which have been selected are "A Snow Storm," "Winter Neigh-

bours," "A Spring Relish," "April," "Birch Browsings," "A Bunch of Herbs—Fragrant Wild Flowers and Weeds," "Autumn Tides," and "A Sharp Look-out." Mr. Burroughs himself writes an introduction to the book, which is entitled *A Year in the Fields*.



Owing to the large and universal interest which has been taken in the eclipse of August 9th and 10th, we may expect to have an influx of literature on the subject. Among the first of these we notice *An Eclipse Party in Africa*, by Eben J. Loomis, of the United States Scientific Expedition to West Africa, 1889-90, with an introduction by Professor David B. Todd, chief of the expedition. The book is sumptuously gotten up and finely illustrated, and is to be published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Another book, which promises to be interesting, and which is to be published by the same firm is *Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Canada Home,"* gathered by Elizabeth S. Tucker. The volume will contain letters from Mrs. Ewing, written in this country to friends in England, and will be embellished with illustrations by the author and fac-similes of Mrs. Ewing's colour sketches made while at Fredericton. Messrs. Roberts have also in the press a new novel, entitled *Some Modern Heretics*, by Cora Maynard, which they believe will attract some attention. The *Poems of Johanna Ambrosius*, translated from the twenty-sixth German edition by Mary J. Safford, which this firm has now in the press, will be published toward the end of September.



The Poet Laureate's address on Burns at Irvine did not by any means satisfy his hearers, but it would have satisfied them much less if it had been delivered as originally written. It has been pointed out that two passages appeared in the London *Times* which were not found in any of the Scotch reports. They are as follows :

"He hoped he was not among the 'unco guid' or the 'rigidly righteous.' But one would have to fling morality to the winds, one would have to admire what was not admirable, and to extol what every man's conscience told him ought not to be extolled, were one to affirm that Burns the man deserved a statue in every Ayrshire market-place.

"No statesman, no soldier, no man of science with a private record like that of Burns, could

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ever have become the darling of a nation as Burns was theirs."

Mr. Austen evidently thought it wise to suppress these sentiments when facing a Scotch audience.



Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has probably stated the case for the attitude of the American mind toward the Burns Centenary, when she said to an interviewer lately: "I am not sure that the average American has an intimate knowledge of Burns, but certainly no library would be thought complete without him. I rather think that the poet would, with us, come under the category of authors whom one has read in the past and feels one ought to read again, rather than of constant and familiar companions." The new editions of the poet's works, of his numerous biographies, and of Burnsiana in general, have come upon us like a deluge with the centenary of the poet's death, which was celebrated by public meetings in Glasgow and Dumfries on July 21st. The last Burns book is by the young Scotchman, Gabriel Setoun, a biography contributed to the "Famous Scots Series" published by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Setoun has written a sensible and pleasing summary of the poet's life and work, and with rare candour boldly states that Burns was never quite himself in "A Cotter's Saturday Night." The portrait of Robert Burns which we give is taken from the celebrated painting by Nasmyth, and is reproduced in heliogravure in the new edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* in four volumes, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and reviewed on another page.



ROBERT BURNS

Mr. William Wallace, who has thoroughly revised the new edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns*, for the Messrs. Longmans, assistant editor of the Glasgow and the brother of Dr. Wallace, M.P. He is one of the contributors to the *Spectator*, and his best is inferior to very few British. It was his review of Mr. Barrie's *Licht Idylls* in the *Spectator* which was the turning point in the fortunes of the book, and this is by no means the least service to literature of which Mr. Wallace can boast. He is known to be one of the most ardent lovers of Burns, and he has made the elucidation and rectification of the biography of the poet, more particularly in the earliest and the latest periods, a study for many years. He is

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JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

From a photograph by G. C. Cox.

be a total disbeliever in the doctrine that Burns's life in Dumfries was marred by moral decadence, and he has held this view in the course of his entire life.

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Jeannette L. Gilder, who with her brother, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, is one of our esteemed contemporaries on *The Critic*, has been interviewed recently by a representative of the *Weekly*. Miss Gilder was born in New York, L. I., but the best part of her girlhood was spent at Bordentown, N. J. Before she was nine years of age she began to write, and she was then possessed with a desire to earn

her own living. Her family was closely connected with journalism, and her father edited for some time a literary journal called *The Literary Register*, published in Philadelphia. Her favourite book as a girl was Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*. When she was little more than ten years old her first story, called *Kate's Escapade*, was printed in a cheap New York weekly, which Miss Gilder rather smiles at now. One of these days Miss Gilder intends to write a novel. She has all the ideas in her mind, but seems to find difficulty in setting the book a-going. She first became connected with the press through her brother, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*. At the age of fifteen she wrote her first newspaper article, which was published in a paper started by her brother in Newark, N. J. The subject was "Salt," and Miss Gilder states that she fears she must have supplied most of her facts from an encyclopædia. Miss Gil-

der's academic course stopped short at the age of fourteen, but her quick and observant mind soon secured her a stock of information, and her newspaper training gave her a proficiency in her career which even a university course would not have afforded her. For some years she continued to dig away at daily journalism, writing for the New York *Tribune* over the signature of "J. L. Gilder," after which she spent six years on the staff of the New York *Herald* as literary, musical, and dramatic critic. Fifteen years ago, in conjunction with her brother, she started the *Critic*. Through her brother on the *Century* she was brought into touch with all the best writers in America, and lost no time in

getting them on her side. Her model, so far as she has one, has been the *Athenæum*, with an added brightness of tone which she considers necessary to the tastes of the American public.



Miss Gilder declares that she has never been ill during her life. She worked for nineteen years without a single week's vacation, and after that she went to Europe for three months. Her custom now is to visit London every second year, as she finds in this way she can best keep in touch with authors and writers, and can make valuable literary purchases. She has very little to do with literary agents, and goes direct to the publishers for her material. While in London she arranged for the publication of Mr. Gladstone's article from the *New Review* in an American journal. Miss Gilder's special department in the *Critic*, as is probably well known, is "The Lounger." She writes a good deal for other papers, especially for the *New York World* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Miss Gilder makes the startling statement, for a woman, that she has never worn evening dress in her life, and never expects to. Life she considers too short for fussing over dress. The other evening, when she was invited to a literary "At Home"—"I will go," she said, "if you will let me look on from behind a screen." Miss Gilder certainly bears no evidence of the fussing woman, and manifests few outward signs of her strenuous and indefatigable career. Every one in conversation with her finds her the most genial, good-humoured, and amusing of women. The portrait which we give of her has never been reproduced before, and is a striking likeness. Miss Gilder jocosely remarked that she had been saving it for her obituary, but she will forgive our anticipating that event, which we nope is a long way off yet.



An amusing mistake creeps into an interview which a representative of the London *Sketch* had with Miss Gilder. Miss Gilder said that the penny popular papers in England reminded her of "Kellogg's patent insides," and quick to note the mystified expression of her interlocutor, she explained that these "insides" are worked up by an enterprising individual who supplies the same

collection of light reading matter to a large number of papers. These are printed inside the paper in addition to its own local and foreign intelligence. Notwithstanding this explanation, the interviewer wrote it down "Patten's Insides." A clue to the mistake may be gained from a knowledge of the fact that whereas in America it is the usage to say patent, in England they say pätent.



Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has again recreated himself with a launch into fiction, and this time in a new vein. *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, Mr. Ford's new story, forms the complete novelette in the August *Lippincott's*. We happen to know how this story originated and found its way into print. Mr. Ford a short time ago was travelling by railway across the American Continent, and on the trip some lady companions suggested his writing a story to relieve the ennui of the journey. At first, Mr. Ford was sceptical; but the idea got hold of him, and in four days, reading it aloud as fast as it was written, he finished the draft of the story as it now appears in *Lippincott's*. He did not think of printing it, but his friends insisted upon preserving it as a souvenir of the trip, and so he finally submitted it to *Lippincott's Magazine*, with the success which the story warrants. The tale is preceded by the following dedication: "To my travelling companions on Specials 218 and 97 this endeavour to weave into a story some of our overland happenings and adventures is gratefully and affectionately dedicated." Mr. Ford has just finished a new story of 60,000 words, entitled *The Story of an Untold Love*, which in its delicate grace and exquisite delineation of a pure, unselfish affection is a further startling revelation of Mr. Ford's imaginative power as a writer of fiction. *The Honourable Peter Stirling* is now in its tenth thousand, and though published nearly two years ago is selling better to-day than ever.



Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish shortly *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, with decorative end papers by Tom Meteyard, uniform with the first volume of *Vagabondia* verses. They will also publish a volume of *Gold Stories of the*

Days of '49 in California, from the pen of Miss Minna Smith. The tenth volume of *The Yellow Book* will arrive during the month, and Mr. Chamberlin's two little volumes of selections from the "Listener" column of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, which were expected in the spring, will now be published at once.

The *Boston Transcript* recently printed an article on "George Gissing, the Nov-



GEORGE GISSING.

elist of the Masses" (also reprinted in the *August Current Literature*), in which it was stated that since the appearance of *In the Year of Jubilee*, two years ago, Mr. Gissing "has published only three stories, *The Paying Guest*, *Sleeping Fires*, and *The Unclassed*." The inaccuracy of this statement is the more surprising because of the intimacy with the author which the writer displays. As a matter of fact, the titles should be *Eve's Ransom*, *Sleeping Fires*, both published by the Messrs. Appleton, and *The Paying Guest*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. *The Unclassed* far from being his last is really Mr. Gissing's first novel, but after being for some years out

of print, it has been lately reissued in a new edition, both in England and America, Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company being the publishers on this side.

It is interesting to know that *The Unclassed* was read by Mr. George Meredith in his capacity of reader to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. Meredith invited Mr. Gissing to meet the reader in the publishers' offices to talk over the work. Mr. Gissing did not know the reader's name, but was amazed by the extraordinary familiarity which he showed with all the details of the story, using no paper. He went over these details, suggesting all kinds of alterations, and leaving Mr. Gissing impressed with the conviction that he knew the story far better than the writer did himself. *The Unclassed* is too sombre a book to be popular; the subject is painful, and in most of the reviews we have seen has either been misunderstood or travestied with malice prepense; but in some respects we doubt whether the author has ever equalled it.

We understand that "Martin J. Pritchard," the author of that extraordinary Messianic novel just published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, entitled *Without Sin*, is the daughter of Lady Monckton. The book bears evidence of being printed hastily, and as it is likely to run into many editions, we send our corrected copy to the publishers with our compliments. Some of the misprints, which are numerous, are rather amusing; as, for example, when we read of the "two (*sic*) lost tribes of Israel."

A few years ago, when Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's first volume of dialect stories was being reviewed by the press, the critic of a Western newspaper, in undertaking to do his own full share of justice to the subject, took occasion to congratulate the negro race in America upon the fact that at last an author of their own had appeared who would write of it as no white man ever could! Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar lives not far from the city in which Mr. Page was thus supposed to be an African; and he may have heard of the mistake and have resolved that in his own case nothing of the sort should happen. At least,

in putting out his volume of poems, entitled *Majors and Minors*, he has supplied a picture of himself, which can leave no one in doubt, that whatever Mr. Page may be, he, Mr. Dunbar, is a male being of the coloured race. Ordinarily, it is a mistake, of course, for a poet—or for a prose writer—to present his portrait until he is asked for it; and we know one modest author who upholds that usually a request of this kind can come with perfect grace from posterity alone. In the case of Mr. Dunbar, however, there is some excuse for this pictorial misdemeanour; for had his photograph been lacking, and had no hint of his racial identity been given by means of an author's or publisher's note—or by one of those Mæcean-like introductions by which some small writer of the day patronises the work of some other small writer of the day—it is safe to assert that the above-mentioned debonair critic of the West would have supposed him to be a white man. It is safe to assert, also, that accepted as an Anglo-Saxon poet, he would have received little or no consideration in a hurried weighing of the mass of contemporary verse.

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But Mr. Dunbar, as his pleasing, manly, and not unrefined face shows, is a poet of the African race; and this novel and suggestive fact at once places his work upon a peculiar footing of interest, of study, and of appreciative welcome. So regarded, it is a most remarkable and hopeful production. If any other member of his race has attained any more flexible or obedient command over metrical form, in fitting the outer grace to the inner grace, any more varied shifting of the measures to suit the varying fancies, any broader sweep across some of the illimitable states of meditation, any deeper yearning for the great heights of the spirit, his work is not known to the writer of these lines, and he would be glad to know where it is to be found. There are three things illustrated in Mr. Dunbar's volume that will be of especial interest to the scientific students of his race: the negro's gift in telling a story, illustrated in the humorous and dialect pieces; the negro's serious revelation of his passion of Love; and perhaps of far greater importance just at present, the negro's sense of rhythm of verbal melody. Of the last,

the entire collection of poems is a triumphant, well-nigh unerring demonstration. The verses called "The Poet and his Song" afford a good example of the author's perfect ease, his sincerity, his



Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

sensitiveness to the outer world, his limited philosophy of life, and the sweetness and pathos in the temper of his race. We give three verses of the poem.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing.
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
 And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
 I sing my song, and all is well.

* * * * *

My days are never days of ease,
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labour hard and toil and sweat
 While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet
 I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot.
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
 Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
 And so I sing, and all is well.

THE BOOKMAN.

LIVING CRITICS.

IX.—HENRY JAMES.



HENRY JAMES.

When Mr. James writes fiction you feel the critic, and when he writes criticism you feel the novelist underneath. He is a student of human nature and of its manifestations rather than a dramatist of these; only, of course, he has the delicacy, the lightness, the geniality, the penetration which popular opinion respects in the student. I mean no disparagement of his methods in fiction in saying that they are mainly those of the critic. They are used by him with exquisite restraint. I am not sure that he is the more

likely to be a first-rate judge of literary matter, much of which is very different stuff from flesh and blood and human motives, beauties, and failings. But the general critical attitude of patient watching and waiting comes more naturally to him than to most novelists. Less, therefore, than in other writers who practise the two arts, do you find in him a change of method corresponding to the change of occupation. That which serves him in the art of his first choice serves him in the particular section of the other art where he is also first-rate. In the world of humanity and in the world of books he is in search of the same things, men and women. Of course, in so well-equipped a writer you find attention paid to style in its more outward sense, but disquisitions on such matters you get from others more abundantly, more systematically, and of a finer quality. The title of one of his critical volumes, *Partial Portraits*, exactly hits his aims, his interests, his powers, and his own modesty, in critical work. It is always the man or woman underneath the books whom he is seeking, when he writes of their books seriously. He has not always written seriously. Perhaps, in proportion to the bulk of his miscellaneous writing, he has reprinted too much good-natured comment on what approves itself to him little enough. Such essays are best left out of account. And in speaking of

others, it is honest to say, though it may take the ground from under our feet, that some of them are nearly twenty years old, and Mr. James has had time to revise his judgments. His later studies show, however, that there has been a distinct continuity in his attitude. This attitude must be largely instinctive; but he must have reasoned the matter out for himself as well. He has little belief, for instance, in writers of real talent being influenced by contemporary opinion. "Criticism," he says, "does not much concern the artist himself," and, again, "literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example." To this, however, he joins a high standard for the critic, who is serving the general cause of right thinking, and who, if he be worthy, represents "the knight who has knelt through his long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself, and steep himself, to feel and feel until he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient." Such are the high demands he makes of those who would speak seriously on the outcome of other men's brains.

His own vigils have been especially devoted then to interpreting the personality of writers, by which, of course, I do not mean the narration of personal facts. This is the one salient feature of his critical method. The others are subordinate. "Make your writer a present of his own conditions," is an admirable maxim, which he is too warmly human to attend to with strict consistency; but from his genial position—"There is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that any one is under the least obligation to like"—I don't think he ever budes. His special quality and habit, subtlety and fine analysis, help him often in the understanding of imaginative writers; but to a repetition of such qualities in others he prefers strength and breadth. Perhaps—it is mostly in his less serious, his less conscientious work—he is too much given to letting people off. His reasoned, argumentative disapproval of the de Goncourts is about as far as he ever reaches

in severity. Punctiliously fair as a rule, when he misrepresents there is a temperamental reason for it; it is never mere injustice. The fault of his judgment of Baudelaire, is that he should have formulated one at all. It is not possible to speak profitably of what only repels one.

By his method of portraiture he has reached his best successes. Emerson is treated as if he were the character in one of Mr. James's masterly single-figure stories. Mérimée, Maupassant, De Musset, Balzac, Hawthorne are men when he has done with them, not volumes, nor styles, nor tendencies. One of his articles on Turgenieff is, considering who wrote it, a bit of rough journalism; yet no one else has suggested the essential qualities of the great Russian, a man "living in a spacious upper air, with the long Slav poetical ancestry in the background," his "windows open into distances," with an "air of knowing strange and far-off things." The picture of De Musset is as good, and yet it is so by an effort, for De Musset is not all sympathetic to his critic, who will not approve, and will not condemn, but judges him, not by words and conduct, and literally, divining his to be a case where the truth cannot be known unless looked at through a haze of poetry. This subtlety or charity, call it what you like, helps him on numerous occasions, notably in his explanation of what is called George Sand's fickle caprice, that she actually outlived her experiences, and had successive new births.

His method has its weaknesses. It tends to forcing the prominent features, to hardening the lines, to omitting what might tell against the direct expression of what the painter finds especially expressible. It is just to Mérimée, and it is just to Maupassant—in perhaps the best of all the essays, where Mr. James appears as the perfect translator. It is just to all the clear-cut persons. It is unjust to Gautier, to the very qualities in him that call for interpretation, and it does not fit Balzac's case very well. Here one may speak of a general misconception concerning Mr. James. At a time when modern French writers were not very widely read, he spoke of them familiarly. Then, although an American, Britons found little trace of the mental accent they detected in most of his countrymen. Neither did he

seem of British mould. He was at home in several countries. His touch was light, he was swift in expression. All these things have given him a reputation for a cosmopolitanism which he does not possess and does not aim at possessing. His habit of mind is what, for want of a better word, I should call decidedly Teutonic. Not only has he a serious base, but he likes seriousness to be expressed in set terms and not merely implied. Again and again he makes the highest claims for English writers as superior interpreters of character, because "they know their way about the conscience." He looks on morality as "simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration." He will listen courteously to many things, but his enthusiasm is for those that "as a race we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its changes, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion." His sturdy racial preferences are like a tonic to-day, when we are so afraid of being insular. But it must be said that in his criticism—there alone, and the inconsistency is remarkable—he makes the very English mistake of denying seriousness and some other kindred qualities, when they are only implied and not expressed. His astounding judgments—they were handsomely discounted by him, however—that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet," because he took as material the sordid and the worldly, and that he was "morally and intellectually superficial," because he introduced cheap and inaccurate learning into his colossal work, must be put down to this habit of mind, which sends him still further astray when he deals with Gautier. "Gautier's poverty of ideas was great," he says. "His power was all material." The fact is that Gautier had the misfortune to be too fastidious an artist to write a commentary on his own visions. In his travel books he wrote reflections which his critic very justly calls Philistine. He did not know and would not learn the language of reflection. He dreamt his ideas into beautiful shapes. Mr. James has made a portrait of the French mind which is very appreciative, very fine, very forcible. Having drawn the pic-

ture, the matter is settled for him. But there is, maybe, a little more of the life of the spirit in Loti and his countrymen than he admits. It is an old contest. Some like the fable and cannot abide the moral, but these do not, therefore, deny or destroy it. We like the fable; but we have a national craving for the moral.

And if Gautier, Hawthorne, and Balzac leave work for other critics when Mr. James has done with them, he has given us a version of them marvellously true, within certain limits. There is no fumbling. Such as they appear to him, they appear to us. What he intends he performs. Indeed we are much tempted to adopt his versions definitely. Our additions, modifications, and shadings, which we indicate by smudges, we sometimes discover to be already suggested in his finely-wrought plan. Over and over again a phrase of his will recur to us, and sum up all the expressible truth on a subject, or lead inevitably to it. He says of Emerson that he had "the equanimity of a result;" of the *Comédie Humaine* that "it has a thousand faults, but it is a monumental excuse." He shows that Maupassant was not a pedantic artist, omitting the moral sense for art's sake, but a straightforward frank man who hadn't got it, and speaks of the same writer's "bird's-eye contempt" of mankind. He lays his finger on the real weakness of the De Goncourts, that these *raffinés* had not, after all, "mastered the whole gamut of the aristocratic sense." He calls to you to note the "aromatic odour of the book-room about Lowell." He says of Flaubert, "If he is impossible as a companion, he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at these firm thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his book." In these, and in scores of other instances, he is not merely the fine literary artist fastidiously carving and colouring. You feel he has, with more faithfulness than most, been keeping his vigils and fulfilling the vow he made, that in judging the works of another man's mind he would be "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient."

Annie Macdonell.

IN A COPY OF BROWNING.

Browning, old fellow, your leaves grow yellow,
 Beginning to mellow as seasons pass.
 Your cover is wrinkled and stained and sprinkled,
 And warped and crinkled from sleep on the grass.
 Is it a wine stain or only a pine stain,
 That makes such a fine stain on your dull blue—
 Got as we numbered the clouds that lumbered
 Southward and slumbered when day was through?
 What is the dear mark there like an earmark?
 Only a tear mark a woman let fall,
 As, bending over, she bade me discover,
 "Who *plays* the lover, he loses all!"
 With you for teacher, we learned love's feature
 In every creature that roves or grieves;
 When winds were bawling, or birds were calling,
 Or leaves were falling about our eaves.
 No law must straiten the ways they wait in,
 Whose spirits greaten and hearts aspire.
 The world may dwindle, and summer brindle,
 So love but kindle the soul to fire.
 Here many a red line, or pencilled headline,
 Shows love could wed line to perfect sense;
 And something better than wisdom's fetter
 Has made your letter dense to the dense.
 You made us farers and equal sharers
 With homespun-wearers in home-made joys;
 You sent the chary Contemporary,
 To make us wary of dust and noise.
 Long thoughts were started, when youth departed
 From the half-hearted Riccardi's bride;
 For, saith your fable, great Love is able
 To slip the cable and take the tide.
 When Fate was nagging, and days were dragging,
 And fancy lagging, you gave it scope,
 (When eaves were drippy, and pavements slippy,)
 From Lippo Lippi to Evelyn Hope.
 When winter's arrow pierced to the marrow,
 And thought was narrow, you gave it room;
 We guessed the warder on Roland's border,
 And helped to order the Bishop's Tomb.
 When winds were harshish, and ways were marshish,
 We found with Karshish escape at need;
 Were bold with Waring in far seafaring,
 And strong in sharing Ben Ezra's creed.

We felt dark menace intrigue and pen us,
Afloat in Venice, devising fibs ;
And little mattered the rain that pattered,
While Blougram chattered to Gigadibs.

Or truth compels us with Paracelsus,
Till nothing else is of worth at all.
Del Sarto's vision is our own mission,
And art's ambition is God's own call.

We too have waited, with heart elated
And breathing bated, for Pippa's song ;—
Seen Satan hover with wings to cover
Porphyria's lover, Pompilia's wrong.

Through all the seasons, you gave us reasons
For splendid treasons to doubt and fear ;
Bade no foot falter, though weaklings palter,
And friendships alter from year to year.

Since first I sought you, found you and bought you,
Hugged you and brought you home from Cornhill,
While some upbraid you, and some parade you,
Nine years have made you my master still.

Bliss Carman.

WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN A PLAGIARIST?

In no instance, I think, has the deliberately planned result of a joke been greater than that of the famous Squire Bickerstaff's. The jest was practical and of a flavour to suit Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western rather than ourselves, but its excuse is in the end it served, which was to put an end to the old-fashioned astrologers' hold upon the people.

Swift is the writer to whom the original Bickerstaff squibs are in the main to be ascribed ; and his subtle and exquisite touch makes them one of the cleverest bits of fooling in all literature. But Swift was not alone. He had the help of Addison and Steele, Prior, Congreve—these and other wits. They together set all London laughing. It happened in 1708.

Upon Swift's shoulders then falls the onus of the joke. It may have been his recreation amid pamphleteering and the smudging of his ecclesiastical fingers with political ink ; or the product of those ineffable nights at Will's Coffee

House or St. James's. Perhaps it was all these.

The jest had to do with almanac-makers and their predictions, and was directed against a chief pretender, one Dr. Partridge. He was an astrologer and a philomath, whom Pope refers to when he speaks of the translation of the raped "Lock" to the skies :

" This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless
skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome."

But Partridge suffered for his ilk. The English almanac was not in Swift's day, as in later times, a simple calendar with guesses about the weather. It was rather a "prognosticator" in solemn, dogmatic, and yet ambiguous phrase, of battle, murder, sudden death, and such horrors as are even now by our daily press deemed of vitalest importance. The science and prescience of the philomath was builded upon a supposed in-

fluence of the stars and their movements upon the moral life of men.

In the seventeenth century the ascendancy of these charlatans had become alarming. They had not only the popular ear, but now and then a man like Dryden believed in them, William Lilly also. Nor did Sir Thomas Browne "reject a sober and regulated astrology."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the scandal of their excesses was growing, and it was then that Swift came forward—just as Swift was constantly coming forward, in one instance to save Ireland the infliction of Wood's Halfpence, and again in protest against English restriction of Irish trade; his heart was always with the poor, the duped and undefended—it was then that Swift came forward with *Predictions* for the year 1708. Wherein the Month, and the Day of the Month, are set down, the Person named, and the great Actions and Events of next Year particularly related, as They will come to Pass. Written to Prevent the People of England from being farther imposed on by the vulgar Almanack-Makers.*

The signature, "Isaac Bickerstaff," Swift took in part from a locksmith's sign. The Isaac he added as a name not commonly in use.

"I have considered," he begins, "the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors, who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains. . . ."

"As for the few following predictions, I now offer the world, I forebore to publish them till I had perused the several Almanacks for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge and the rest of his clan may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. . . ."

"My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will men-

tion it to show how ignorant these sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge, the Almanack-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time. . . ."

An *Answer to Bickerstaff by a Person of Quality*, evidently from the hand of Swift and his friends, followed these "Predictions."

"I have not observed for some years past," it begins, "any insignificant paper to have made more noise, or be more greedily bought, than that of these Predictions. . . . I shall not enter upon the examination of them; but think it very incumbent upon the learned Mr. Partridge to take them into his consideration, and lay as many errors in astrology as possible to Mr. Bickerstaff's account. He may justly, I think, challenge the squire to publish the calculation he has made of Partridge's nativity, by the credit of which he so determinately pronounces the time and manner of his death; and Mr. Bickerstaff can do no less in honour, than give Mr. Partridge the same advantage of calculating his, by sending him an account of the time and place of his birth, with other particulars necessary for such a work. By which, no doubt, the learned world will be engaged in the dispute, and take part on each side according as they are inclined. . . ."

The Accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-Maker, upon the 29th instant in a Letter to a Person of Honour, continues the jocularly.

"My Lord: In obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the Almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. . . . I saw him accidentally once or twice, about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, . . . but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. . . . 'I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceit, for this manifest reason: because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor, ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read.' . . ."

"After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with or-

* The text is from Sir Walter Scott's edition.

ders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after."

To keep the ball rolling, Addison's friend Yalden, whom Scott speaks of as "Partridge's near neighbour," drew up the burlesque '*Squire Bickerstaff detected; or, the Astrological Impostor convicted, by John Partridge, student of physic and astrology.*

"The 28th of March, *Anno Dom.* 1708," he grievously relates, "being the night this sham prophet had so impudently fixed for my last, which made little impression on myself: but I cannot answer for my whole family; for my wife, with concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and between the hours of eight and nine to go to bed; the maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street who the bell tolled for? Dr. Partridge, says he, the famous almanack-maker, who died suddenly this evening: the poor girl, provoked, told him he lied like a rascal; the other very sedately replied, the sexton had so informed him, and if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now, I do not say these are accomplices to a certain astrological 'squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntering thereabout, because I will assert nothing here, but what I dare attest for plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent disorder, and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident. In the meantime one knocks at my door; Betty runs down, and opening, finds a sober grave person, who modestly inquires if this was Dr. Partridge's? She, taking him for some cautious city patient, that came at that time for privacy, shews him into the dining-room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. Pray, sir, says I, not to interrupt you, have you any business with me?—Only, sir, replies he, order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one.—Sir, says I, my name is Partridge.—O! the doctor's brother, belike, cries he; the staircase, I believe, and these two apartments hung in close mourning will be sufficient, and only a strip of bays round the other rooms. The doctor must needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company, they are as showish, and will look as magnificent, as if he was descended from the blood royal.—With that I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there? Why, I was sent, sir, by the company of undertakers, says he, and they were employed by the honest gentleman, who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time. Sir, says I, pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice

(which, by the by, is pretty distinguishable), and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and she know the business you come about, without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person.—Sir, cries he, bowing with great civility, I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I will wait on you with all the necessary materials. . . .

"Well, once more I got my door closed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures; just as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window and ask who is there and what he wants? I am Ned, the sexton, replies he, and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked?—Why, sirrah, say I, you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner?—Alackaday, sir, replies the fellow, why it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead; why, there is Mr. White, the joiner, is fitting screws to your coffin; he will be here with it in an instant: he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time. . . . In short, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and your damned elegy hawkers upon a late practitioner in physic and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep the whole night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. . . .

"I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street, Mr. Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in, I have not yet been paid for: Doctor, cries another dog, how do you think people can live by making of graves for nothing? next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourself for Ned. A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without paying my funeral expenses.—Lord, says one, I durst have sworn that was honest Dr. Partridge, my old friend, but, poor man, he is gone.—I beg your pardon, says another, you look so like my old acquaintance that I used to consult on some private occasions; but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh.—Look, look, look, cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me, would not one think our neighbour, the Almanack-maker, was crept out of his grave, to take the other peep at the stars in this world, and shew how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other? . . .

"My poor wife is run almost distracted with being called widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is a paltry quack that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions, with N.B.—says he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology. . . ."

The astrologer, forgetting to refer to the stars for evidence, indignantly declared himself to be alive, and Swift's returning *Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff,*

Esq., against what is objected to by Mr. Partridge in his Almanack for the present year, 1709, by the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., complains that

“ Mr. Partridge has been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner in that which is called his almanack for the present year” regarding “ my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. . . .

“ Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is this: about a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanack for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out betwixt rage and laughter, ‘ they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this.’ Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed: . . . Therefore, if an uninformed carcass walks still about and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcass any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, ‘ A full and true account of Dr. Partridge’s death,’ etc.

“ . . . I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says ‘ he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on’: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he ‘ is now alive and was so on that day’: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. . . .”

The joke had gained its end; the astrologer and philomath had been ridiculed out of existence. But the name of the “ astrological ‘squire’” was in everybody’s mouth; and when in April, 1709, Steele began *The Tatler*, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, spoke in the dedication of a gentleman who “ had written Predictions, and Two or Three other Pieces in my Name, which had render’d it famous through all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit and Humour, raised it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could possibly arrive at.” The Inquisition of the kingdom of Portugal had, with utmost gravity of action, condemned Bickerstaff’s predictions to the flames; and the company of stationers in London obtained in 1709 an injunction against the issuing of any al-

manac by John Partridge, as if in fact he were dead.

If the fame of this foolery was through all parts of Europe, it must also have crossed to the English colonies of America, and by reference to this fact we may explain the curious literary parallel *Poor Richard’s Almanac* affords. For twenty-five years later Benjamin Franklin played the selfsame joke in Philadelphia.

Franklin was but two years old when Swift and his Bickerstaff coadjutors were jesting. But by the time he had grown and wandered to Philadelphia and become a journeyman printer—by 1733—Addison, Steele, Prior, and Congreve had died, and Swift’s wonderful mind was turned upon and eating itself in the silent deanery of St. Patrick’s.

Franklin had ample opportunity. The almanac in the America of 1733 had even greater acceptance than the like publication of England in Isaac Bickerstaff’s day. No output of the colonial press, not even the publication of theological tracts, was so frequent or so remunerative. And it had uses. It was the sole annual which commonly penetrated the farmhouse of the colonists, where it hung in neighbourly importance near the Bible, Fox’s *Book of Martyrs*, and Jonathan Edwards’s tractate on *The Freedom of the Human Will*. Besides furnishing a calendar, weather prophecies, and jokes, it added receipts for cooking, pickling, dyeing, and in many ways was the “ Useful Companion” which its title-page proclaimed it to be.

So keen, practical, and energetic a nature as Franklin’s could not let the opportunity for turning a penny pass, and with that inimitable adaptability of his he begins his *Poor Richard* of 1733:

“ Courteous Reader,* I might in this place attempt to gain thy favour by declaring that I write Almanacks with no other view than that of the publick good, but in this I should not be sincere; and men are now-a-days too wise to be deceiv’d by pretences, how specious soever. The plain truth of the matter is, I am excessive poor, and my wife, good woman, is, I tell her, excessive proud; she can not bear, she says, to sit spinning in her shift of tow, while I do nothing but gaze at the stars; and has threatened more than once to burn all my books and rattling-traps (as she calls my instruments), if I do not make some profitable use of them for the good of my family. The printer has offer’d me some considerable share of the profits, and I have thus began to comply with my dame’s desire.

* The text is from Mr. Paul Leicester Ford’s *Poor Richard*.

"Indeed, this motive would have had force enough to have made me publish an Almanack many years since, had it not been overpowered by my regard for my good friend and fellow-student, Mr. *Titan Leeds*, whose interest I was extremely unwilling to hurt. But this obstacle (I am far from speaking it with pleasure) is soon to be removed, since inexorable death, who was never known to respect merit, has already prepared the mortal dart, the fatal sister has already extended her destroying shears, and that ingenious man must soon be taken from us. He dies, by my calculation, made at his request, on Oct. 17, 1733, 3 ho. 29 m., P.M., at the very instant of the δ of \odot and γ . By his own calculation he will survive till the 26th of the same month. This small difference between us we have disputed whenever we have met these nine years past; but at length he is inclinable to agree with my judgment. Which of us is most exact, a little time will now determine. As, therefore, these Provinces may not longer expect to see any of his performances after this year, I think myself free to take up my task, and request a share of publick encouragement, which I am the more apt to hope for on this account, that the buyer of my Almanack may consider himself not only as purchasing an useful utensil, but as performing an act of charity to his poor

"Friend and servant,

"R. SAUNDERS."

Franklin had a more eager biter than Partridge proved to Bickerstaff's bait, and Titan Leeds, in his *American Almanack* for 1734, showed how uneasy was the hook:

"Kind Reader, Perhaps it may be expected that I should say something concerning an Almanack printed for the Year 1733, Said to be writ by Poor Richard or Richard Saunders, who for want of other matter was pleased to tell his Readers, that he had calculated my Nativity, and from thence predicts my Death to be the 17th of October, 1733. At 22 min. past 3 a'clock in the Afternoon, and that these Provinces may not expect to see any more of his (*Titan Leeds*) Performances, and this precise Predictor, who predicts to a Minute, proposes to succeed me in Writing of Almanacks; but notwithstanding his false Prediction, I have by the Mercy of God lived to write a diary for the Year 1734, and to publish the Folly and Ignorance of this presumptuous Author. Nay, he adds another gross Falsehood in his Almanack, viz.—*That by my own Calculation, I shall survive until the 26th of the said Month* (October), which is as untrue as the former, for I do not pretend to that Knowledge, altho' he has usurpt the Knowledge of the Almighty herein, and manifested himself a Fool and a Liar. And by the mercy of God I have lived to survive this conceited Scriblers Day and Minute whereon he has predicted my Death; and as I have supplied my Country with Almanacks for three seven Years by past, to general Satisfaction, so perhaps I may live to write when his Performances are Dead. *Thus much from your annual Friend, Titan Leeds, October 18, 1733, 3 ho. 33 min. P.M.*"

"In the preface to my last Almanack," Franklin returned, "I foretold the death of my dear old friend and fellow-student, the learned and ingenious Mr. Titan Leeds, which was to be the 17th of October, 1733, 3 h., 29 m., P.M., at the

very instant of the δ of \odot and γ . By his own calculation, he was to survive till the 26th of the same month, and expire in the time of the eclipse, near 11 o'clock A.M. At which of these times he died, or whether he be really yet dead, I cannot at this present writing positively assure my readers; forasmuch as a disorder in my own family demanded my presence, and would not permit me, as I had intended, to be with him in his last moments, to receive his last embrace, to close his eyes, and do the duty of a friend in performing the last offices to the departed. Therefore it is that I cannot positively affirm whether he be dead or not; for the stars only show to the skilful what will happen in the natural and universal chain of causes and effects; but 'tis well known, that the events which would otherwise certainly happen, at certain times, in the course of nature, are sometimes set aside or postpon'd, for wise and good reasons, by the immediate particular disposition of Providence; which particular dispositions the stars can by no means discover or foreshow. There is, however (and I can not speak it without sorrow), there is the strongest probability that my dear friend is no more; for there appears in his name, as I am assured, an Almanack for the year 1734, in which I am treated in a very gross and unhandsome manner, in which I am called a false predictor, an ignorant, a conceited scribbler, a fool and a liar. Mr. Leeds was too well bred to use any man so indecently and so scurrilously, and moreover his esteem and affection for me was extraordinary; so that it is to be feared that pamphlet may be only a contrivance of somebody or other, who hopes, perhaps, to sell two or three years' Almanacks still, by the sole force and virtue of Mr. Leeds' name. But, certainly, to put words into the mouth of a gentleman and a man of letters against his friend, which the meanest and most scandalous of the people might be ashamed to utter even in a drunken quarrel, is an unpardonable injury to his memory, and an imposition upon the publick.

"Mr. Leeds was not only profoundly skilful in the useful science he profess'd, but he was a man of exemplary sobriety, a most sincere friend, and an exact performer of his word. These valuable qualifications, with many others, so much endeared him to me, that although it should be so, that, contrary to all probability, contrary to my prediction and his own, he might possibly be yet alive, yet my loss of honour, as a prognosticator, cannot afford me so much mortification as his life, health, and safety would give me joy and satisfaction. . . ."

Again, *The American Almanack* for 1735 returns *Poor Richard's* jest:

"Courteous and Kind Reader: My Almanack being in its usual Method, needs no Explanation; but perhaps it may be expected by some that I shall say something concerning *Poor Richard*, or otherwise *Richard Saunders's* Almanack, which I suppose was printed in the Year 1733 for the ensuing Year 1734, wherein he useth me with such good Manners, I can hardly find what to say to him, without it is to advise him not to be too proud because by his Prædicting my Death, and his writing an Almanack (I suppose at his Wife's Request). . . ."

"But if Falsehood and Ingenuity be so rewarded, What may he expect if ever he be in a capacity to publish that that is either just or ac-

cordova to Art? Therefore I shall say little more about it than, as a Friend, to advise he will never take upon him to prædict or ascribe any Person's Death, till he has learned to do it better than he did before . . .

To which Franklin makes this gay sally:

"Whatever may be the musick of the spheres, how great s'ever the harmony of the stars, 'tis certain there is no harmony among the stargazers: but they are perpetually growling and snarling at one another like strange curs, or like some men at their wives. I had resolved to keep the peace on my own part, and offend none of them; and I shall persist in that resolution. But having receiv'd much abuse from Titan Leeds deceas'd (Titan Leeds when living would not have used me so): I say, having receiv'd much abuse from the ghost of Titan Leeds, who pretends to be still living, and to write Almanacks in spite of me and my predictions, I can not help saying, that tho' I take it patiently, I take it very unkindly. And whatever he may pretend, 'tis undoubtedly true that he is really defunct and dead. First, because the stars are seldom disappointed, never but in the case of wise men, *sapientis dominabitur asties*, and they foreshadowed his death at the time I predicted it. Secondly, 'twas requisite and necessary he should die punctually at that time for the honor of astrology, the art professed both by him and his father before him. Thirdly, 'tis plain to every one that reads his two last Almanacks (for 1734 and '35), that they are not written with that life his performances used to be written with; the wit is low and flat; the little hints dull and spiritless; nothing smart in them but Hudibras's verses against astrology at the heads of the months in the last, which no astrologer but a *dead one* would have inserted, and no man *living* would or could write such stuff as the rest. But lastly, I shall convince him from his own words that he is dead (*ex ore suo condemnatus est*); for in his preface to his Almanack for 1734, he says: 'Saunders adds another gross falsehood in his Almanack, viz., that by my own calculation, I shall survive until the 26th of the said month, October, 1733, which is as untrue as the former.' Now if it be as Leeds says, untrue and a gross falsehood, that he survived till the 26th of October, 1733, then it is certainly true that he died before that time; and if he died before that time he is dead now to all intents and purposes, anything he may say to the contrary notwithstanding. And at what time before the 26th is it so likely he should die, as at the time by me predicted, viz., the 17th of October aforesaid? But if some people will walk and be troublesome after death, it may perhaps be borne with a little, because it cannot well be avoided, unless one would be at the pains and expence of laying them in the *Red Sea*; however, they should not presume too much upon the liberty allowed them. I know confinement must needs be mighty irksome to the free spirit of an astronomer, and I am too compassionate to proceed suddenly to extremities with it; nevertheless, tho' I resolve with reluctance, I shall not long defer if it does not speedily learn to treat its living friends with better manners.

"I am,

"Courteous reader,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"R. SAUNDERS."

Here for the nonce ended the *jeu d'esprit*. In further parleying Franklin showed hardly the taste of Queen Anne's Bickerstaff. The active, bristling, self-assertive irreverence which characterised his early manhood (it has since become commoner than it was in Franklin's day) led him further on to stand over the very grave of Leeds. Before he had made his Almanac for 1740 his competitor had died; but even Leeds dead he deemed fair play:

"OCTOBER 7, 1739.

"COURTEOUS READER: You may remember that in my first Almanack, published for the year 1733, I predicted the death of my dear friend, *Titan Leeds*, Philomat, to happen that year on the 17th day of October, 3 h. 29 m. P. M. The good man, it seems, died accordingly. But W. B. and A. B. [*] have continued to publish Almanacks in his name ever since; asserting for some years that he was still living. At length when the truth could no longer be concealed from the world, they confessed his death in their Almanack for 1739, but pretended that he died not till last year, and that before his departure he had furnished them with calculations for 7 years to come.—Ah, *my friends*, these are poor shifts and thin disguises; of which indeed I should have taken little or no notice, if you had not at the same time accused me as a false predictor; an aspersion that the more affects me as my whole livelihood depends on a contrary character.

"But to put this matter beyond dispute, I shall acquaint the world with a fact, as strange and surprising as it is true; being as follows, viz:

"On the 4th instant, toward midnight, as I sat in my little study writing this Preface, I fell fast asleep; and continued in that condition for some time, without dreaming any thing, to my knowledge. On awaking I found lying before me the following, viz.—

"DEAR FRIEND SAUNDERS: My respect for you continues even in this separate state; and I am griev'd to see the aspersions thrown on you by the malevolence of avaricious publishers of Almanacks, who envy your success. They say your prediction of my death in 1733 was false, and they pretend that I remained alive many years after. But I do hereby certify that I did actually die at that time, precisely at the hour you mention'd, with a variation only of 5 min. 53 sec., which must be allow'd to be no great matter in such cases. And I do further declare that I furnish'd them with no calculations of the planets' motions, etc., seven years after my death, as they are pleas'd to give out: so that the stuff they publish as an Almanack in my name is no more mine than 'tis yours

"You will wonder, perhaps, how this paper comes written on your table. You must know that no separate spirits are under any confinement till after the final settlement of all accounts. In the mean time we wander where we please, visit our old friends, observe their actions, enter sometimes into their imaginations, and give them hints waking or sleeping that may be of advantage to them. Finding you asleep, I enter'd your

* The printers William and Andrew Bradford.

left nostril, ascended into your brain, found out where the ends of those nerves were fastened that move your right hand and fingers, by the help of which I am now writing unknown to you; but when you open your eyes you will see that the hand written is mine, tho' wrote with yours.

"The people of this infidel age, perhaps, will hardly believe this story. But you may give them these three signs by which they shall be convinced of the truth of it.—About the middle of June next, J. J. — n,* Philomat, shall be openly reconciled to the Church of Rome, and give all his goods and chattels to the chapel, being perverted by a certain country schoolmaster. On the 7th of September following my old Friend W. B — t shall be sober 9 hours, to the astonishment of all his neighbours:—And about the same time W. B. and A. B. will publish another Almanack in my name, in spite of truth and common sense.

"As I can see much clearer into futurity, since I got free from the dark prison of flesh, in which I was continually molested and almost blinded with fogs arising from tiff, and the smoke of burnt drams; I shall in kindness to you, frequently give you information of things to come, for the improvement of your Almanack: being, Dear Dick, Your Affectionate Friend,

"T. LEEDS'

"For my own part, I am convinced that the above letter is genuine. If the reader doubts of it, let him carefully observe the three signs; and if they do not actually come to pass, believe as he pleases. I am his humble Friend.

"R. SAUNDERS."

In this wise ended *Poor Richard's* jest. The simplicity and grace of Franklin's style give his rough pleasantry the vraisemblance of an original conception, and suggest that he might not have known Squire Bickerstaff's jocularities—just as the qualities of the famous story of Abraham at the tent's door, which he used feignedly to read from Genesis, hardly hint at the oriental origin of the tale and its appearance in English towards the end of Jeremy Taylor's *Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying*. And his humour, taken together with his grace and simplicity, recall the dictum of the transatlantic critic who claims Franklin to be the most readable writer who has yet appeared upon our side of the sea.

* John Jerman.

The inextinguishable laughter—the true Homeric ἀσβεστος γέλως—which is the atmosphere of both incidents, fits them to rank with the imaginary durance of Sancho Panza upon his island, or with Tartarin in Tarascon, or, to go to the first humour of literature, with the advance and retreat of Thersites in the council of Zeus-nourished kings. But in Britain and America all our heroes were real.

In England, Swift's squib gave the death-blow to astrology. "*Merlinus Liberatus*, by John Partridge," was published years after, but shorn of its specious and misleading pretences. Franklin's jesting was more self-seeking, but he continued *Poor Richard* till the responsibilities of public life forced him to set it aside, and before his death he had the joy of seeing the homely wisdom of his proverbs translated into many European tongues.

Not one of Franklin's biographers has referred to the Bickerstaff joke. Upon the contrary, it is asserted that Franklin

"in a strain of delightful satire upon the already venerable pretensions of almanac-makers to foretell the future, . . . disposes of this difficulty by a method so novel, so ingenious, and withal of an illuminating power so far-reaching as to set the whole colony talking about it."*

It need hardly be added that none of Swift's biographers—all being English—have hinted at Franklin's pleasantry.

One instance of Franklin's possible indebtedness to Swift's terse and fine phrasing Mr. Bigelow makes note of in Franklin's letter to Alexander Smith, November 5, 1789: "I find by your letter that every man has patience enough to hear calmly and coolly the injuries done to other people." Swift had said that "he never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another like a Christian."

Kate Stephens.

* Introduction to Fac-simile of *Poor Richard's Almanack* for 1733. The Duodecimos, 1894.

QUATRAIN.

Conduct me, Zeus, and thou, oh, Destiny,
Wherever thy decrees have fixed my lot;
I follow cheerfully, and did I not,
Wicked and wretched I must follow still

Gelett Burgess.



THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID."

THE MOST FAMOUS OF SPANISH MANUSCRIPTS.

Starting at the Puerta del Sol, and walking up the Calle de Alcalá, past hotels, banks, clubs, cafés, and museum, you will already have taken, at one swift glance, a considerable object-lesson in the manners, language, and dress of the modern Spaniard.

If, on coming in sight of the upper end of the Salon del Prado, at the Ministry of War, you turn past the imposing fountain to the left, up the modern fashionable Paseo de Recoletos, and go along the shaded walk until you are almost opposite the new National Library, you will have seen the outside at least of some of the best private houses and public buildings. And if you turn next to the left one block, then to the right, you will pass, somewhat back from the street, the building where the national, or Basque, game of ball (*pelota*) is played in its long high court. Continue, mount the steps opposite, enter the plaza with the statue in the centre, cross it to the Calle General Castaños, and stop before the apartment house which is number seven, and you will be very near

the repository of the most remarkable and famous of Spanish literary relics.

On the third floor of the house before you, the sides of which project, forming a double row of bay-windows, lives Don Alejandro Pidal, former member from Villaviciosa, now Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, and better known as the possessor of the unique manuscript of *The Chronicle of the Cid* than by any of his other distinguished titles.

It is indeed a rare thing to seek the most important literary document of a nation in the house of a private citizen, and to the properly enthusiastic there is a slight quiver of fear at the thought of the possibilities of fire or theft, and a vague wish that the little volume had somehow found its way earlier into one of the glass cases of the long library building, of which the green roof may be seen from these upper windows just across the square.

Let us enter the open door, nod to the *portero*, and mount the long stairway to the very top, passing in view of the little circular *ventanillas*, through which

in days not long gone by we should have had to whisper "peaceful folk" (*gente de paz*) before the uncoiled bolts would have been drawn to admit us.

Now, however, we merely ring, are briefly scrutinised, and a few seconds later are admitted to a small study, and Don Alejandro is before us.

Señor Alejandro Pidal y Mon, the present owner of the manuscript, is physically above the average Spaniard. He is tall, heavily built, extremely active, and a rapid and most eloquent talker, whether in public or in his own library, though grave and dignified. He has clear, earnest eyes, and a long beard, now turning white, which gives him an almost patriarchal appearance. He was born in Madrid on August 26th, 1846, and his father, first to bear the title of Marquis of Pidal, was Cavalier of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Minister of State, historian, orator, journalist, and one of the founders of the moderate party. His mother—*née* Mon—was Lady of the Order of Maria Luisa, and sister of the well-known Don Alejandro Mon, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Such was the man who rose to welcome us and whose face lighted up eagerly at first mention of the *Cid* poem. "It is there," he said, pointing to the side of the small room, where, against the wall, was suspended what appeared a huge, elaborately carved, turreted wooden fortress, reminding one somewhat of the gate of Santa Maria in Burgos. Unlocking the doors of this, Señor Pidal disclosed a metal box through the open top of which could be seen a dark object. Taking out the box and opening it, he handed me a small dark-covered volume.

The Chronicle of the Cid is, in the eyes of the educated Spaniard, the grandest of epics—the Epic of Spain. It is the expression of his patriotic spirit; the embodiment of his memories of the Reconquest; the first child speech of his nation—of a nation whose earliest memory is of eternal war and of one unending struggle toward the South, for which it had been driven. The hero of the poem is the familiar ideal type of a Spaniard *ranchero* and *leader of a faction*.

Much has been written of it. Extracts and partial translations and of course, we have already seen and yet a popular idea of the

hero and his poem is far from clear.

If we suppose that (five years only before *vas de Tolosa*), in the a little town of Castile by name Pedro, wrote a script which was a rough song, wherein the and death of this hero told, we have (relief and doubt) so count of the deed brought down to a vivid picture in European warrior.

From that day on certain one of 1779, in which the good open, as he tells us, —and he could have moment in all the Spanish writing aside until a certain school-tonio Sanchez, did years, and during knew very little about script which had been discovered at Bivar.

Having read in *dencio de Sandoval baros y notables*, we and finding in B count with sixteen selves reproduced, declares that his in and through the *genio de Laguno* able to get possession long enough to result of this reading given to the world edition of the poem.

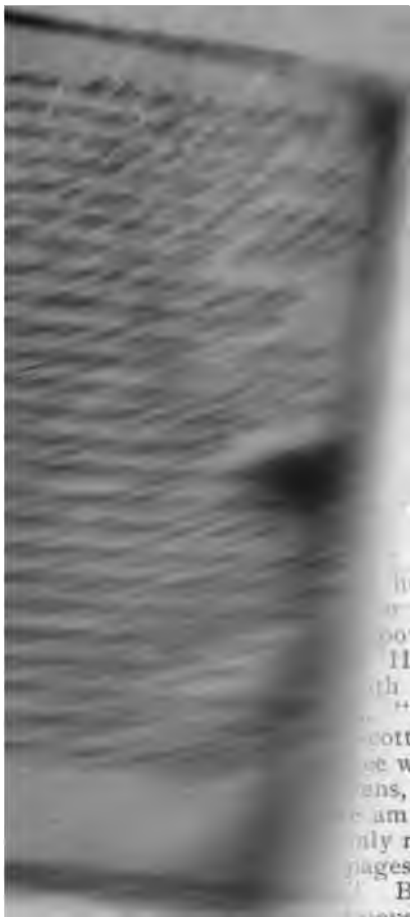
Probably Sanchez than half guessed the pages of the sume of 74 leaves, he had made for land. But his work discoverer, or, those who credit hints of a manuscript that close acted it was to have had a

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H. L. STEVENSON.

direction of the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a fine ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island*; the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker*; the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in *The Ebb-Tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in *The Beach of Falesa*, the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in *The Master of Ballantrae*—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted scenes of life. He writes not only as a novelist, but as a prophet. He means to set with Eternity the background of his scenes. Take, for example, the scene in *The Wrecker* where the picture of the man who has been killed by the wrecked vessel is seen in the water, the moment when the water, h



has not been allowed to cross the Pyrenees, it has made the longer journey to Boston, and was there for some time in the possession of George Ticknor. I do not know whether the latter anywhere mentions this fact, but Señor Pidal assures me of its truth.

In 1842 Ochoa reprinted Sanchez in Paris, and Florencio Janer corrected, and together with Don Pedro José Pidal, again reprinted the first edition at Madrid, preserving faithfully, as is stated in the notes, the orthography of the poem, which was before him. This Janer did in a measure, but not completely, and in 1879 Karl Vollmöller printed at Halle his *Poema del Cid*, "nach der einzigen madrider handschrift mit Einleitung, Anmerkungen und Glossar neu herausgegeben," of which, however, the text *only* was published. Frere, Ormsby, and Southey have made translations pretending to no great faithfulness, though serving the purpose of presenting the story at least.

The manuscript contains 74 leaves, forming in all 3734 lines, counting the two restored at the end by Janer. Sanchez had either failed to notice these at all, or passed them over as an erasure. Each page contains about 25 lines, more or less, and measures about 16 by 20 centimetres. The writing is fairly regular, unlined, and, at places, especially on the last page, much blurred and stained. The number of lines or leaves wanting at the beginning it is impossible to tell exactly. The one missing in the body of the text is the forty-eighth, and would correspond to the forty-third, of which it formed one half. The present binding is thought to be of the sixteenth century, and Señor Pidal called my attention to what he believed to be traces of gilding in the depressions of the stamping on the sides, which are boards covered with black *cordoban*. At the edges are still seen the remains of clasps secured by leather.

A. M. Huntington.

VEILED VISION.

The air is heavy with its liquid tears,
 And Nature, blurred in all her outlines, weeps ;
 The humid mist insidiously creeps
 Till circumscribed and small my world appears.

So, oft our love is big with grief, and wears
 A shrouding garment, and the unseen deeps
 Our vision hem ; the heart its sorrow reaps,
 Its love crushed down, gone every thought that cheers.

O boundless universe beyond our ken !
 O love undying barred within the heart .
 What may appease its cravings, ease its smart,
 Or break the barriers which this earth-love pen ?
 Repressed or parted here our love may be,
 Yet will it upward soar continually.

THE RELIGION OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It was the fortune of Robert Louis Stevenson, dying untimely as he did, to be treated as a classic before his death, and there is something in the circumstance singular and extraordinary. It is a fate which has happened to few, to scarcely any one indeed whose period of earthly toil has been so brief. It is quite possible that more distant generations may not endorse our spirit of laudation, and may accuse us of lack of perspective and hastiness of judgment. But I am not one of those who entertain such forebodings. Stevenson is for me the most vivid, brilliant, and suggestive figure in our later literature, and his writings possess an element of charm which I find in no others. Pre-eminently he is a great master of style. It would be hard indeed if he were not, considering the immense pains which he took to write perfectly. He is entirely frank in confessing that he does not wield an easy pen. He never thinks of the immense fecundity and power of Walter Scott without despair. He says frankly, "I cannot compete with that." In a darker mood he cries, "What makes me sick is to think of Scott turning out *Guy Manmering* in three weeks! What a pull of work! heavens, what thews and sinews! And here am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done." But he has certainly written as Scott never did, with a precision and subtlety of style which at its best is nearly inimitable. The swing and ease of Scott he has not; but he has contrived so to interpret himself in all his work that there is scarcely a page which does not throw over us the spell of something intimate and spiritual—a nameless aroma of genius which all sympathetic to him must feel, though few can describe.

Perhaps it is because this curious essence of personality which pervades his work is so elusive that few critics have discovered the right word to say of it, and have found it easier to fall back upon a general analysis of Stevenson's qualities as story-writer. That these qualities are of supreme excellence no one will deny. He himself justly felt that his power as a novelist lay in the

direction of the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a fine ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island*; the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker*; the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in *The Ebb-Tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in *The Beach of Falesd*, the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in *The Master of Ballantrae*—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted shows of life. He writes not only as a realist, but as a prophet. His meanest stage is set with Eternity as a background.

Take, for example, the astonishing subtlety and truth of the scene in which he pictures Herrick as attempting suicide by drowning, in *The Ebb-Tide*. The moment the wretched man takes the water, he begins to swim by a sort

of instinct. He is about to "lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of sleep;" there will be plenty of time to stop swimming presently. But could he stop swimming? He knew at once that he could not.

"He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he—at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve within his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open—and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. . . . There were men who could commit suicide; there were men who could not: and he was one who could not."

There is not a hint here of the sort of imagination which a commonplace novelist would indulge in—the marching before the mind of the drowning man of his past life, and so forth; but there is something infinitely more terrible. Stevenson admits us into the very soul of the miserable man. He makes us partners in his extreme self-contempt, the utter self-loathing which makes him feel "he could have spat upon himself." He gives us a momentary glimpse of far-off powers that watch the spectacle: a city "along whose distant terraces these walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration." This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative writing in our literature, but it is much more than this. It is the work of a man profoundly impressed by spiritual realities, and only such a man could have produced it.

It would be easy to arrange in opposing categories the novelists who have a religious sense, and those who are destitute of it. The first usually spoil their art by making it the abject vehicle of something that they want to teach: the second usually fail of the most difficult success, because when they come to the greatest episodes of life they lack the spirituality which can alone interpret them aright. Stevenson belongs to neither of these classes. He does not profess that he has anything to teach, and has no temptation to the didactic. He aims at one thing only, to tell his story in what seems to him the completest and most perfect manner. His ethical views are to be found in his essays, and of these we are not speaking now. But nevertheless Stevenson is a moralist or nothing. The Scot can

rarely escape the pressure of those profound and serious thoughts which constitute religion; and Stevenson carried religion in his very bones and marrow. That which gives his great scenes their most impressive element is not merely their force of imagination or of truth; it is this subtle element of religion which colours them. The awful, the distant, the eternal, mix themselves in all his thoughts. The difference between a great scene of Scott and a great scene of Stevenson is that the first impresses us, but the second awes us. Words, phrases, sudden flashes of insight, linger in the mind and solemnise it. We feel that there is something we have not quite fathomed in the passage, and we return to it again to find it still unfathomable. Light of heart and brilliant as he can be, yet not Carlyle himself moved more indubitably in the presence of the immensities and eternities. Wonder and astonishment sit throned among his thoughts, the wonder of the awe-struck child at divine mysteries, the enduring astonishment of the man who moves about in worlds not recognised. It is this intense religious sense of Stevenson which sets him in a place apart among his contemporaries; it is, to use his own phrase, a force that grasps him "ineluctable as gravity."

Sometimes, though but rarely, he permits himself a wider latitude. Thus he puts into the lips of Attwater thoughts which no doubt had moved his own heart deeply. Attwater is very far from being a perfectly conceived or rendered character; indeed, he must stand among Stevenson's failures. But he is useful in showing us the mysticism of his creator's mind. He is a man who walks awestruck through the labyrinth of life. He hears across the desolate lagoon eternity ringing like a bell. He ponders life and death with insistence, with passion and absorption. He preaches to the wretched fugitives who are his guests; he uses the very words which might express Stevenson's own sense of the unseen—"We sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators. And you call that solitude." To Herrick, who has implied his total disbelief in God, he replies that it is by the grace of God we live at all:

"The grace of your Maker and Redeemer, He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom

you daily crucify afresh. . . . Nothing but God's Grace! We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe; and a puppy in pyjamas prefers self-conceit!"

A trifle grandiloquent, perhaps; but then Attwater is meant to be a grandiloquent personage, a half-barbarous and half-evangelical South Sea Hercules. Yet surely these words of his are a deep cry out of Stevenson's own heart. A man whose daily breath was a sort of miracle, and who felt that every hour he lived he was cheating the grave of its proper prey, might well feel that he lived literally by the grace of God.

Nowhere does the spiritual genius of Stevenson express itself with such force and fulness as in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And incidentally it may be remarked that nothing which he has written has laid hold so strongly on the public mind. When one comes to think of it, there are very few, even of the greatest writers, who have created figures so vital and so real that they have become familiar and alive to the great world of readers. Dickens has done it: hardly any one else of our time. There is certainly no firm in England so well known as Spenlow & Jorkins, and no public personage half so familiar to us as Micawber, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. The politician or the speaker has but to use these names, and instantly his parable is perceived: on the mimic stage of memory and imagination there struts forth a figure, better known to us than the clerk in our office, or the friend who talks with us at dinner. And thus to seize upon certain living traits of character and certain catchwords of speech, and so mould the whole that the result is a personage so thoroughly alive and so delightfully human that we can sum up whole stages of observation and experience by the mention of his imaginary name, is the crowning skill of great creative art. No novelist can expect a higher triumph than this; but this triumph has certainly been Stevenson's. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has already become a password: men utter the phrase and declare a parable. It has become, in fact, a synonym for the dual nature of man, and the deadly war of opposites which is always going on in human character.

But there is this difference—and it is a typical one—between the creatures of Dickens's stage and those of Stevenson's: Micawber and his fellows spring out of humorous fancy, Hyde and Jekyll from the womb of a sombre and terrible imagination. Here, again, we come upon that profound seriousness of soul that underlies all Stevenson's best work; the questioning and philosophic mind groping at the intricate coil of things; the intense imagination of the Celt, fascinated by the grim and subtle mysteries of human nature. The seed-thought of this appalling fable of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is familiar enough: it is the ancient Pauline description of a war in our members, so that the thing we would, that we do not; and the thing we would not, that we do. The summary of the whole—it might well form the inscription for the title-page—is that great cry wrung out of the very agonised heart of this internecine conflict, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have heard the words many times on the lips of preachers and theologians, but one would certainly have doubted if they were capable of being vitalised by the art of the novelist. But in the mind of Stevenson there existed just that combination of faculties to which they most powerfully appealed. He has told us that the fable was a form of literary art which always fascinated him, and in the truest sense *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fable. But what a fable! There is the weirdness of Poe, his eloquence too, and his power of piling up detail, but a power of analysis and a psychologic subtlety which he never reached. It may be doubted if any novelist has ever cut so deep into morbid psychology as Stevenson in this short story of one hundred and fifty pages. What an awful picture is this of a man torn between his good and evil natures; in his right mind given to religious and serious thoughts, in the guise of Mr. Hyde greedy of abominable vices; repenting and sinning in turn; conscious all the time that the ape-like thing within him grows stronger for each fresh indulgence and liberation, and yet incapable of restraining him; to the last desirous of good, but impotent of achieving it. Fantastic, all but grotesque as the story is, yet

it has all the firm outline of reality. Reading it, we readily permit ourselves to be convinced that such a thing could be. The horror grows with every stage: it becomes palpable, tremendous. The ape-like thing called Hyde, the incarnated evil of the soul of Jekyll, pursues our very dreams. And with what solemn and lamenting eloquence does the allegory close:

"This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again: that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter, and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life."

A piece of writing like this is a unique achievement in the art of letters. It is really comparable with nothing else; it stands alone. And it is conclusive evidence of that subtlety and force of spiritual genius which gives Stevenson a place apart, and high above all contemporaries, as an interpreter of the deepest things of the human soul.

A sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* may be found in another and earlier story of Stevenson's, called *Markheim*. As a story this is briefer and less elaborated, but it is scarcely less powerful and tragic. In this instance it is the soul of a man who appears to him immediately after he has done a cruel murder, and calmly analyses all the slow moral disintegration which has led up to this crowning infamy, and finally extorts from the man a confession of the truth of the analysis.

"'You have grown in many things more lax,' says the accusing spirit: 'possibly you do right to be so; and at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?'"

"'In any one?' repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. 'No,' he added with despair, 'in none! I have gone down in all!'"

But here again, powerful as the story is, and told with an incomparable realism and suggestiveness, it is not the story which holds us spellbound so much as the moral drama which it displays. It probes deep into the intricacies of human motive, and the mystery of human sin. No one who has read

pages such as these in Stevenson with the least degree of right appreciation can ever mistake him for the idle storyteller of an idle hour. Most readers will be far more inclined to say that nowhere in our literature is there to be found a writer who displays such mastery over the secrets of the soul, or speaks with a voice more undoubtedly prophetic.

It is an astonishing thing that a writer who has deliberately set himself to write pure adventure stories should possess such a gift of spiritual subtlety, and it begets in us a doubt whether, after all, Stevenson was rightly aware of the nature of his own genius. But this at least must be admitted, that he has contrived to lift the adventure story to a quite new elevation by the powers which he has brought to bear upon it. That which gives his books their enduring hold upon the mind is precisely this spiritual subtlety which informs them. We read them once, we read them twice; we read them again after the lapse of years during which many things have happened in the development of our own minds, and we still find them fascinating. Nor is it altogether the clearness and the beauty of the style that compels attention: still less is it the narrative. It is rather a compulsion which arises from the spirit of the man; something in the turning of a phrase, in the felicity of an epithet, in the imaginative force of a sentence that has the effect of being flashed upon the brain, which opens up profound depths of thought, and calls the mind to solemn speculations. Stevenson was too modest a man to pose as a thinker; yet a thinker he was, and of great originality and insight. And in the truest sense of the word he was an entirely pious man. He knew what it meant, as he has put it, to go up "the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed." In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy; ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest

ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude ; a certain gaiety of soul that never deserts him ; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles. Neither his work nor his life have yet been justly apprehended, nor has the time yet come when a thoroughly accurate and balanced judgment is possi-

ble. But it will be a painful surprise to me if coming generations do not recognise his work as one of the chief treasures of our literature, and the man himself as one of the most original, rare, and entirely lovable men of genius of this or of any time.

W. J. Dawson.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

III.—“DROLLS FROM SHADOWLAND,” AND “TALES OF THE MASQUE.”

Mr. J. H. Pearce is, I believe, a novelist. He has published two or three Cornish novels, one of which has received Mr. Gladstone's *imprimatur*. I do not know his work as a novelist, though I can well believe that something of the vague, shadowy, elusive poetry which is the very breath of his short stories might escape from a long book. I ought perhaps to apologise to Mr. Pearce for calling the two books named above neglected. They must have reached the ears of the small audience which is ever alert for new voices in literature. A good many of his critics at the time of their publication were enthusiastic. But the outer public the books scarcely reached at all ; and my complaint is that, instead of taking their place in the body of literature which is always in demand, they have seemed to disappear with their season, as a drop of rain in the sea, so quickly and silently. It might be easy to explain this by saying that the public adores, with a comprehensive passion, the trite and the commonplace ; but it would not be an explanation. The great body of circulating-library readers who make a worthless book go for a season or two have no power to grant fixity of tenure. There is a stronger public opinion on literature which in the end, after blunders and injustices, is always right. Nothing that is really of literature is lost and forgotten ; it is acknowledged and honoured at last ; and this is the thought which comforts one when one is wroth at seeing fine work pushed down and trampled out of sight by the vulgar and the obvious.

Drolls from Shadowland appeared in 1893, *Tales of the Masque* the following

year. Their effect on my own mind was so deep and abiding that at any time since, without consulting the books, I could tell the story of “The Little Crow of Paradise,” or “Joanna,” or “The Calling of the Sea,” or yet earlier, “The Man Who Talked with the Birds,” or “The Man Who Met Hate,” or “The Unchristened Child,” or “A Pleasant Entertainment,” or “The Man Who Wished to be a Tree.” The quality of imagination in Mr. Pearce's work is extraordinarily fine and subtle. There is no imagination in young poetry at present which can stand beside his in prose excepting that of his brother Celt, Mr. W. B. Yeats. Between the genius of these two there is a certain kinship, but Mr. Pearce sees life whole as Mr. Yeats does not. To make his glamour, Mr. Yeats uses gold, and grey, and purple, mists of fairyland and splendour of legend ; to make his, Mr. Pearce takes more homely material. He is something of the sage and philosopher, and, elusive as he is, he is a student of life and his fellow-men. His is a genius at once aerial and intimate.

There is a depth of human feeling in “The Unchristened Child.” The Cornish fisherman had refused baptism to his child, and it is the superstition that an unchristened child, whether he die on the land or the water, becomes a creature of that element. The little lad, when out fishing in a punt with a play-fellow, falls overboard and is drowned.

“His companion, leaning over, could see him sinking down slowly into the crystalline depths, with his hands stretched up and the hair on his head tapering to a point like the flame of a candle.”

A few days afterward the father is out fishing when he sees a little seal emerge

from a cave and come swimming toward him.

" 'Why dedn'ee ha' me christened, faather?' asked the little seal piteously.

" 'My God, are'ee Silas?' said John, trembling violently.

" 'Iss, I'm Silas,' said the little seal.

" John stared aghast at the smooth brown head and the innocent eyes that watched him so pathetically.

" 'Whv, I thought thee wert drowneded, Silas!' he ejaculated.

" 'I caant go to rest 'till I'm christened,' said the seal.

" 'How can us do it, now?' asked the father anxiously.

" 'Ef anywan who's christened wed change sauls weth me,' said the seal, 'then I wed go to rest right away.'

" 'Thee shall ha' my saul, Silas,' said the father tenderly.

" 'Will'ee put thy mouth to mine an' braythe it into me, faather?'

" 'Iss, my dear, that I will,' said the father. 'Rest thee shust have ef I can give it to'ee, Silas. Put thy hands or paws around me neck, will'ee, soas?'

" And John leaned over the side of the boat till his face touched that of the piteous little seal."

It has the profound simplicity and tenderness of genuine folk-lore. Indeed, of all the Cornishmen in love with Cornwall, Mr. Pearce seems to have come nearest to the secret of the Celtic magic which is in the haunted moorlands, and on the wild cliffs over the sea, and in the hearts of the primitive people. "The Little Crow of Paradise" might have come from the times when faith was so ardent that imagination centred about the things of faith, embroidering them with lovely accessories. The robin, says Mr. Pearce, because of its kindness when Christ hung on the cross, is permitted once a year to visit Hell, bearing a drop of water in its beak for some poor sinner it had loved while on earth. But the crow is the bird of the devil, because he mocked Christ on the cross, and he has a cinder for a heart; yet one little

crow for ever sits on the wall of Paradise. His friend was dead and in hell, "in the awful Pit of the Great Thirst, with the lidless eyes of Satan fixed unsleepingly upon him," and the crow had in vain implored the robin to bear him a drop of water. The robin is the only bird that can go scatheless near the fires, but the crow, moved by pity and love, took the drop of water in his beak and flew down to Hell.

"In the Black Pit of Thirst his friend moaned helplessly; his throat and lips parched into horrible blackness, and the sharp brine running through his veins instead of blood. 'Water! give me water!' he gasped to the crow. The crow sank down, and alighting on his shoulder, poured the cherished drop of water between the black, parched lips. 'A hundred years of agony have rolled away from me!' gasped the man. 'Now, caw once, that I may remember the woodlands. . . . 'Caw,' cried the little black crow, 'Caw! Caw!' But at that moment the Ancient One, who is of stone and without a heart, thrust his huge claws forward and the crow was in his palm. Then God who seeth all things was moved to compassion, and as His thought became a deed, Satan's huge claws opened, and up flew the little crow straight to Paradise; alighting, singed and panting, on the vast, gold walls. Except the dove, no bird has ever entered heaven. The crow might not be admitted to the shining streets of pearl, but within the sight of heaven he should dwell for ever, said the Merciful One. And on the great gold walls against which the Water of Life ripples musically, the Little Crow of Paradise still builds his nest."

This is the very spirit of fantasy, but Mr. Pearce is not always so remote. Most of his allegories are indeed fraught with deep human meaning. Tragedy and pity, and cynicism and scorn, the "saeva indignatio," and wit and tenderness are in each tiny masterpiece. Elusive as they are, they are artistically satisfying, and one would no more wish anything away or anything altered than one would with *Tanglewood Tales* or *Mosses from an old Manse*.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

TO THE ROSE-TREE FROM OMAR'S GRAVE, PLANTED AT FITZGERALD'S.

Alike from alien lips one music flows
To flush the Orient Rose,
Far-sundered spirits finding each in her
His dream's interpreter.

John B. Tabb.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER XVII.

SMOULDERING FIRES.



It is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not

compelled to condemnation. "There was naething wrang wi' the text," affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheep nichtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he was a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-bye, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by-and-by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a working man, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gude man by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and sacked the corn for market, and had driven a gude wife's churn. After which honourable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His adventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir-trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dined at the next farmhouse—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a gamekeeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snowstorm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come

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WOULD GOSSIP WITH HIM BY THE HOUR.

too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie—I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theatre, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirkman who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously? on which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat, opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying, "Awa wi' ye."

So it came to pass that notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Biblical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon him coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochtly Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochtly Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

"It wesna that he sat sae lang as a've heard o' him daein' in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam'," Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, "maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o' comin' through Tochtly Wood—the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an' jumpin' the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel' through the field that year. A' wudna say," she used to add in a casual tone, "but that he micht hae gi'en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin' the door."

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business, of

one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General's help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General's opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter's reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the "Pleasaunce," or accompany him to Janet's cottage to have a taste of that original woman's conversation together. It came upon Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air—for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarrelled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumours to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last verse of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

"Has service begun?" whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. "I'm so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won't you, and we shall be as quiet as mice."

"A'll open the door," and Archie explained the geography of the situation, "an' ye 'ill juist slip intae the manse pew; it's in the corner, wi' curtains roond it, an' naebody 'ill see ye, naither minister nor people;" and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his ser-

mon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair, flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affection in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervour and high hope, a flavour also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged—but those things could be easily put right; then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would only find material for raillery. He tugged his moustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience. They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that

he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skilfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wives, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the suprême success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalised the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that uncompromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she chose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on

Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war Psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and besides was full of a historical parallel, which after a scientific illustration is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse housekeeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary, he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness for Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practised flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well . . . "Puir lassie, she hed naeboddy tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon wes a graund discourse the day, gude wife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister wes a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she wes a papist,

an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd.

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an' a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither; there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth with much relish, "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she hed been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what wud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna enouch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She wes fidgettin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she wes in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wud hae pleased them the day, an' noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspekkit the cause?"

"It's maist michty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and

return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103rd Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was juist above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel: I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, diyly, "and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such an . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is juist one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk Manse that evening, and left without an answer.

TOCHTY LODGE.

SIR:—Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self-control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.—Yours truly,
CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lurching

with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muir-town Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? it is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE SICKNESS.



COLLEGE friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread cart. Those were ex-

asperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilisation, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal

the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station, he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city, and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his labourers.

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go.

In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes people praise the varied flower beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is," pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revellers singing a music hall song, a heavy odour from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashen boughs dipping into the water.

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilspindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study and to stuff the room with bookshelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defence of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with



THE DRIVER STOPS TO EXCHANGE VIEWS.

black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how grey and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness; they were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen labouring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods except when the men took snuff audibly. Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character, then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best



TWO TRAMPS HELD CONFERENCE.

of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighbouring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular

travellers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitues of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagiants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Uitch to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms, in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties, which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had only worn three times.

"You have done kindly by me in calling"—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—"and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now labouring in iron—did you say? and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

"You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for, indeed, it is my privilege to see many travellers, and there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days most insufficiently clad and . . . but I should not have alluded to that; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by my excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience; you might put the matter before her. . . .

"Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold," catching sight of Carmichael in

the passage, "this is a Providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity?"

"Do not be angry with me, John"—after the tramp had departed, with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face—"nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men. Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

"Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, "as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a poor sinful man, some day, and lo it be . . . the Lord Himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

"Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, "you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening."

"Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed, for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

"Receive you, John? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your faces, and we shall have much converse together—there are some points I would like your opinion on—but first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains: behold the aid to memory I have designed"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with "Farewell, George

Pitillo, 3 o'clock." "He is the son's son of my benefactor, and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea: I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

"There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

"George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, "we shall not meet again in this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them."

"And George Pitillo?"

"Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the world and made a great fortune."

"How does it go with his soul, Andrew?"

"Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releeigion yet, but nae doot he'll be turnin' his mind that wy soon."

"Poor George, that I baptised and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved: exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red colour fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?"

"Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name

an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld."

"And his soul, Andrew?"

"Oo, that's a richt; gin we a'hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo we micht be satisfied."

"That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound."

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dogcart, and the Rabbi saying, "God be with you, George, and as your father's father received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dogcart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to

. . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvellous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman who was indeed at the time little more than girl did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . . friends?"

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a wrong reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?"

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle, but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereat my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-bye at Tochtly woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drum-tochtly sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day, and so Burnbrae started early on the Saturday with his dogcart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the

Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It wes juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his hoosekeeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he might be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the pairish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, friends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochty.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me, 'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loath to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleas-

antly in the wood and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void. It is little that can be said on sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall permit certain notes on doctrine; for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savoury meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the bookshelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all His truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first and leave in one heart life-long regret.

(To be continued.)

PARIS LETTER.

THE LATE EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

"Go then, old friend, and meet him." These were the last words which Edmond de Goncourt heard in this world. They were spoken by his old friend, Alphonse Daudet, and referred of course to the long-mourned Jules de Goncourt, to reunion with whom his brother looked forward with a hope which had stripped Death for him of all his terrors. Indeed, I do not know what more to admire in Edmond de Goncourt, than the placidity with which he envisaged death. Some three weeks ago he was talking with Émile Zola, and though he appeared in excellent health, foretold his early departure. Still, he did not expect the end so soon. "I shall see *La Faustin* played," he said, referring to the play of his which he so ardently desired to produce, "and then I shall make a big bow to the public and be off." Zola laughed, and told him that he had still many years to live, reminding him how sixteen years previously, while they were walking to Flaubert's funeral, he (De Goncourt) had remarked, "It will be my turn next," and had added, referring to the length of the road to the cemetery, "only I promise you that you won't have to walk such a long way to my funeral."

Although when a man reaches the age of seventy-five his friends may expect his death at any time, I must say that I was painfully shocked at the news of his sudden end. When I last saw him I was struck by his vitality and spirits. We had been at one of Daudet's *soirées*, and I had accompanied M. de Goncourt from the house in the Rue de Bellechasse. We could not find a cab on the Boulevard St. Germain. "*Et bien, marchons,*" said the old gentleman, and set out right manfully. I believe he would have walked—and at a rattling pace—all the way to Auteuil, had we not met a belated cab on the Quai d'Orsay. I fancied that night that De Goncourt "would bury us all," and I left him wondering at the irony of things by which those to whom life is a fardel have it laid for the longest periods on their unwilling shoulders, so that, for instance, Schopenhauer, with his real

horror of life, lived to be seventy-two. And far more than Schopenhauer, whose pessimism one sometimes suspects, De Goncourt was pre-eminently an unhappy man. I have never seen him frankly gay; there was always a reserve of bitterness in any happiness that came to him. It cannot have been because of his chronic liver disease, for he was a man superior to the influences of health. It is only moral weaklings whose happiness is affected by their bodily ailments, and a good example to the contrary is that afforded by Thomas Hood. No, there was a moral cancer in De Goncourt's system which poisoned his life. I was present at the banquet given in his honour, than which no more splendid tribute was ever paid to a man of letters. The address of M. Poincaré, the minister who represented the French Government, was in itself compensation for worse *déboires* than any which De Goncourt ever endured. Yet he was not satisfied, and when I spoke to him after the dinner implied his disappointment. Two days later he said that he regretted having lent himself to that manifestation. And so it was with him always. He had a unique position in literature, and was certainly recognised in France, among his brother *littérateurs*, as *the* master; yet he was dissatisfied and wanted more. What it was, one hardly knows. It is certain he felt very sore at having failed to win any great success as a dramatist, yet his *Germinie Lacerteux*, dull and ill-constructed as it was, was very well received. He may have contrasted the smallness of his editions with the colossal sales of some of his contemporaries, and have vexed his soul thereat, yet he always used to speak with contempt of the writers *à grand tirage*, and flatter himself that if his public was small it was at least select. And he must have known very well that the insincerity of his work could only appeal to a limited audience, such as overlook the *fond* when the *forme* is good, those, in one word, whom a literary *pose* interests. Now, as a novelist, the whole of De Goncourt's work was a literary *pose*. He had no

sympathy whatever with the phases of life or the class of characters which he handled with such apparent gusto. As a matter of fact he denied, in his heart of hearts, the novel as a vehicle of thought, in which respect he was in direct opposition to Zola, and, as I think, most absolutely in the right. In Germany, for instance, when a man has anything to say, any truth to formulate, he expresses his thoughts directly in the form of essays. In England, and in France also, the novel, which has nothing to do *dans cette galère*, is used. De Goncourt really felt that the German method was the right one, but followed—another insincerity—the French fashion. Over and over again has he said and written that the day of the novel as a vehicle for thought or doctrine was over. In his last volume of jottings he frequently girds against the novel, and even confesses, what is the sad experience of many of us, that he is totally incapable of reading a novel. Yet it was by his novels that he hoped to convey his message to the world.

He has been spoken of as a great egotist. One can hardly blame him, for most great men and all old men are so, and he was a great man and a very old man, so that in his last years at least he had two claims to this indulgence. What I liked less in him was the pleasure he seemed to take in listening to anything detrimental to any of his contemporaries, and the greater the man, the better was he pleased. A story of that sort would light up his eyes and suffuse his face with cheerfulness. Mental notes would be taken for his diary, in which everything of that description found a certain place. I do not think anything can excuse an artist for such conduct toward his *confrères*, as De Goncourt's toward many celebrated men, unless it be that there is always something feminine in the artistic temperament, and that to women a modicum of peevishness (not to call it spite) is allowed. The last volume of

his diary particularly offends in this respect, and brought down on its author's head—as I can easily understand—an avalanche of recrimination. It is said that the worries consequent upon this did something to weaken the old gentleman's health. One is sorry for this now that he is gone, but though one can forget his indiscretions, there are many things in his last *Journal* which will leave their sting for years. And what is worse, many old-standing friendships have been imperilled by these indiscretions.

I think it is a pity that De Goncourt did not write a book on gastronomy, à la mode de Brillat-Savarin. It was a subject in which he was particularly erudite, and I cannot remember ever to have met a *finer connoisseur*. Also when he talked of eating and drinking he was delightful to listen to, and the little gastronomical anecdotes and apothegms which one finds here and there in his diary are excellent and inspiring matter. One is glad to think that he at least thoroughly enjoyed one pleasure in life, the pleasure of the table, a pleasure which some of us hold to be the only true and substantial one. Zola is of this opinion. "*Un bon dîner*," he says, "*il n'y a que ça*." De Goncourt, more of a gourmet, formulated his *penchant* in less material language. And it is a curious circumstance, and of the irony of things, that the very last words which he spoke on earth were, "Mind you have peaches; you know I want peaches." This was in answer to a remark made by Madame Daudet as he lay in bed. She wished to cheer him up, and told him he must get well at once, reminding him that a dinner was to be given in his honour on the following day, and that thirty guests had been invited. "Mind you have peaches," he said; "you know I want peaches."

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

AN AMERICAN "LORNA DOONE."*

"I have great pity for all such as have gone through this world untouched by love; the true, I mean, little light, little selfish, only unending in eternity and bringing a soul unto men on earth. For, as I muse on it now, it seemeth a rare experience, even among you Puritans; rarer still, in that old time of my youth when, to the one world, all that was not pleasure was food for jest, and, to the other, all that was not sanctimonious was sin. There was one Parson Herrick, a poet, not far from us; he wrote most sweetly of maids and blossoms, and what he called love; yet never wrote he a line of love as I have known it. And as for the Puritans, then, they had no heart for it, nor charity; but only head, and faith in sour dogmas, and getting on in this world. Truly, as I believe, the most of men are not blest to have known my love, which by the grace of God hath so lighted my life that absence—aye, and death, without doubt—could not darken it. Even Shakespeare seemeth to me hardly to divine it; his loves are but a courtier's, or at best a shepherd's, tending to possession, and ending then. Whereas, with mine, the knowing her was all; the being in the world; and if so be my heart met understanding and response, it could die no more, and the purpose of the world was full."

This is but one of many memorable passages in a most noble book. But this passage serves especially to begin a review of one of the sweetest and loveliest and tenderest of love stories it has been our lot to read in many a long day. It will key the mind to the high pitch of thought and feeling in which the story is set. It is not accident surely that has led certain critics to liken *King Noanett* to Mr. Blackmore's famous story. Not that Mr. Stimson's work is an imitation; nor is it simply reminiscent of *Lorna Doone*. There is, to be sure, something in the style and manner of *King Noanett* which recalls the tender yet virile touch of the Exmoor tale; but while it has the same flavour—the flavour of romantic adventure, and of love that is "a strange, great worship, a loss of self, that only comes to few"—Mr. Stimson's manner is peculiarly his own; fresh, vigorous, and unstrained; and in seeking the materials for his story he has cut into virgin soil. It is the rare atmosphere of the work that recalls *Lorna*

* *King Noanett: A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay.* By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$2.00.

Doone; it is the spirit of true romance pervading it that gives it a place apart from the fiction of the hour; it is its lofty conception of love that raises it to a high level among its neighbours; it is the "princely serenity" of its point of view that dignifies its treatment of life; it is the depth and breadth of its humanity that infuses geniality and humour into its pages; and, above all, it is its distinctively spiritual quality that gives it an enduring stamp of permanent excellence and entitles it to rank with distinguished company. Not since we read *The Little Minister* have we come across so refreshing, so refined, so noble a work in fiction. *King Noanett* comes upon us like the sudden vision of a glorious mountain emerging from the murky fogs that have hid it from our view amid the noisome vapours of the valley. The warm flush of love and life that awakens at dawn lies tenderly over it all, and Nature's great heart throbs in the wild, woodland scenes which are recaptured from the past. We have already spoken of Mr. Stimson's novel as an epoch-making book, and it well deserves the epithet. The elevating influence of such a book should be far-reaching. It raises the standard of fiction, and therefore of life, which it portrays in its highest idealised forms. By its success, which is assured, it will demonstrate that in spite of the "downward moving" fiction of the day the author who elects to deal, and to deal only with whatsoever things are lovely, and pure, and of good report is still acceptable to the reading masses; and it will go far to prove that they prefer pure and wholesome literature when they can get it in an entertaining form.

It would spoil the story for the reader to enter overmuch into its details in a review. It is the story of a great love, of a great friendship, and of a great sorrow. "Love," says Mr. Barrie, in *The Little Minister*, "is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly, and it is the lover's privilege." It is in this respect that Mr. Stimson's art allies itself with Mr. Barrie's, with all great art, in fact. The lines of John

Boyle O'Reilly, quoted on the title-page, are an index to the story :

" For when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but
Sorrow."

In the opening chapter we are ushered into the bright light of a September morning on the moors of Devonshire, where Bampfylde Moore Carew, who tells the tale, meets the lady of his love, only to be separated from her through the length of the story, while he traverses sea and land in his quest of her. The description of his meeting with Mistress St. Aubyn takes the imagination captive.

" All my life I have believed there was enchantment in the air that day. I was conscious of it before I came to my sheep tower ; and the dread Mole's Chamber, lying in the sink of the down upon my left, had veiled its evil surface in a rosy cloud. Noll whinnied at seeing me, though his water-trough was full. I brought him grass, and he seemed not hungry ; and then I sat on the little slope of grass that lay sunward, above the brook, leaning on the last dense wall of heather, now full of bloom and fragrant. And the water made soft murmurs, and I dreamed.

" Then became I conscious of the spell. There was a presence there ; I felt that I was not alone. So strong grew this upon me that I fancied I heard a breathing, and it was not Noll's nor mine. I lay just beneath the little corner tower, and it seemed to come from there. At last I could resist no longer, and I went back to the fold, and entered it, and went to the little wall-stairway of projecting stones (Noll pressing after me and snuffing at my elbow) and climbed this ; and entered the little tower cell. Two long slits were in the wall of this for shooting culverins ; and now through one of them shot a shaft of sunlight, athwart the stone chamber ; and beyond this, lying on a bed of heather I had made, her lips just parted, softly breathing, lay a slender maid asleep."

An uprising in favour of Charles the Second, about six years before the Merry Monarch actually ascended the throne, is the cause of Carew's banishment at the instigation of the Commonwealth. On board the ship that carries him from the fair, chequered fields of Devonshire to the colonies he makes the acquaintance of Miles Courtenay, whose Irish wit and humour enliven the pages, whose true and knightly fashion wins our heart, whose love for Carew, passing the love of women, crowns him in our memory. Carew, the stupid, dull Saxon, is a foil to the quick-witted, generous Irishman, and the two characters present a vivid contrast. Like, yet unlike, they join in

a common quest, which knits them together in a friendship even unto death. Arrived in Virginia, they are sold to different masters, and eventually making their escape, they enlist in the army raised to protect the colonies from the Indian savages. They are compelled for various reasons to secede from the army and the Commonwealth ; and in company with the little maid Jennifer, who figures pathetically in the story, they arrive in Boston after encountering many hardships and adventures. There is a graphic account of the Boston of those days :

" Boston was already quite a town, consisting indeed of some twelve thousand souls, and (as Miles said) they were not crowded ; though the whole place was but a small island, and half of it waste land by reason of the high mountain with three peaks, under the northward of which lay Savil Simpson's house. This hill was furnished with a beacon and great guns. The town then had three churches or meeting-houses, the First, the South, and the North. . . . The Common was a sloping bit of pasture that set inward from the sea to the flowing marshes that lay beneath the western hills ; and here, every evening, the gallants would be walking with their Marmalet Madams, till the nine o'clock bell rings them home, after which the constables did walk their rounds to take up any loose people. Beyond this Common again lay the gardens and orchards. The houses of the town were made of thin, small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and these filled in with brick and other stuff ; and for this reason it was most liable to fires ; thrice hath the city been burnt in my memory. By the sea the houses were built upon piles, close together on each side the streets, which were paved with pebbles."

The interest in the story deepens at this point, as it brings the characters upon well-known historical ground, which although wrapped for the most part in traditionary legend, is quickened and vivified by the imagination of the author, so as to stand out with startling realism. The rest of the narrative relates the pioneer expedition of Miles and Carew up the river Charles to the savage fastnesses, and sets forth the exploits and adventures of the early settlers among the Indians. They meet the apostle Eliot, and encounter the great Indian chief Pomham. Here, too, begins the mystery of the much-feared warrior, King Noanett, who has the reputation of being a sort of demigod among the Indians. The story never halts, the scene is continually shifting, and there is abundance of action. The *dénouement* is skil-

fully hidden until the end is reached. Indeed, the author's constructive ability and inventive fancy have never been so fertile. The parts which the characters play in the colonising of the country on the Upper Charles, and the picturesque details of the life of the early settlers in Meadfield and Dedham, are produced with a wonderful verisimilitude, albeit the facts are kept close to the contemporaneous historical records which still exist. Those who would examine this more to their satisfaction will find very explicit information given by Mr. Stimson in his preface.

We feel that we have not done justice to this remarkable novel, which to be fully appreciated must be read. It is difficult to describe the fascination of its style, the enchantment which it wields, and the spiritual beauty which illumines the whole work. We cannot analyse a spiritual atmosphere; we can only judge and appreciate it by its effects, and for this the reader must go to the book itself. The wonderful thing about it is that although Mistress St. Aubyn only comes on the scene at the beginning and the end, all through the current of the narrative we are conscious of her wondrous spell, like an invisible presence hovering over the events of the story. All the fervour of reverence, the rapture of purity that inheres in a white-souled passion, breathes in its utterances.

"Her voice was in the March rills in the woods, as it had been in the winter twilight, or in Virginia summer nights; in all that was deep and sad and sweet; and herself was the same thing that was April flowers, or music, or prayer; and though I were never more to see her, my soul was no other thing than her or she than heaven. I had no word for this; Miles alone seemed to have some such thing in his religion of the Virgin; but otherwise it surely has no peer on earth. And he that is touched by it is blest, though he go softly all his days, for earthly sorrow may not touch him, nor may earthly hope."

The book is full of incident and of a lively humour, and the character of Miles Courtenay (the lines of whose portrait are said to have been drawn from the poet and friend of the author, the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly) contributes not the least to the playfulness of its pages, but the lively pages will be forgotten long before the tender, patient, debonair figure of Miles himself goes out of our memory.

James MacArthur.

CRITICAL KIT-KATS.*

With the choice and slightly recondite allusiveness which he loves, Mr. Gosse has called his volume of critical studies after those modest and compact portraits which were invented, he tells us, "for the low comfortable rooms where people dined in the last century." The "Kit-kat" is curtailed; it pretends neither to whole length nor to half length; it "emphasises the head without quite excluding the hand;" it portrays by felicitous selection, not by elaborate exhaustiveness. Certainly, the painter who thus restricts his task relieves himself of much labour which is apt to have mainly a technical interest; the flowing robes of Raphael's cardinals, the jewelled breasts of Velasquez' kings, are magnificent, but we would yield them up for some more heads or even hands from the same pencils. And the critical biographer who refrains from presenting the inexpressive trunk, the useful but unideal nether limbs, the pedestrian feet, the whole mechanism of digestion and support, both simplifies his task as a portrayer and very often adds to the portrait-value of his work. The same fastidiousness, moreover, which approved, if it did not prompt, this selective mode of treating the particular subjects, seems to have presided over, if it did not determine, the choice of the subjects themselves. This volume of Kit-kats is itself a sort of Kit-kat of the mellow refined romanticism of the later nineteenth century, a slight but vivid portrait composed of a selection of the most delicate and speaking traits. Perhaps the great, massive, many-sided figures of literature are less in Mr. Gosse's way; at least they lend themselves less happily to his artistic method; and he loves rather to evoke its full quality and expression from some shy unobtrusive voice of the byways, than to put fresh interpretations upon the great familiar harmonies of the world's song. One of these shy voices owes almost entirely to Mr. Gosse such resonance as it now possesses. The pathetic story of Toru Dutt, here told with fine sympathetic insight, belongs equally to French and to English letters, for she wrote in both languages, and with even greater elegance and

* Critical Kit-kats. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

pleasure in French. This gifted Indian girl must be counted among those who have written with something more than imitative skill in a strange tongue. She was steeped in the romantic poets of England and France, ignoring the "classics"—Chénier, Mr. Gosse tells us, was with her the next name in chronological succession after Du Bartas; but she applied their phrase and diction with ready felicity to the landscape of her own country. The creative imagination of Western romanticism seems to meet and mingle in this child of India with the deep-lying nature-worship of the East. How suggestively, in her lines, "Our Casurina Tree," does the memory of Wordsworth's "deathless trees" of Borrowdale, with Fear and trembling Hope, and Death the Skeleton and Time the shadow, haunting their spectral gloom, elicit and articulate the vague mystic reverence which had gathered in the child's mind about the giant comrade of her home, with its scarred and rugged trunk enwound by a flowering creeper "up to its very summit near the stars," and casting its shadow on the broad tank among the snowy masses of water-lily.

The little essay on Toru Dutt is an example of the peculiar alertness to merit in remote quarters which has always distinguished Mr. Gosse, and has enabled him to perform more than one signal service to English culture. Possibly a dash of foreign blood, which so often enriches the compass of critical sensibility, may have helped to emancipate him from the insular phlegm of the Saxon. Hazlitt declared that Bentham was much better known to the Siberian savage than to the people of Westminster, where he lived. Mr. Gosse, if we may adapt these famous sentences to him, is certainly very much alive to the merits of the Westminster press; but we rather suspect that he feels a secret zest of a yet more exquisite kind, when he is in a position to make known a new work by some Siberian savage of whom no one else has heard, or to hold out the hand of literary fellowship to the tawny Indian across the Pacific. This activity with the literary telescope would hardly be a matter for gratitude if it had resulted merely or usually in the finding of meteors. But in fact Mr. Gosse has shown

a singular felicity in the discovery of true stars, sometimes of the first order of magnitude. The discoveries of the present volume are not, however, for the most part of this kind. The subjects of the studies lie comparatively near at hand. But there are only one or two who do not acquire, at Mr. Gosse's hands, some touch of that heightened and subtle illumination which the intimacy of private friendship brings with it; some grains of personal, familiar fact unknown when these papers were first published. In two cases these new facts are the legacy of another's friendship with his subject. The origin of the Portuguese sonnets, and the later history of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, were told, as is now well known, at the express wish of Browning; and in each case Mr. Gosse's essay must rank in future literary history as the one authoritative document upon the question. The former paper, however, contains a great deal more than the memorable story of Robert Browning's invention of the title, which adds so pleasant a relish of allusiveness to the sonnets "from the Portuguese." Mr. Gosse follows the evolution of the sonnets themselves with a delicate critical insight. He remarks justly on the rarity in literature of love poetry written by women and openly addressed to men. A closer parallel than any of the three or four which he brings together as "almost the only poems of such a kind in all literature" might surely be found in the exquisite love-sonnets addressed by Marianne von Willemer to Goethe, and enshrined in his "Divan." A real Catarina was here addressing a greater than Camoens, and than Browning, in strains which certainly fall short of Mrs. Browning's in poignancy and intellectual power, but not in lucidity or sincerity.

Among the most fascinating of these studies is certainly that on Whitman. It has the piquancy that belongs to all critical work in which the writer is visibly striving to discover why he is magnetically attracted by what his intellect condemns. Mr. Gosse was in Boston, "a stiff-necked and froward unbeliever" in the claims of the poet, and with no intention whatever of going several hundred miles out of his way to visit him. However, Whitman summoned him, and he went. It was the depth of

winter ; Camden, where Whitman lived, was "grim with concentrated ugliness," his house was "a dreary two-story tenement," the door was opened by "a melancholy woman," the poet's room was bare, carpetless, and had "a miserable wall paper—tinted with a spot"—all these offences to the artistic refinement of his visitor symbolised the cardinal offence of Whitman as a writer—his primitiveness, his total lack of the conveniences and comforts of a well-regulated literary domicile. In this "amorphous" quality of Whitman Mr. Gosse ingeniously finds an explanation of the Protean divergences and transformations of Whitman criticism.

"Whitman is mere *bathybius* ; he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface. He finds, not what Whitman has to give, but what he himself has brought. And when in quite another mood he goes again to Whitman, he finds that other self of his own stamped upon the provoking protoplasm."

This is brilliantly put, but we are not sure that the brilliance is quite of the right kind. It seems to be an example of the only charge which can be with any plausibility brought against Mr. Gosse's style, a tendency to make imagery do the work of thought. For, after all, who does "find himself" in the real amorphous, the real bathybius of literature? Who is beguiled by the shapelessness of the novel, the incoherence of the sermon, to project into it his own genius and read in it his own ideal? We do not labour the point, for in fact Mr. Gosse is merely, under the influence of that conflict we spoke of, expressing one side of the complex truth he feels in his image, and the other in his application ; and a little later on we get other images which render with more effect the strange power which escapes from this invertebrate being ; as well as in the last pages, some masterly, though not we think quite final, analysis. For no student of Mr. Gosse can fail to see, what his captivating brilliance makes it easy, though still inexcusable, for the lighter reader to ignore, that he is a strenuous as well as a learned critic, "radiant, adorn'd, outside," like Arnold's Muse, if the parallel may be ventured, but with "a hid-

den core of thought and of austerity within." If he does not, as Keats says of Milton, "prefer the ardours to the pleasures" of criticism, he does not shun those ardours ; if he "solaces himself at intervals with cups of old wine," he has been a busy labourer in the vineyard himself.

One would gladly linger over the other papers in this charming volume, familiar as most of them are to the reader of the contemporary press—the studies of Christina Rossetti, of Lord De Tabley, of Edward FitzGerald, of Beddoes, of Heredia, of Pater, of Stevenson. We prefer, in dealing with a book of Kit-kats, to stand aside and let the reader watch the painter at work with his delicate brush. We choose a specimen of which the subject, besides being comparatively little known, presented just that absence of salient and imposing traits which provokes and elicits Mr. Gosse's art. This is a part of his portrait of John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, "one of the strangest and most shadowy of men," who, some twenty years ago, finding that the number of his friends no longer satisfied his principle "that one should not be acquainted with fewer than ten people in all," determined to add a little new blood by knowing Mr. Gosse.

"For my part, I was too raw and inexperienced to appreciate the distinction of his choice, but not too dull to value the soft goings and comings of this moth-like man, so hushed and faded, like a delicate withered leaf, so mysterious, so profoundly learned, so acutely sensitive that an inflection in the voice seemed to chill him like a cold wind, so refined that with an ardent thought the complexion of his intellect seemed to flush like the cheek of a girl. . . . In his unobtrusive dress, with his timid, fluttering manner, there was nothing at all impressive in the outer guise of him. He seemed to melt into the twilight of a corner, to succeed, as far as a mortal can, in being invisible. This evasive ghost, in a loose, snuff-coloured coat, would always be the first person in the room to be overlooked by the superficial observer. It was in a *litte-à-litte* across the corner of the mahogany, under a lamplight that emphasised the noble modelling of the forehead, and lighted up the pale azure eyes, that a companion saw what manner of man he was dealing with, and half-divined, perhaps, the beauty and wisdom of his unique and astonishing mind. It was an education to be permitted to listen to him then, to receive his slight and intermittent confidences, to pour out with the inconsiderate egotism of youth one's own hopes and failures, to feel this infinitely refined and sensitive spirit benignantly concentrated on one's 'prentice efforts, which seemed to grow a little riper and more dignified by the mere benediction of that smile.

His intellect . . . did not guide or command, it simply radiated light around the steps of a friend. The radiance was sometimes faint, but it was exquisite, and it seemed omnipresent."

An anecdote, not less expressive in a different style, may supplement this portrait, and close the present notice. De Tabley was a connoisseur in bibliography, to whose training Mr. Gosse confesses that he partly owes his own mastery of that fine art.

"For some of his little, rare seventeenth-century volumes he had an almost petulant affection. . . . On a certain occasion when I was at his house, Robert Browning and Frederick Locker being the other guests, Warren had put on the table his latest prize, a copy of Sir William Davenant's *Madagascar* of 1638. Browning presently got hold of the little book, and began reading passages aloud, making fun of the poetry (which, indeed, is pretty bad) with 'Listen, now, to this,' and 'Here's a fine conceit.' Warren bore it for a little while, and then he very gently took the volume out of Browning's hands, and hid it away. 'Oh!' he explained to me afterward, 'I couldn't allow him to *patronise* Davenant.'"

C. H. Herford.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF S. WEIR MITCHELL.*

In this book Dr. Mitchell has brought together for permanent publication all his work, previously issued in some seven volumes, so that we now have his contribution to American poetry in a compact form, and its significance is the more readily to be seen.

Perhaps his most salient excellence (to go directly to the core of the matter) is an unerring taste. Now taste in abundance may or may not be one of the characteristics of a true poet. It is certainly one of the first characteristics of every careful artist. Mr. John Davidson has it sparingly, and yet much of his poetry is undoubtedly genuine. Mr. William Watson has it in abundance, and yet his poetry is nearly always uninteresting. Genius and taste have really very little to do with each other, unless perhaps we admit that if a man have taste enough, it amounts to talent; and if he have talent enough, it amounts to genius. Taste is that quality of mind which gives worth to our judgments in matters of art; and he who has it will bring to his own work as severe a criticism as he does to the

work of others. And there have been geniuses without number to whom such a task was quite impossible. Wordsworth and Byron and Whitman and Shelley—these were great poets blessed with little taste. When the spirit was upon them, they gave voice to burning utterances from the heart of man; but they could no more distinguish their good work from their bad than the wind can tell a harp from a hair-comb. The critical faculty was never theirs. On the other hand, in men like Landor, and Keats, and Tennyson, and Arnold, and Longfellow taste is never lacking. They may at times fall short of perfection, but they could never be guilty of the solemn dulness of Wordsworth at his worst or the occasional turgid extravagance of Whitman. Milton, of course, was a prince in taste and technique, our supreme artist in English verse. Now it is a cultivated and un-failing taste which has stood Dr. Mitchell in such good stead, and enabled him to leave on his readers so graceful an impression. You may read him from cover to cover without once being annoyed by a jarring note or an incongruous turn. Given the theme or the fancy, his taste enables him to treat it in an appropriate way, smoothly and evenly to the end. It saves him from blundering and ineffectual effort. It makes his book a refreshing change after the slipshod, helter-skelter affectations of too many of our sophomoric minor bards.

For Dr. Mitchell belongs distinctly, in quality if not in years, to the golden age of American letters—the age of Longfellow and Holmes, the time when scholarship and manners and the instincts of the gentleman had not been overborne in the turmoil of the writer's craft. Many of Dr. Mitchell's subjects, too, especially his Old-World dramas and ballads, are just those Longfellow might have chosen: "Dominique de Gourgues," for instance, and "Herdon," and "The Christ of the Snows," and "How the Cumberland went Down." His few occasional poems recall the style of Dr. Holmes, while several lyrics in the lighter vein, like "The Quaker Lady" and "Forget-Me-Nots," are worthy of the Autocrat himself. In this connection also one might quote a couple of polished stanzas from "The Quaker Graveyard":

* The Collected Poems of S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. \$1.75.

" Through quiet length of days they come,
With scarce a change, to this repose ;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

" While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And wilful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery."

Such workmanship as this and such freedom from effort proclaim the conscientious artist, the taker of infinite pains, the writer who thinks more of his art than of himself. And on every page the reader will feel himself in the company of an accomplished man of the world, who has looked in the face of life without flinching, and found it wholesome and fair. In the poems of nature, too, such as "A Psalm of the Waters," "Elk County," "Nipigon Lake" (all in the metre of "Evangeline," sufficiently modified to be disguised), there is a steady quietness of outlook, a sobriety of thought and feeling, that many a young versifier, who is now breaking his neck in a race for originality, would do well to regard. To me the chief pleasure of the book is that it is never feverish, nor strained, nor affected, but always simple and clear and of an even tenor ; and one is thankful for once not to feel the reviewer's temptation to use the phrase "strikingly original."

And yet it would be doing Dr. Mitchell an injustice to leave the impression that he is tame or that he is no more than a well-trained echo of Longfellow ; for if one may make a shrewd guess, he has been a constant admirer of a greater poet than the author of "The Skeleton in Armour" and "The Psalm of Life." I mistake if there is nothing of Browning's potent influence in these pages ; not in their manner, indeed, so much as in the subjects of some of the poems. There lingers about them, different as they are in treatment, something of his intense humanity and sturdy love of the dramatic. In the opening of "The Swan-Woman" the likeness is marked, yet not too marked to be admirable.

But of all the poems, the one which seems to me most individual and memorable is "Responsibility," wherein is related by the poet Attar El Din how the angels of Affirmation and Denial struggled for his soul. At the conclusion of the dispute,

" Said Nekkir, the clerk of man's wrong,
' Great Solomon's self might be long
In judging this mad son of song.'

" Then I who am Attar El Din,
Cried, ' Surely no two shall agree
Thou mighty collector of sin,
Be advised : come with me to the Inn ;
There are friends who shall witness for me—
Big-bellied, respectable, staunch,
One arm set a-crook on the haunch ;
They will pour the red wine of advice,
And behold ! ye shall know in a trice
How hopeless for wisdom to weigh
The song-words a poet may say.'

" Cried Moonkir, the clerk of good thought,
' Ah, where shall decision be sought ?
Let us quit this crazed maker of song,
A confuser of right and of wrong.'

" ' But first,' laughed I, Attar El Din,
' I am dry : leave my soul at the Inn.' "

After such a conclusion as this there can be no more to say.

Bliss Carman.

SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.*

With the exception of Mrs. Conybeare's translation of Scherer there exists in the English language no standard history of German literature. That work is written from the point of view of literary criticism. The social aspect of polite letters, however, is quite as well worthy of study as the æsthetic. Kuno Francke's *Social Forces in German Literature* is a literary history written from the point of view of *kulturgeschichte*. It treats literature with reference to the economic, political, and intellectual conditions in which it originated, presenting a summary account of the great popular movements of Germany from the earliest times down to the present. Such movements fundamentally affect, and are, in turn, affected by the works of poets and men of letters, and a discussion of them falls within the proper province of literary history. Professor Francke is a German by birth and education, and this fact is patent in his style. But occasional infelicities of expression are readily overlooked when associated, as in this instance, with thor-

* *Social Forces in German Literature : A Study in the History of Civilisation.* By Kuno Francke, Assistant Professor of German Literature in Harvard University. New York : Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00 net.

ough scholarship, animation of thought, and clearness of presentation.

Professor Francke regards literary development as the product of an incessant conflict between two elemental social tendencies, the tendency toward individual freedom and the tendency toward collective organisation. The former leads to the representation of whatever is "striking, genuine, individual"—that is, to realism; the latter, to the representation of whatever is "beautiful, significant, universal"—that is, to idealism. The individualistic tendency, if pushed too far, results either in vulgar naturalism or in fantastic mysticism. The collectivistic tendency in its extreme form seeks expression in empty conventionalism. Man and society, personality and tradition, liberty and unity, cosmopolitanism and nationality are convertible terms for the one or the other of these two social tendencies.

The conflict between universal law and individual passion assumed its grandest proportions during the period of the migrations. The Germanic peoples in the course of long years of wandering and fighting lost their tribal organisation, and, with it, their ancestral faith, customs, and institutions. The individual shook himself free from traditional, social, and moral restraints. The hero of the period is the bold, unscrupulous, cynical conqueror; and the typical heroine is the woman without shame, revengeful, cruel, and greedy of power. The imagination of the people is fired by the sight of great personalities and mighty deeds, representing in striking proportions the capacity of the race for good and evil. It is in such periods of revolt and achievement that great epics are produced. The *Mahabharata* was inspired by the Hindu conquest of the Ganges Valley, the Homeric poetry was occasioned by the entrance of the Greeks into Western Asia. The epic poetry of Germany, on a background of ancient mythical tradition, depicts in realistic colours the stir and the strife of the migration period, with its greed and savagery, but also with its indomitable energy, dauntless courage, and self-sacrificing loyalty.

In the ninth century the individualistic impulse of the migration epoch is spent. The tendency is toward collectivism, as exemplified in the growth of feudal institutions and in the extension

of the Roman Catholic Church, with its Christian ideal of spiritual unity. During the period of the growth of mediæval hierarchy and feudalism—namely, from the ninth to the middle of the twelfth century, literature is wholly controlled by the clergy, and assumes a decidedly idealistic form.

From the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century chivalric culture is at its height, and the collectivistic principle is universally dominant. The individual in mediæval society had no independent political or religious existence. Politically, he was but a link in a long chain of interdependence that stretched from the emperor down through dukes, counts, lords, and proprietors, to the serf. He had communion with God only through the interposition of priest, bishop, archbishop, and pope. During this period the knightly order is the main upholder and cultivator of literature. The idealism introduced by the clerical writers of the preceding period is maintained by the minnesingers, who magnify the virtue of allegiance—allegiance to the feudal lord, to the church, to the chosen lady.

In the rise of the free cities and of the commercial middle class from the middle of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century we discover the beginnings of a new individualism. The subjectivity of the *Völklied*, the realism of the religious drama, the glorification by the Mystics of the spiritual union between God and man, and the homage paid by the Humanists to reason are but different phases of a revolt against the collectivism of mediæval society which culminates in the Reformation.

The Reformation begins with a grand movement for popular freedom. It results in establishing the religious as well as political absolutism of the territorial princes. The close of the Thirty Years' War sees the proud, self-asserting burgher of the Hansa transformed into a timid, cowed, official-ridden subject; and literature, which, in the hands of the controversialists and hymn-writers of the sixteenth century, had begun to assume a marked individualistic and realistic character, relapses for the most part into empty conventionalism. There remains, however, throughout the seventeenth century an undercurrent of individualism, which comes to the surface in the age of Frederick the Great, and

reaches its highest altitude at the beginning of the present century. Debarred from active participation in public life, Germany's best intellects turn to the cultivation of self. Pietism and rationalism, sentimentalism and the storm-and-stress movement, classicism and romanticism have for their common object the building up and rounding out of the inner individual life. "Germany as a whole is nothing, the individual German is everything."

The wars of liberation in the early decades of the present century, and the unification of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia, set up new collectivistic ideals, although contemporary German literature has by no means wholly discarded individualism. At the end of the century the leading note of German literature is revolt. In the eighteenth century revolt meant the ascendancy of the middle class over a hereditary aristocracy. To-day it means the ascendancy of the working class over a bourgeoisie which has ceased to be representative of the whole people. It means a further upward movement in the development of the race, an additional step toward the final reconciliation of individualism and collectivism.

M. A. Mikkelsen.

ROBERT BURNS.*

When the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns took place on January 25th, 1859, a perfect flood of Burnsiana inundated the literary world. New editions of the poet's works, by more or less competent annotators, became an almost weekly occurrence. New biographies were written to expose old scandals or invent fresh calumnies. Burns Clubs sprang up wherever Scotsmen gathered—that is, throughout the habitable world; and the mania spread like a virulent epidemic. In the course of time this fever passed away, but now, when the centenary of the death of Burns occurs in this present year of grace, we are threatened with another outbreak of Burnsomania. A new generation has arisen in the interim, and industrious local antiquaries have been

diligently collecting "unconsidered trifles" concerning the poet wherewith they may deluge the unsuspecting youth of our day. Already quite a host of books by Burns and about Burns teem on the publishers' shelves or flaunt in their catalogues; and the hapless critics who have the task in view of wading through these multitudinous "books that are no books" may anticipate many a bad quarter-of-an-hour. If one were sure that these works would have a tithe of the merit of Mr. Wallace's new edition of Chambers's standard *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, the anticipation of their advent would not be so terrifying. For Chambers's book, which was first published in the middle of this century, effaced all the biographies that had preceded it, and has held its place as the best life of the poet that has yet been published. As for its predecessors, they may be dismissed very briefly.

The first serious attempt at a biography of Burns was made by Dr. Currie, a native of Dumfriesshire, who had accidentally met the poet shortly before the death of the latter, and had become an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. With the philanthropic purpose of providing funds to assist the poet's destitute family, the good-natured doctor brought out an edition of the poems in 1800, prefixing a memoir in which, unfortunately, he included much dubious scandal and gossip that later writers have adopted and intensified. The next important biography was that published by John Gibson Lockhart, in 1828, which is more remarkable for the fine spirit of criticism which it displays than for original research for biographical details. Allan Cunningham's life of Burns, in his edition of the poems, was good enough to call forth the commendation of Carlyle; but it left much to be desired. To Robert Chambers, therefore, belongs the honour of having first undertaken the production of a biography that would be both accurate and exhaustive; and he had spent years in its preparation before he published it in 1851. Even at that date—fifty-five years after the poet's death—there was much material collected by Chambers that could not be published without giving offence; but, like a discreet antiquary, he carefully preserved his papers, knowing that the time would come when these would prove of great value. That

* *Life and Works of Robert Burns*. Edited by Robert Chambers, revised by William Wallace. 4 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50 per vol.



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

time has now arrived, and the task of revising and amending the text, and utilising these documents, has been undertaken by Mr. William Wallace, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent editor.

The first edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* consisted of four volumes, with about 360 pages in each volume. Chambers had early seen that few poets more completely live in their works than does Robert Burns, and he had conceived the idea of making the poems illustrate the life before Allan Cunningham had put that notion

in practice. It was in this form that he cast his biography, and he has since had a disciple and imitator in the late William Scott Douglas. Much may be said in favour of this plan, and not a little may be urged against it. For instance, the biographer assumes the very difficult duty of deciding the exact chronology of many of the amorphous love-songs which Burns dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration; and as he did not scruple to alter the names of the heroines to suit successive sweet-hearts, this becomes a very arduous task, and may lead to dangerous the-

orising. But in this respect Dr. Chambers was extremely careful, and Mr. Wallace is even more cautious. And the fact that Chambers has rarely been convicted of error, and never of deliberate misstatement, is surely strong proof of the value of his work. Fifty-five years elapsed between the death of Burns and the publication of this biography, and now it has been subjected to forty-five years of criticism without its authoritativeness being greatly impaired or even seriously challenged.

The most remarkable characteristic of this fresh edition of Chambers's work is the modesty of the new editor. There are two ways in which the work of revision may be accomplished—the text may be left intact, and the reviser may pose in footnotes as a discoverer, thus displaying himself as a superior person to the original writer; or the text may be expanded by the incorporation of new matter which the first writer would have used had circumstances permitted. Mr. Wallace has chosen the latter form, with the result that only those who take the trouble to compare the former edition with the present, can have any adequate idea of the labour Mr. Wallace has bestowed upon the work. An arithmetical calculation may afford some notion of it. The first volume of Chambers's edition contains 362 pages, while the first volume of the new edition, covering exactly the same period in the poet's life, has 492 pages, and these contain many footnotes in small type, besides elaborate appendices. There is, in 'short,' an utter absence of attitudinising on Mr. Wallace's part. He has made very valuable discoveries regarding some of the obscure incidents in the poet's life, but he never challenges the applause of his readers by coming before the curtain to extract their approbation. In this blatant and self-advertising age such modesty is as highly commendable as it is rare.

The excellence of Mr. Wallace's method is made apparent in the first pages of his volume. Chambers began his biography by giving extracts from the well-known autobiographical letter written by the poet to Dr. John Moore, the novelist—father of the hero of Corunna—in August, 1787, which has been utilised by nearly every biographer of Burns. Mr. Wallace does better, for he supplies many passages which Chambers excised, and some of these are im-

portant as bearing on the poet's career. The very disputed question of the ancestry of Burns is fully explained by Mr. Wallace, and he brings to bear upon it the results of the latest researches—results which, of course, were not available for Dr. Chambers. Still more important is the long passage regarding the theological attitude of Burns which Mr. Wallace has interpolated before the "Epistle to John Goldie." Chambers evidently did not feel himself at liberty to speak plainly on a subject that was controversial in his time, and he had not the same fulness of information about Burns's religious training as is now possible. After a careful examination of the theological literature which Burns read, Mr. Wallace points out that the poet, while striving to throw off the yoke of the ultra-Calvinists, or "Auld Lichts," whom he satirised severely, was unwilling to become a slave to the altered but still irksome bondage imposed by the "New Lichts." He sums up the whole matter in a few pregnant sentences:—

"Burns is not to be written down Arminian, Socinian, Pelagian, without qualification. The consciousness of the living presence of God in nature was always stronger in him than any theory of redemption. An intellectual sceptic, he was not really interested in theological dogma, though moral and emotional causes preserved in him certain relics of more or less interdependent doctrines."

There can be little doubt that, so far as religion was concerned, Burns was a character much rarer in his time than in our own—a mixture of orthodoxy and heterodoxy that defied classification, and indignantly resented the affixing of a theological label.

The episode of "Highland Mary" has long been a puzzle to the students of Burns. Dr. Chambers did what he could by personal research to discover the whole romantic story; and since his time much important information has been obtained in various quarters. Up till quite recently it was the unanimous opinion of the admirers of Burns that Mary Campbell was a girl of spotless reputation, "the white rose," as Professor Nichol calls her, in Burns's life, the worthy subject of one of the most impassioned elegies in the English language. It was not until the Rev. Eric Robertson contributed a paper to the *Burns Chronicle* for 1893 on the subject that the slightest whisper of scandal against this girl was heard. Unfortu-

nately Mr. G. A. Aitken, in his memoir prefixed to the Aldine edition of Burns published in that year, adopted the views of Mr. Robertson, and perpetuated a baseless slander. Mr. Wallace, happily, has been able, at the cost of considerable trouble, to demolish triumphantly the air-built theories of the Rev. Eric Robertson and his follower. He has shown that the Mary Campbell whom they sought to identify with the Highland Mary of the poet was a girl of evil reputation, whose character must have been well known to Burns, and whom he never could have addressed in the glowing terms used by him.

These references so far have only shown how Mr. Wallace has supplemented Dr. Chambers's biographical details. There are other points which might be alluded to; such as his indication for the first time of a purpose of marriage betwixt Burns and Elizabeth Paton; his narrative of the poet's life in Mauchline; and his clear and intelligible account of the involved relations of Burns with the Armour family. But not less valuable are Mr. Wallace's explanatory notes upon the poems. Here he has far excelled any previous annotator. Take, for instance, his notes on "The Brigs o' Ayr." He shows that at the time the poem was written the New Brig was so far from completion that Burns could only have described it from a drawing, and he acutely suggests that the master of works, who was a friend of the poet, may have shown the design, and also told Burns of the weakness of the foundations, thus enabling the poet to become a prophet. Mr. Wallace has avoided the awkwardness of a separate glossary, and has printed his English equivalents for Scotticisms in the margin. The volumes are illustrated with etchings and heliogravures from famous drawings and pictures. The centenary of Burns's death should prove memorable by this production of an edition of his *Life and Works* really worthy of the poet's fame.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Le Gallienne is the Dick Whittington of Song. His story reminds us of that other Richard, who, one sum-

mer morning many hundreds of years ago, sat listening to the bells of distant London. The one carried his little all tied up in a handkerchief slung to the end of a stick; the other came to London to seek his fortune with a sheaf of manuscript poems in his pocket and any number of poems singing in his head. Now Mr. Le Gallienne is a figure in "society," and lives in a beautiful house crowded with costly bric-à-brac and valuable books, but I like to think sometimes of the sloping-roofed room, nestling under the gables of one of the most picturesque buildings left in London—quaint old Staple's Inn—which was his first home in the great city.

It was in just such a room that one might picture Chatterton—rough-hewn oak beams above, uneven oak flooring below, and in front a "magic casement" "opening upon the foam"—not of "perilous seas," but of perilous streets, where the black tides of hurrying human creatures never ceases to ebb and flow. Here were his bed, his books, and his papers. Here, too, though shillings were probably scarcer than sovereigns are now, were the flowers, which the extravagant tenant of the prophet's chamber was never too poor to deny himself—the flowers which were the inspiration of many of his songs. And here on a little stove in a corner he would himself boil the water with which to brew for his visitor the tea or coffee that he would hand round with the ease and grace of a duke dispensing hospitality in his castle.

I have been betrayed into this personal reminiscence by reading how "Love, a poor poet in need of a room for his bed and his rhymes," and "Beauty, a little blue-eyed girl who loved him," transformed into a seventh heaven a single seventh-story room which they had rented, for surely "Love" stands for Mr. Le Gallienne himself, and "Beauty" for the sweet-faced young wife with dove-like eyes and dove-like voice, whose loss has been the great sorrow of the poet's life. It was in a beautiful idyll called "A Seventh-Story Heaven" that I read of the transformation, and this brings me to the fact with which I started or ought to have started, that Mr. Le Gallienne has published a new book. In other words, he has set open the door of another House of Welcome on the literary highway. And surely 'twere as hard, on a glaring sum-

* *Prose Fancies. Second Series.* By Richard Le Gallienne. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.

mer's noon, for a tired and thirsty traveller to pass by some ancient hostelry, through the ivy-hung porch of which he sees, lying back in cool shadow, a quaint stone-paven nook with a glimpse of greenlawn and box-bordered flower beds beyond, as it were for the literary wayfarer to turn aside from a volume titled like Mr. Le Gallienne's. *The Prose Fancies of a Poet!* Could a more alluring sign be set a-swing before the doors of any literary House of Refreshment? Nor when we have entered are we disappointed by the bill of fare which is put before us. "A Seventh-Story Heaven," "Spring by Parcel Post," "A Poet in the City," "Brown Roses," "Death and Two Friends," "A Seaport in the Moon"—here surely is a list which might stir the imagination even of unimaginative folk.

The score or so of "Fancies" which form the volume are, as was only to be expected, of very varying merit. To the opening idyll, "A Seventh-Story Heaven," reference has already been made. Mr. Le Gallienne's friend and neighbour Mr. Grant Allen, a delightful naturalist and essayist, whom Society by her neglect has turned into a thrower into her midst of Nihilistic bombs in the guise of novels, could bear witness to the fact that nests are built in strange places, but surely never did love-birds find such strange quarters for their home as this eyrie at the top of a building, the ground floor of which was a sailors' tavern. But dingy and unlovely as the spot may be, it is made beautiful for us in Mr. Le Gallienne's page as the scene of a love-story so exquisitely told, and so tremulous with tender pathos that we can only compare it to the work of the gentle Élia.

I cannot say as much for the second Fancy, whimsically entitled "Spring by Parcel Post," for it is surely an error of taste which every admirer of Mr. Le Gallienne's genius must regret. "The big Dutch hyacinths," he writes,

"Are already shamelessly *enceinte* with their buxom waxen blooms, so fat and fragrant—(one is already delivered of a fine blossom. Well, that is a fine baby, to be sure! says the other hyacinths with babes no less bonny under their own green aprons—all waiting for the doctor Sun)."

I wonder if this offends the taste of my readers as much as it offends mine. Mr. Le Gallienne may quote science and

physiology against me, but I must confess that in regard to children and flowers I like to keep my very thoughts free from the smirch of sex, though I concede and contend that the smirch is entirely of man's, not of God's making. But in the passage I have quoted there is a certain coarseness of associations which is painful in connection with the purest and most perfect thing on God's earth—a flower. It was to me as if hot hands were tampering with the petals of a lily. The air seemed to become close as I read, and it was not until I had had a dip—as into cool spring water—into the flower-poems of Burns and Wordsworth that I could go on with my reading of *Prose Fancies*. Let us turn the page and forget that one of the most delicately-minded of living poets, whose work has hitherto been distinguished for exquisite fancy and excellent taste, should so far have "lost himself" as to have written it.

"Variations upon Whitebait" is a caprice as skilful as Rossetti's famous sonnet "A Match with the Moon." It is a very curiosity in similes, and though Mr. Le Gallienne will toss you a fresh and apt simile for every fish upon your fork, though he introduce as many variations as a pianist introduces into "Home, Sweet Home," yet the essay is not all variation, but has a pretty story running like the thread of a tune throughout.

As for the "Letter to an Unsuccessful Literary Man," I would suggest that it be lithographed in order that the successful author may use it as a form with which to reply to the uninvited correspondent. If only Mr. Le Gallienne could induce amateurs to read this letter instead of writing letters of their own to that most baited of beings, the professional author, what a boon he would confer upon his fellow-craftsmen! The essay "On Loving One's Enemies" is scarcely written in the spirit which its title and its protestations of charity might lead us to suppose. It strikes me as somewhat self-conscious and defiant; but "Death and Two Friends" contains some really signal work. For the gem of the book, however, we must turn to "A Seaport in the Moon." This and the opening chapter, "A Seventh-Story Heaven," are in themselves worth the modest sum which the publishers ask for the volume. "A Seaport

in the Moon" is an exquisitely beautiful fancy. Mr. Le Gallienne was in the right mood when he wrote it, and when he is in the mood he is a magician. His page glows like a painter's palette with rich colours, and the pictures come and go before us like sunset pageants. "As I write," he says,

"The moon looks down on me, like a Madonna from the great canvas of the sky. She seems beautiful with the beauty of all the eyes that have looked up at her; sad, with all the tears of all those eyes; like a silver bowl brimming with the tears of dead lovers she seems. Yes, there are seaports in the moon; there are ships to take us there."

Here we have Mr. Le Gallienne at his best, and when he is at his best we sigh to think he should ever have to give us anything else. What would become of the lark's song—that "fountain in the sky," as poor Richard Jefferies called it—if the minstrel had, come shadow, come shine, to pour out so many thousand trills per hour, on penalty of a dinnerless day? Our lark, if he is a bird of spirit, would no doubt reel off the requisite "trills" rather than that his mate and wee ones should go wormless to bed; but though epicures might still tickle their palates with "lark-pie," poets would soon cease to celebrate the lark's song.

Coulson Kernahan.

A NEW BOOK ON BUDDHISM.*

"As far as the east is from the west," like other formal sayings, of course, has its limitations, and these must be still more closely drawn when viewed in the light of the present advance of Oriental studies. The progress made in Eastern research during the present century, like the march of advancing civilisation, has brought Orient and Occident into much closer union than formerly. Our acquaintance with the life, character, manners, customs, and thought of Asiatic nations grows each day more clear, and it is furthered in no small degree by a work like the one under consideration, which is a genuine contribution to the existing body of knowledge in the field of one of the great religions of the East.

* *Buddhism in Translations.* By Henry Clarke Warren. Published by Harvard University, being vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series, edited by Charles Rockwell Lanman. Cambridge, Mass. Mailing price, \$1.20.

The history of Oriental studies in the United States hardly antedates the time of the late lamented scholar Whitney, and yet that worthy pioneer's influence has left, to survive his death, no inconsiderable number of younger American scholars, all of whom are indirectly or directly his pupils. These investigators are earnestly, conscientiously, and successfully carrying on the lines of work which he instituted, or they are striking out in new directions or are working in kindred fields. A proof of this fact is to be seen in the foundation of such a series as the Harvard Oriental Series, the first volume of which appeared within the last five years. This series is intended to occupy in America a place similar to that held in England by Max Müller's Sacred Books of the East. The series is under the editorship of Charles Rockwell Lanman, professor of Sanskrit in Harvard University, who is fortunate in enjoying the co-operation of various prominent scholars. Three stately volumes have been issued within the five years of existence of the series, and two more are expected shortly to be published. The first two volumes were editions of Sanskrit texts from the hands of foreign scholars; the Dutch philologist Kern presented a collection of Buddhist stories which have since been translated from Sanskrit into English, and the German investigator Garbe edited a Sanskrit philosophical commentary hitherto unpublished. The present volume, the third in the series, comes from the hand of the foremost American authority in the branch of the Pāli, or language of the sacred texts of the Buddhists. Shortly to follow are two important volumes in the field of Vedic research. These volumes are to be no less than a translation and commentary of the Atharva Veda, a work left unfinished among the literary remains of William Dwight Whitney, and which is to be edited by Professor Lanman himself. Regarding the general character of the entire series, so far as published, it suffices merely to add that in scholarly circles the name of Lanman is synonymous with learning, accuracy, sound judgment, and masterly editorship.

Mr. Warren, whose work is embraced in the present volume, is qualified as no other scholar in this country to present Buddhism in translations; and the idea

of such a work, that culls the essential features of the faith and logically exhibits them to the reader through the medium of faithful renderings from the original texts, seems to the reviewer a good idea. The design of the volume, in other words, is to give a connected view of the religion founded by Gotama Buddha, not by means of description, but by means of carefully selected and consecutively arranged texts translated from the Pāli writings of Ceylon and Burma; or, to state the same proposition under different terms, it is not to talk about the Buddha and his religion, but to let the sacred texts speak for themselves.

The selections are drawn from many portions of the holy canon, but they are so arranged as to present in proper order: first, an account of the previous existences of the Buddha and of his own life; second, the doctrine of his faith, so far as it embodies the conception of Karma and rebirth, Nirvana, and other characteristic tenets in the Buddhist scheme of salvation from misery; third, it conveys some notion of the character of Buddha's order, or the church founded by Gotama, as well as giving some idea of the religious and secular life of his followers in antiquity. Not less than a hundred selections are translated from the Tripitaka, or canon of the Buddhist Scriptures, in the five hundred pages that make up this royal octavo. These versions give a more concrete, direct idea and comprehensive view than perhaps double the number of pages devoted to mere discussion would have given. A work of sound scholarship, moreover, like the present, will do much toward clearing the ground and putting the knowledge of Buddhism on a firmer basis, so far as the popular standpoint is concerned; for a good deal that is popularly written upon the subject is not based upon a thorough knowledge of what the original texts themselves contain. But descriptive and elucidative matter is not excluded from the volume; each of the five chapters into which the selections translated are divided is introduced by a short preliminary discourse which sufficiently explains the contents and general bearing of the chapter and the relation which its contents hold to the general Buddhist scheme. The book itself is introduced by a prefatory chapter, in the translator appropriately gives

all that is essential for the general reader to know regarding the books of the sacred canon of the Buddhists.

Beside the general faithfulness of the renderings, one point must be commented upon: it is, that the translations are done into readable English. The style throughout is excellent, an attribute which cannot be applied to every work of scholarship. Many an apt or happy phrase in the translation is noted, and the metrical parts of the original are given in verse, for illustrating which, however, there is not space here. It may be noticed that in that part of the book which relates to the general religious doctrines of Buddhism, a number of the selections are taken from the Visuddhi-Magga, or Way of Purity, the original text of which Mr. Warren is engaged in editing for the Pāli Text Society of London.

With regard to form, the volume is a handsome piece of book-making, and many practical devices have been introduced into it by the editor of the series, which contribute much to ease of reference. One example is the scheme of marking in small figures, on the inner side at the top of the page, the precise text from which the selection is translated. This is a trifle, it is true, but it is like many other little things that help one in using the book as much as a good index helps. In conclusion, it may be added that this new work is of interest and value not alone to the Oriental scholar, but it contains much material also that the general reader will find attractive, especially if he take any interest in folk-lore and in the customs of antiquity. The beautiful "get up" of the work, combined with its remarkably reasonable price, makes this royal octavo volume one worthy of recommendation to every one who cares to have a scholarly and interesting book upon his shelves.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.*

The study and teaching of literature are everywhere highly appreciated and

* The Interpretation of Literature: A Discussion of Literary Principles and their Application. By W. H. Crawshaw, A.M., Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

esteemed, but a system of well-established principles for interpreting literary work has not as yet been generally arranged and accepted. Toward the formation of such a system Professor Crawshaw's book forms a very valuable contribution. He regards literature as one of the fine arts which are the products of imagination, and which have beauty for their supreme end. The foremost thing to be desired in studying or teaching literature, he believes to be the appreciation of the essential elements of any production, that is, the consideration of those qualities that give vitality and power and immortality to literary creations. He by no means regards this as all that belongs to the fullest study of the subject, which would include the detailed history of literature and the consideration of the relation of literature to life; but believing these matters beyond the scope of his present undertaking, he wisely pays little attention to them.

The book is divided into two parts; the first looks at the subject rather from the standpoint of the artist or author, and the second from that of the student. In classifying the general kinds of productions, the traditional plan is followed; but in some points it is carried out to greater completeness, as is seen in the distinction between the novel and romance, the former being allied to the drama, and the latter to the epic. Literary qualities exist in both substance and form, and both should be studied together. With this in mind the author proceeds to show how substance may be estimated, in general, according to thought, emotion, ideality, and beauty. In the treatment of form the generally accepted principles are followed, but here, too, the analysis is more complete than usual. In discussing style, the author looks at the matter more from the standpoint of the literary critic than from that of the rhetorician. The analysis of the qualities of style is carried out to great fulness. The various classes of qualities are shown to correspond to the several elements of substance, thus demonstrating the vital relation between substance and style.

The book is probably least original in the treatment of metre, where we find merely an outline of well-established metrical principles; but to this the author adds his own ideas about the relation between metre and substance.

To the student of literature the second part will doubtless prove the most practical; for by showing him how to apply the principles of the first part to the several kinds of literature, it gives him a clear and well-defined method in accordance with which he may judge the productions he is studying. In this part the treatment of form is mainly traditional, but the discussion of substance has much that is new. Among the new points presented are: the above-mentioned distinction between the novel and romance; the comparison of the essay with the lyric, showing how closely the two are related by virtue of their subjective nature; and the status of descriptive literature. As to the latter, Mr. Crawshaw maintains that, although it is probably impossible to find any true literary production in which the descriptive element is unmistakably dominant, the impulse and the results are evident, and must be considered in any theoretical classification of literary types. Descriptive literature may be found in abundance in both prose and poetry.

Throughout the second part a close parallel is drawn between the poetic and the prose forms of the various types, and the discussion of each type is made to correspond to the general theoretical discussion of the first part. At the close of the first part there is a tabulated outline of literary elements from the standpoint of the artist, who is supposed to look at art synthetically; and after the discussion of each type in the second part there is a corresponding table showing how to study that type from the standpoint of the student, who is supposed to look at art analytically. The same topics appear in nearly all the tables; but naturally those of the second part are in the reverse order from the one in the first part.

Throughout the whole book the discussion is conducted in the abstract, and one misses the help of concrete illustrations; but the introduction of these would have demanded more space than the author had at his disposal. Furthermore, any one interested in consulting such illustrations could readily do so by consulting the Appendix, which contains a well-selected chronological list of works illustrative of the various kinds of literature. The Appendix also contains a bibliography on literary theory. The absence of formal definitions relieves the production of many of the fea-

tures of a text-book, and shows that the author presupposes considerable knowledge of literary theory on the part of the reader. The book will be of great value to college students and also to the general reader.

R. W. Moore.

STUDIES IN JUDAISM.*

Mr. Schechter's *Studies* originally appeared in *The Jewish Quarterly* and *The Jewish Chronicle*, and contain enough of general interest to warrant their reproduction in separate form. Of the fourteen papers now reprinted some are indeed very slight, being, as Mr. Schechter says, rather *causeries* than *Studies*. Even these, however, contain information which may not be so readily accessible elsewhere, and dealing with such topics as "The Hebrew Collection of the British Museum," "The Titles of Jewish Books," "The Child in Jewish Literature," they show us the literary and social aspects of Judaism. The remaining papers, while to some extent biographical, are essentially theological, and revolve round a characteristic of modern Judaism which is of very considerable significance, and on which the information conveyed by a trustworthy expert cannot but be welcomed. It would appear from Mr. Schechter's statement that a numerous and powerful section of the Jewish community has adopted an attitude toward Scripture and tradition very similar to that which is occupied by the Roman Catholic Church. When criticism began its work and made it evident that our ideas regarding the composition of the Old Testament must undergo considerable alteration, certain scholars attempted to shift the centre of gravity of Judaism from Scripture to tradition.

Not the mere Bible, but the Bible as interpreted by tradition, claimed the place of authority.

"When Revelation or the Written Word is reduced to the level of history, there is no difficulty in elevating history in its aspect of tradition to the rank of Scripture, for both have then the same human or divine origin (according to the student's predilection for the one or the other adjective) and emanate from the same authority. Tradition becomes thus the means whereby the modern divine seeks to compensate himself for

the loss of the Bible, and the theological balance is, to the satisfaction of all parties, happily re-adjusted."

Plainly this is a remarkable outcome of the critical movement, and fraught with incalculable consequences. It may carry Judaism as far away from Mosaism as the Roman Church of to-day is from the Apostolic. Indeed, already it has been declared by this party that a return to Mosaism would be illegal, pernicious, impossible. The real authority which is to regulate doctrine and practice is neither Scripture nor primitive Judaism, but general custom. And this general custom is to find its expression in the living voice of the Jewish Church of to-day. Authority is transferred from the Bible to a living body, which by being in touch with the aspirations and needs of the time, can best interpret, modify, and apply Scripture.

"This living body is not represented by any section of the nation, or any corporate priesthood, or Rabbihood, but by the collective conscience of Catholic Israel as embodied in the universal synagogue."

This certainly is a remarkable development in a religion which has commonly been identified with a fanatical attachment to the letter of Scripture, and which on the Day of Atonement still utters itself in the hymn :

"Destroyed lies Zion and profaned,
Of splendour and renown bereft,
Her ancient glories wholly waned,
One deathless treasure only left ;
Still ours, O Lord,
Thy Holy Word."

No doubt tradition has for two thousand years and more held a place of honour practically on a level with Scripture, but it has always formally exalted, if it has really dethroned, the greater authority. The consequence of allowing this place to interpretations and comments is now at last explicitly announced. Mr. Schechter himself is one of those who look with justifiable suspicion on this modern school. "At times," he says,

"this now fashionable exaltation of Tradition at the expense of Scripture impresses one as a sort of religious bimetalism in which bold speculators in theology try to keep up the market value of an inferior currency by denouncing loudly the bright shining gold which, they would have us believe, is less fitted to circulate in the vulgar use of daily life than the small cash of historical interpretation."

* *Studies in Judaism*. By S. Schechter, M.A., Reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge. New York : The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Mr. Schechter's *Studies* are of importance as exhibiting this unexpected feature of present-day Judaism. The biographical notices are also interesting, and depict some of the finest types of Jewish saintliness. The volume is well

written, and much may be learned from it; every one of the *Studies* manifesting sympathy with all that is best in religion as well as exceptional knowledge.

Marcus Dods.

NOVEL NOTES.

KRIEGSPIEL: A WAR GAME. By Francis Hindes Groome. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited. \$1.50.

It may be said at once that this gipsy novel is a book of striking ability by one of the most brilliant and cultivated among living men of letters. Mr. Hindes Groome is well known in England as a great historical scholar, and he has a mind of such freshness and vivacity that no amount of learning will ever make him a "dry-as-dust." He ranks next to George Borrow as a delineator of the gipsies. Although an Englishman, he is a citizen of Edinburgh, and knows, perhaps, as much as any man there of its history, written and unwritten. He has used all his resources in the production of *Kriegspiel*, which is a book of varied and extraordinary interest, and not to be passed by as an ephemeral production.

Life in England, in Scotland, in Germany, and, for chief attraction, life in gipsy tents is presented in *Kriegspiel*. Enthusiasts, fanatics, villains, faddists, seers, and merely romantic persons form the *dramatis personæ*. It is woven of texture far from commonplace, and, it should be said, not after a pattern in vogue to-day. It breathes, too, an unaccustomed atmosphere, more religious, more romantic than we are used to, and judged by all our present standards, at least, it is very unconventional. Very likely *Kriegspiel* will not remind you of any novel you have read for the last twenty years. To us the change of air was refreshing, though we vainly flourished an erasing pencil now and again. Mr. Groome's former book, *In Gipsy Tents*, prepared us for the scenes which he could best treat of in fiction; and it is the gipsy scenes that give the story its greatest value and charm. He does not sentimentalise over these wild folks he knows so intimately. The villain of the piece is a gipsy, as well as

the devoted girl Sagul, whom most of us will call the heroine in despite of Marjory. It is all real—the smell of the roadside fire, the ill language, the venomous passions, and the nameless charm of the Romany race. The story turns on the tragic events that were the consequence of the secret and unhappy marriage of an English baronet with a gipsy beauty. The death of the wife, estranged from her husband, rouses the hate and vengeance of a rejected gipsy lover, who bides his time, and, after many years, murders the baronet and kidnaps the heir, whom he declares to be his son. You may have your own ideas as to what would be the most pleasing course for such a story to take. Mr. Groome has his, and we have to accept them. Lionel, the kidnapped young baronet, is saved by a gipsy girl, nursed and maintained by her during a long illness. But he does not fall in love with Sagul; and, indeed, his ideas on the subject of an alliance with the gipsy race are all that are most prudent. But then, though Lionel is the hero, the story does not depend on him for its romance. And that last scene with the dying gipsy girl must have overcome some of the priggishness which did certainly cling about this very nice young man.

"The tents were pitched upon the western hill-slope. Beside them ran Offa's Dyke, reared centuries before to keep out the Welsh marauders; the silver Teme flowed beneath; and beyond stretched the beautiful Welsh country, all shimmering through the soft blue wood-smoke of the fire that smouldered outside. Some sat within the tent, but more on the turf without—the children awe-struck, puzzled. The sinking sun slanted through the tent opening, and lighted up Sagul's face, which was lighted up, too, by happy recollections. For Wanselo was playing Scotch melodies, dear to her soul from those old Canongate days. First, the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender 'Farewell to Lochaber.' And as he played, he cried quietly, big, merry-faced Wanselo.

“ ‘ Play that again, my Wanselo.’
 “ And Wanselo did play it again, but not quite to the end, for, as the last bar opened, Sagul died.”

IN THE VALLEY OF TOPHET. By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Nevinson published a volume of stories called *Slum Stories of London* over a year ago, which insured him a careful hearing when his next book should appear. We have it before us now, and there has been no falling off in his powers. The stories which compose this volume are for the most part grim and relentless studies of the lives of the poor and oppressed in a mining district in England. One feels that Mr. Nevinson's heart beats to the still, sad music of humanity; on the very title-page we are met by the spirit of mingled pessimism and gloomy indignation which troubles the artistic setting of these stories, in the quotation from Carlyle: “ The cause of the poor in God's name and the Devil's !”

Wenley-on-the-Hill has been taken as the name of a cursed spot which is typical, if we believe the author, of many others in England, “ where nature and man seem to have combined to make a desolation and call it wealth.” It seems to be Mr. Nevinson's purpose to make us feel the hopelessness and the degradation of these “ dumb driven cattle,” toiling from week's end to week's end with no thought of better things, no hope of better days—living in a land of fire and iron which resembles a veritable “ Valley of Tophet”—and to cast in a lurid light the inhumanity and utter want of sympathy on the part of their employers. It is the old feud between labourer and capitalist, but presented in this form, and clothed in flesh and blood, the conflict is brought home to us with terrible force and irony. Even when the light of love enters the lives of these downtrodden people, it seems but to aggravate the situation and to deepen the shadow that rests upon them. It is the tragedy of the commonplace, unrelieved and unstrained; but Mr. Nevinson knows how to transform the dull and sombre by the sacrifices of love and by the inherent humour that lies in all life if you go deep enough to find it. For he is first and foremost an artist, and has an eye for colour and proportion. He has the gift of making

his characters appeal to the emotions, and he always wins his case. From the moment that he has your attention, he enlists your sympathy and compels you to see what he sees. The first story in the book is a unique conception, and is powerfully portrayed. The others vary and will perhaps soon be forgotten, but “ A Vicarious Sacrifice” will be long remembered by at least one reader.

FLOTSAM. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Merriman has never written an uninteresting or a commonplace novel. He is a student of mankind of a very earnest kind, and his observations run over a wide area. He knows men under many aspects and in many climates, while his changes of scene have invariably a purpose more interesting than the provision of new and picturesque backgrounds. Among the novelists in the second rank there are very few today who put more genuine ability and mental energy into their work. To a critic who thinks like this, one thing about these stories must seem astounding—the extraordinary divergence between the worth of the narrative and the characters, on the one hand, and of the general reflections, especially those of a satirical nature, on the other. In one place, and the novelist's right place, of course, he is original, independent, forcible; in the other, he attains to a cheap, ill-tempered smartness which is entirely unworthy of him. If when Mr. Merriman is feeling indignant he would not snap out a reflection, but incorporate his discontent in a personage, all would come right. For his characters are not often cheaply made, not even the cheap ones; they are mostly embodied truths, while his satire otherwise expressed is either unvarnished or so trite as not to be worth mentioning. It is a weakness that infects all his work, and in *Flotsam* it is the more apparent because he has failed to rise to the powerful characterization and constructive ability of his former stories. *Flotsam* saw the light first in serial form, and reads as if it had been ground out to fill so many pages. Before the end is reached the author is more tired if possible than his reader, and seems to have wearied of his task. But when this is said it still remains true that *Flotsam* is composed of interesting materials, and is excellently writ-

ten. It is a tale of life in India early in the century, and has for a background an uprising of the native Indian soldiers and the siege of Delhi. The central figure of the story is a pathetic one, and is, alas! too true to life in many respects. The happy-go-lucky, daredevil, generous young fellow, lacking moral courage and capacity to overcome; succumbing at last to the very weakness inherent in his good qualities—a prey to men of less goodness of heart, but greater cleverness and intellectual calibre—is a tragedy of common occurrence. The story does not rise above tragic commonplace, and as this dominates the scenes and incidents of the whole novel, the reader is saddened and depressed when he quits it.

THE GIRL AT BIRRELL'S. By Thomas Heney. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden. \$1.50.

The author is handicapped by the familiarity of the motive of his story. The low-born beauty who is possessed of a mounting ambition has appeared so often that it is difficult to give her a new aspect, yet Mr. Heney has succeeded in doing this to an acceptable degree by means of the very considerable literary art revealed in the development of the girl's character, and still more by reason of the uniqueness of the environment. The same causes give fresh interest to the character of the man, who has also frequently figured in fiction as the degenerate son of a respectable family. Enveloped in the atmosphere of Australia, which is created with unusual effectiveness, and cast against the strange background of bush life, both the exalted barmaid and the degraded gentleman are seen in a new light. The work owes, indeed, most of its readability to the *mise en scène*. The description of the remote and mysterious country, with its almost unimaginable social conditions, its unfamiliar occupations, its semi-civilised amusements, its indefinable sadness, takes powerful hold on the imagination. The occasional sigh of the wind, "like the last tremulous sound of a far-off, despairing voice," leaving a calm even more sad, in which arise out of the hot darkness the sharp cries of birds, eerie sounds, sobs, choking gurgles, quick, sudden voices, "that did not so much suggest the presence of living, commonplace creatures as scenes

that the night hid," casts a strange, haunting spell over the reader. At other moments the still air was stirred by the slow, heavy beat of great, unseen wings, and filled with unaccountable wailing; but other than these there were no sounds, and all the world seemed covered by a dead black awful silence. When the scene changes to Melbourne and the more ordinary environments of city life, the fine touch of the earlier portions of the work disappears. The conclusion of the story also has little that appeals to us, since it is merely a repetition of the inevitable outcome of an uncongenial marriage between a weak man and an unscrupulous woman. Still this part of the work is short in comparison with the much stronger part, and it may be said without reservation that the book, as a whole, is above the average in freshness, in literary quality, and in general interest.

CAMILLA. By Richert Von Koch. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Company. \$1.25.

And still "sex problems" continue to be propounded in fiction, notwithstanding that none has ever yet been solved, and that most likely none ever can be. The latest comes from the far North. These things always come from the North; the South leaves them for convention—and nature—to settle. One of the problems of this translation from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch is the old question of equality in the marital relation which has engaged the attention of some men and all women ever since the state of marriage was instituted. The other is decidedly newer, and deals with the "motive" of female virtue. The idea in itself is sufficiently novel and startling; but the frankness and calmness with which the girl heroine discusses it with her lover is one of the most remarkable features of recent "purpose" fiction. It is, she argues, neither a matter of conscience nor of preference, but solely and simply a requirement of caste. The lover is dumb with astonishment and horror. The lovers in problem novels always *are* dummies. His mother, however, has a good deal to say upon becoming acquainted with these sentiments of her prospective daughter-in-law, and proclaims that the girl is a monster of immorality in her heart, whatever she may be in her life. And yet the old woman

shows herself more immoral than the girl in that she urges an immediate marriage, to be followed by an early divorce, as the surest and speediest means of curing her son's infatuation.

Altogether the story is the most decadent of the decadence, and the reformation which takes place in the character and in the views of the heroine toward the end of the book does not remove the shock of the first impression.

A STRANGE, SAD COMEDY. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25.

The only strange thing about the "comedy" is that a writer of the author's experience should have attempted to realise in any such offhand manner a type which has eluded the most earnest efforts of the ablest pens. The only sad thing about the "comedy" is the completeness of its failure at this point. As a Southerner the author knew of course the difficulty if not the impossibility of portraying in fiction the Southern gentleman of the old school. She must also have known that of all those who have made the attempt, no one has achieved success. There are several interesting and artistic caricatures like *Colonel Carter* and *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, and there is one fine and faithful *silhouette* in "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," but the full-face, full-length likeness has never been produced. Miss Seawell's limning has touches of truth, but they verge upon burlesque and are wholly out of harmony with the environment through the greater part of the story. It is as difficult to identify a Colonel Corbin with Newport as to place Colonel Newcome in Wall Street. The scenes which are cast in Virginia are truer but not newer than the description of the Anglomania that rages at Newport. Virginia has framed a good deal of fiction, and there is nothing fresh in the framing of this. The endless procession of little black batter-cake bearers that runs between the kitchen and the dining-room has figured in almost every Southern story; and it must be nearly a quarter of a century since a writer, in describing it, compared it to an antique frieze. This part of the work, which is slight and light, and fairly good of its kind, might have found an audience had not the attempt to realise the character of the colonel lifted the work above the commonplace only to let it fall.

THE DAUGHTER OF A STOIC. By Cornelia Atwood Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

It is quite delightful now and then to have ancient truisms presented by a young writer as personally conducted discoveries. It almost makes the reader feel young, and an innocent affectation of decadence on the part of the author doesn't lessen the naïve effect. The daughter of a Stoic is the well-known young person who dominates the first novel of the average young woman writer. She would have been easily recognisable without the assurance that she is "mentally wide-awake and emotionally still asleep;" that "seeing the world means for a woman making the acquaintance of man;" that "love is very serious, and may make life tragic;" and that it is "a high-souled pagan gentleman" who teaches the young person the truth of all these truisms. Only in one instance is she different from her prototype, and this is in her remarkable and rather startling appeal to the pagan to help her "do justice to life." But whatever the young person meant, if anything, the proposal results in nothing more serious than the turn of a phrase. This trick of phrase-turning and a tendency toward alliteration constitute, in fact, the most distinctive and exasperating feature of the work. Such sentences as,

"Books did not tell him, nor the crude, glittering prosperity of the oxygenated life around him. . . . Mellow civilisations whispered to him the unthought-of tidings that the word of salvation was beauty. . . . Inherited wealth without intelligence bewildered this man's untutored sense of the fitness of things. . . . Soft-toned tapestry sweeping aside,"

sacrifice sense to sound (to imitate the methods of the writer) until all sense of reality is lost. The book may, perhaps, be best summed up as an awkward attempt to follow the lead of John Oliver Hobbes.

THE FLAW IN THE MARBLE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

FROM WHOSE BOURNE. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

These two little volumes appearing together in red and silver look like twins, but the resemblance goes no farther than the garish cover. The work of the anonymous writer is merely another of its myriad kind that long ago

stereotyped the cold, cruel lady with the melancholy smile and the inscrutable past, and that always turns out to be more or less unsavoury. It differs from the mass only in the greater vagueness of its motive, the greater clumsiness of its style, and the inconsequence and delay of the *dénouement*. The work of Mr. Robert Barr, on the contrary, is fresh in conception, dashing in execution, and rushes to its destination with characteristic bang. It is, in fact, full of that indefinable quality which gives life to everything that the author touches—even though it be, as in this case, the realm of spooks; and which prevents his work being dull or displeasing—even when he splits the infinitive. Seriously it is a lively little book that may amuse an idle moment, but it will add nothing to the reputation won by *In the Midst of Alarms* and *A Woman Intervenes*; for while it is true that neither of these stories read the author's title clear to distinctly literary recognition, yet both have in abundance the spirit, originality, and dash that finer technical work often lacks, together with a serious purpose and a unity of construction that are wholly absent from this hasty, imperfectly digested sketch.

THE BABE, B.A. By Edward F. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

It would be interesting to know when as well as why Mr. "Dodo" Benson (as he is called to distinguish him from his poet brother, Mr. A. C. Benson) wrote the book that has just appeared. It seems hardly possible that, after having demonstrated through *Dodo* and *The Rubicon* that he could do extraordinary things, even though he might not be able to make literature, he should give himself to anything so utterly aimless, so meaningless, so indescribably dull as this. There is, indeed, a certain amateurish air about the work, an actually infantile manner, that would seem to make its writing antedate anything else from the author. And yet, on the other hand, there runs between the lines a decadent suggestiveness—making its foolish feebleness evil—that seems eminently up to date. On one page we have this kind of inanity:

"The Babe was continuing to eat strawberries with a pensive air; and having finished the dish, he looked round pensively, and Reggie caught his eye. 'You mustn't eat any more, Babe,' he said; 'it's after twelve, and we're going out at eight

to-morrow, and we have to get back to Prince's Gate.' The Babe sighed. 'Mr. Sykes will be waiting up for us,' he said; 'I suppose we ought to go. He will lose his beauty sleep.'"

On another page we have another kind less innocent, and not more interesting:

"'It is quite true,' said the Babe in a hollow voice. 'I have tried to go to the devil, and I can't. It is the most tedious process. Virtue and simplicity are stamped on my face and my nature. I am like Queen Elizabeth. I was really cut out to be a milkmaid. I don't want to get drunk, nor to cultivate the lower female. The more wine I drink, the sleepier I get; I have to pinch myself to keep awake, and I should be sleeping like a dead pig long before I got the least intoxicated. . . . We are going to call on obscure dons every afternoon and speak to them of the loveliness of life, for the majority of them have no conception of it. Their lives are bounded by narrow horizons, and the only glimpse they catch of the great world is their bed-maker as she carries out their slop-pail from their bedroom.'"

But faugh! why quote more of the revolting twaddle? It is not likely to do any harm. Its very dullness will be a protection from its depravity.

WILL O' THE WASP: A SEA YARN OF THE WAR OF '12. Edited by Henry Lawrence, U. S. N., and now brought before the public for the first time. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Mr. Rogers's story of naval adventure is based on a filmy tradition respecting the fate of an American corvette, the *Wasp*, in the last war with England. The tradition, though slender in itself and of minor importance, has sufficed for the weaving of a good sea yarn, a tale of rare dare-deviltry and rollicking sea sport, with enough of humanity and feminine cajolery in it to touch the heart. As the prologue avers, "it has the ring of truth about it, and gives one a version of the end of the gallant Blakely and his sloop-of-war," which we may adopt as history or fiction, as the mood fits. Mr. Rogers tells his story with the relish and bonhomie of a good raconteur, and holds the interest of the reader unflaggingly to the end. But while the book is well worth reading and preserving for its spirited adventurous tale and cleverly conceived rendering of a nebulous and unaccountable incident in our historic annals, we see no reason for urging the author to continue his departure from poetry, where in his volume of poems, *The Wind in the Clearing*, he showed a distinction that his prose does not possess. We

want to hear from him again in what is unquestionably his proper *metier*—let those who can write tales of adventure with the magic of romance to enthrall us which he lacks. The true spirit of romance *Will o' the Wasp* has not; it is a diversion, and amuses us, but does not capture the imagination. It is only in his poetry that we take Mr. Rogers seriously, and there he is a master in his own field.

IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES. By Standish O'Grady. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Standish O'Grady has fine imaginative powers and likewise a strong affection for certain old conventions. We wonder which will gain him most success in the end. In his stories of adventure the trail of the *Swiss Family Robinson* is always visible. A love of mechanical contrivances and a delight in inventing something approaching to the resources of civilisation for his hidden caverns, should win him the hearty interest of all boys. Here in this story they can give way to it with great plausibility, for the cavern in Lan Bran was prepared by slow degrees, and at one time with the thought that it might shelter King James. Charming boyish, too, is his stage machinery of subterranean passages, the battering ram, appearing just when it is wanted, the dungeons, and the frequently used rack in Dun-Randal-on-the-Sea, where dwelt the irredeemably black-hearted and most handsome villains—Sir Theodore and his sons. Of far higher delight are the occasional flashes of poetry that illumine the tale. A reader feels the warning and confiding hand of Sheela given secretly to the one true man in the black castle; and, clumsy idiot though that hero be, he has all the world that reads his tale in love with his love story. When he gets his chance of being a man and of saving Sheela who had saved him, he proves that he is not emotionally dull. A moment of force and exaltation is described as such a moment deserves. There are attempts at psychology in the treatment of the characters which are not completely successful, but Lieutenant O'Mally is a pleasant fellow, and Sheela is a star. The story may not be any measure of Mr. O'Grady's power, but here as elsewhere his direct appeal to the romance in us cannot be withstood.

A VENETIAN JUNE. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A Venetian June is literally the tourist's June in Venice, not the year-in, year-out life with the people which made their most sympathetic and intimate biographer, Mr. Howells. If *Venetian Life* gave us Venice from the inside, *A Venetian June* certainly gives us Venice from the outside with the same perfection—just that casual vision of her which the summer traveller gets, and which yet has so lastingly a humanising effect on the imagination. Miss Fuller has sketched Venice with as much ease and simplicity as Mr. Hopkinson Smith—clearness and grace are always her distinguishing qualities. And the pleasure of it all is that she has carried along the thread of the story that links together her Venetian pictures without for a moment forgetting that Venice is her subject, and that no story is in place which does not illustrate and give voice to its genius—a difficult problem when one is just a tourist after all, and has to draw one's human interest from the American traveller! It is a light and charming sketch, this story of two American girls in Venice—one of them soft and still and sweet as a Madonna of Sodorna, to whom coming to Venice is coming into her birth-right; and the other young, brilliant, and assured, who is startled into a "soul" there as she first touches the emotion which is the birth-throe of art. The reader is so resigned to incongruous love stories strung on to authors' foreign note-books that he is peculiarly touched by anything so harmonious. Then Mr. George Sloane has given the final touch of charm to the small book by his really fascinating little pictures—the Salute, San Marco, Torcello—magic names!—that is, if "Uncle Dan" isn't the final charm after all. It was just like Miss Fuller to create so thoroughly a delightful uncle, who would let his nieces have so thoroughly a good time!

LIFE IN ARCADIA. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Mr. Fletcher's sketches and stories make a pleasant book. They are of many complexions—gay, humorous, tragic, and rhapsodical—and it must be said, of many qualities. There is some talk of art in his dedication. It is agreeable to talk of art, but the mention of

it brings responsibilities. Not a third of the things here have anything to do with art at all, though, we repeat, most of them are pleasant reading. We like Mr. Fletcher best when we are not forced to imagine him imitating Addison, or Mr. Hardy's rustic humour, or some one else who has before him imitated a seventeenth century imitation of

Arcadia. He can tell a plain rustic tale plainly, and he does so a good many times in the section called "Life's Tragedy," though the lighter ones, like "Love and the Law," "The Elector," and "A Pillar of the Church," have a directness, brevity, and lightness that raise him to the rank of the skilled story-writer.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SOCIAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES. Addresses to Ethical Societies. By Leslie Stephen. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

In these two volumes Mr. Leslie Stephen has collected the papers on ethical subjects which from time to time during recent years he has addressed to the ethical societies of London. Some of them have already been published in various magazines, but had they been allowed to remain there without resurrection, the public would have had ground of complaint. For nothing which Mr. Leslie Stephen has given to the world, not even his *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, is better fitted to contribute to clear thinking on subjects of urgent importance, or worthily to exhibit the strong and subtle dialectic and trenchant style of the most serious critic and one of the most powerful minds of this generation. The subjects handled are precisely those ethical problems which equally vex the philosopher and the man in the street: competition, luxury, heredity, the vanity of philosophising, Professor Huxley's contention that the cosmic process is at war with moral progress. On all of these themes much has already been written, but those who have most eagerly followed the advance that has been made in their discussion will be the readiest to acknowledge that in these essays a forward step has definitely been taken.

As six subjects are dealt with in each volume, it is, of course, impossible to call attention to all the essays. In the paper on "The Morality of Competition" he dwells on the impossibility of getting rid of it.

"So long as human nature varies indefinitely, so long as we have knaves and honest men, sinners and saints, cowards and heroes, some process

of energetic and active sifting is surely essential to the preservation of social health; and it is difficult to see how that is conceivable without some process of active and keen competition."

For the evils which result from competition he has no specific. The ideal state in which competition should be so regulated as to be equivalent to a process of bringing about the best possible distribution of the whole social forces, has not yet been reached, and is scarcely within sight. At present we can only aim at eliminating from competition whatever is dishonourable, at spreading enlightenment and good feeling, and at helping the unfortunate. This may not seem very helpful. But Mr. Stephen is not a practical politician, but a critic and a philosopher.

In dealing with that last utterance of Professor Huxley in which the philosophical man of science seemed to betray an uneasy consciousness that his science and his philosophy were pulling him asunder, Mr. Stephen effectively shows that it is only a crude and lopsided idea of the cosmic process which can be supposed to be at variance with moral progress. Alongside of the destructive and self-assertive elements in man and beast which are developed by the struggle for existence there are also evolved tacit alliances and an energetic altruism. The struggle for life among the lower animals necessarily involves co-operation: one race cannot exist without the existence of others. These tacit alliances are recognised and respected by man in so far as he becomes a reasonable being. The altruism which is instinctive in the animal mother and mate is an essential element in evolution. Here Mr. Stephen follows a line of thought with which Professor Drummond has made us familiar. But Mr.

Stephen shows how those tacit alliances and altruism become moral; how the elements of moral progress are the continuation of the cosmic process, and not its reversal. Morality proper begins when sympathy begins, when we really desire the happiness of others, and when our conduct is governed by this desire.

"This, indubitably, is the greatest of all changes, the critical fact which decides whether we are to regard conduct simply as useful, or also to regard it as moral in the strictest sense. But I should still call it a development, and not a reversal of the previous process. The conduct which we call virtuous is the same conduct externally which we before regarded as useful. The difference is that the simple fact of its utility, that is, of its utility to others and to the race in general, has now become also the sufficient motive for the action as well as the implicit cause of the action."

The blind instincts operating in parents and mates are the germ out of which has sprung all that we now recognise as morality. This may seem somewhat hard on the animals, to whom no credit for sympathy is given, and whose affections are reduced to apparently automatic instincts. But the paper should be read and taken to heart. Equally worth pondering and even more suggestive are the papers on Heredity, Punishment, and the Vanity of Philosophising; while we can only express the hope that all writers, and especially journalists, will be the better for the advice tendered to them in the essay on "The Duties of Authors."

HUMAN PROGRESS: WHAT CAN MAN DO TO FURTHER IT? By Thomas S. Blair, A.M. (Harvard.) New York: William R. Jenkins. \$1.50.

The design contemplated in the premises of this work is very admirably and briefly put in the closing chapter, entitled "Practice." The author announces it with "feelings of the fullest confidence," and declares that "a government of the labour class, by the labour class, for the labour class, intelligently administered, is the best of governments for every class." Here there is no mistaking his meaning. Withal, there is throughout the volume a consummate absence of the dictatorial spirit. Indeed, an instance of the author's modesty at the very outset declares his treatise to be "nothing more than a connected series of suggestions, tentative and conjectural rather than asser-

tive." It is, however, rather more than this, and supersedes in sobriety not a few, presumably, more ambitious volumes of a similar type.

Starting in search of a "working hypothesis," the author at once impresses his reader with the intimate acquaintance he has made with the philosophy of Auguste Comte, a line of thought which subordinates all abstract reasoning and the *scio* of things to practical effort and effect. Under this head we find ourselves being asked, "What can man do to further man's progress?" and connoting the inadequate efforts of the philosophers to supply a formula, the manner and methods of the business man at once attract and hold the author to what he deems a new discovery. In this, however, he displays a laudable toleration of all conflicting opinions. Meanwhile, he is himself surprised at the easy increment of material and data developed at every step of the inquiry, until the prescribed limitations of the volume leave scarcely room for all that might be urged.

Summing up the result, we are accorded an insight into the philosophy of human knowledge, which conducts us to the winding ways of cosmic philosophy and the empirical theory of Cosmos. Under the theory of human progress, the want hypothesis of sociology is treated rather more fully, and culminates in shaping the original design, "a system of business economics." In our opinion the author lays too much stress upon the necessity of linking what he terms the agnostic and spiritual systems of ethics; a connection, nowadays, neither given nor implied in the premises of any sane philosophy, nor found necessary—save in an experimental sense—in the chemistry of human progress.

If we accept the prolixity of certain sentences—those of over one hundred and fifty words—the style is good, and the forces of contention well distributed. Indeed, this volume may be accepted as adding one more valuable chapter to the concrete science of human progress. While it sometimes attaches undue importance to the unknowable in things philosophical, it at the same time modifies the weight not infrequently thrown upon the extremes of theory, and places us *en rapport* with some of the best thought of the day.

PRIMARY FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. By E. D. Cope, Ph.D. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. \$2.00.

The ever-widening question of organic evolution finds another invaluable link in the chain of evidence, which through the volume before us binds more closely the palæontologic record of the greatest of modern science discoveries—the evolutionary theory. In the present work the author, believing most in palæontologic research as an aid to demonstrating actual lines of descent, strikes out into a path somewhat divergent to that followed by Darwin or Weismann and others, who drew their scientific sustenance more from the facts of œcology and the science of embryology than otherwise. Impressed with the researches of Lamarck, Dr. Cope's work is to be taken as a plea in their favour. In this he is not alone, as many American as well as European zoölogists profess a deep-rooted friendship for that great scientist. Quite recently palæontological evidence has been on the increase, and in order to place this in court, Dr. Cope's book of 547 pages and 120 carefully drawn illustrations is submitted. His research proceeds on the assumption—and rightly—that a good and efficient cause underlies all variations in the characteristics of organised beings. Herein he practically takes Mr. Romanes to task, who, in his *Darwin . . . and Post-Darwinian Questions*, alleges of Neo-Lamarckians of the United States, that they failed to distinguish between "statement of facts in terms of a proposition, and an explanation of them in terms of causality."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are making rapid headway with their sumptuous edition of Captain Marryat's novels. Within the month we have received four volumes of this fine subscription edition containing *Snarleyyow*; or, *the Dog Fiend*; *The Phantom Ship*; *Percival Keene*; and *Joseph Rushbrook*; or, *the Poacher*. (Price, \$3.50 per volume.) Twelve volumes of the twenty-four, which will complete the set, have now appeared. The excellence of the book-making, the artistic merit of the etchings, and the skilled workmanship of Mr. Johnson's editing combine to make this edition as handsome and

definitive as any one could wish who would add this prince of entertainers to their library.—The same firm continue to put out the subscription edition of Charles Lever's works, the latest novels to be added being *Davenport Dunn*; *One of Them*; *A Day's Ride: A Life's Romance*; *Barrington*; *Luttrell of Arran*; and *Tony Butler*. (Price, \$2.50 per volume.) We have frequently emphasised the worth and beauty of these books on previous occasions as they have appeared, and feel that there is no further need to bespeak the merits of this edition to lovers of Lever or entertaining literature.—Mr. Caspar Whitney's simple and straightforward narrative of his six months' journey *On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds*, the greater part of which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, has been reissued in a beautifully illustrated book which contains much new material. The object of Mr. Whitney's journey was to shoot musk-oxen and wood-bison, and every man with the instinct of sport in him will enjoy these pages of perilous adventure in pursuit of game. (Harper and Brothers. Price, \$3.50.)—*Lapsus Calami, and Other Verses*, by James K. Stephens, not only now contains the poems published in the original edition of *Lapsus Calami* of 1891, but is intended as a complete and final edition of all his poems. Mr. Stephens was one of the most brilliant young men of his day, and his premature end in 1892, at the early age of thirty-three, was a source of keen regret to all his friends. These poems by no means represent the man or give body to the great hopes which he raised among his contemporaries; they were for the most part an amusement to him, and were thrown off on various occasions at college. But one has only to read a poem or two to feel at the outset that here they have no ordinary versifier, but a mind of profound feeling, resilient wit, and buoyant humour. (The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.00.)—Messrs. Lee and Shepard publish a little book (price, \$1.00) which, being "a critique of Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution*," might seem a trifle belated, but the author's handling of the subject makes his contribution timely and instructive. Not only does the Rev. Franklin M. Sprague—known already as the author of *Socialism*—in *The Laws of Social Evolution* present a critical examination of

Mr. Kidd's once famous book, but he formulates a statement of the true principles which ought to govern social progress according to his theories. The book is decidedly readable, and its constructive plan commends it to the general reader as well as to the student. (Price, \$1.00.)

SLUMBER-SONG.

(HESTER STREET, NEW YORK.)

Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing.
 (Hush, my baby, sleep, oh sleep !)
 Bread is dear and rent is owing—
 Only human lives are cheap :
 All uncaring, all unknowing,
 God is hid in heaven deep.
 While thy mother's tears are flowing,
 Dearest, sleep !
 Sleep !

Sighing, sighing, sighing, sighing.
 (Sleep, my sweet one, sleep and dream !)
 Lo, the weary needle flying
 Down the endless, hateful seam,
 Makes its thin, metallic crying,
 Gives its sharp, malefic gleam.
 While the dreary night is dying,
 Dearest, dream !
 Dream !

Weeping, weeping, weeping, weeping.
 (Dream, my darling, dream and rest !)
 Now the happy world is sleeping,
 Lamb in fold and bird in nest,
 Savage hunger, wolf-like leaping,
 Gnaws the shrunken, milkless breast.
 While the cruel dawn comes creeping,
 Dearest, rest !
 Rest !

Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing.
 (Sleep to death, my dear one, sleep !)
 All the sad world's tears are flowing :
 If thou live thou, too, must weep.
 Arbiter all-just, all-knowing,
 Dost Thou watch from heaven deep ?
 While the dreadful day is growing,
 Dearest, sleep !
 Sleep !

Perley A. Child.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

THE PENTLAND RISING : A Page of History, 1666. [Motto.] Edinburgh : Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street. 1866.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 22. Issued in green wrappers. This was the author's first publication, issued when he was 16 years old.

II.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR : An Allegorical Dialogue. [Edinburgh : 1868.]

¶ 4to. Pp. 4.

III.

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. No. I. January, 1871. (Contents noted on cover. 8 items.) Edinburgh : E. & S. Livingston, 57 South Bridge.

¶ Pp. 122, numbered consecutively. Covers contain Advertisements, etc. Only four numbers issued, January to April, 1871. To this Stevenson contributed "Edinburgh Students in 1824" (College Papers, No. I.), "The Modern Student Considered Generally" (College Papers, No. II.), "The Philosophy of Umbrellas" (with J. N. Ferrer), "Debating Societies" (College Papers, No. III.), "An Old Scotch Gardener," "The Philosophy of Nomenclature." Issued in light straw-coloured covers.

IV.

AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND : With a Note for the Laity. [Motto.] William Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1875. Price, 3d.

¶ 8vo, pp. 11, stitched. This was dated February 12, 1875.

V.

AN INLAND VOYAGE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. "Thus sang they in the English boat." Marvell. London : C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1878.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Preface and Contents. Pp. x.-237. Between half title and title is inserted an engraved title by Walter Crane. Issued in blue cloth.

VI.

EDINBURGH, PICTURESQUE NOTES by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "An Inland Voyage," with Etchings by A. Brunet-Debaines from drawings by S. Bough, R.S.A., and W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., and vignettes by Hector Chalmers and R. Kent Thomas. Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, 54 Fleet Street. London, MDCCCLXXIX.

¶ 4to. Half Title, Frontispiece, Title, Contents, List of Illustrations. 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 39. Issued in dark red cloth. Originally published in "The Portfolio," edited by P. G. Hamerton, in 1878.

VII.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.]

London : C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1879.

¶ 12mo. Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Pp. x.-227. Issued in dark green cloth.

VIII.

DEACON BRODIE, or, The Double Life : A Melodrama, founded on facts, in Four Acts and Ten Tableaux, by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. MDCCCLXXX. [Edinburgh.] Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 97. Issued in gray covers.

IX.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE AND OTHER PAPERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London : C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1881.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi.-296. Issued in orange cloth. 32 pages of Advertisements. Numbers I., II., III., V., VII., VIII., IX., and X. appeared in "Cornhill Magazine;" No. IV., "Macmillan's;" No. VI., XI., XII., "The London." Reissued in 1887 on large paper. (50 printed.)

X.

MORAL EMBLEMS. A Collection of Cuts and Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printers : S. L. Osbourne & Co., Davos-Platz. 1881.

¶ 18mo. Pp. 12, stitched. Privately printed.

XI.

NOT I, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "The Blue Scalper, Travels with a Donkey, etc." Price, 6d. [Printed by S. L. Osbourne, Davos.] 1881.

¶ 32mo. Pp. 8, stitched. Privately printed.

XII.

THE GRAVER AND THE PEN, or Scenes from Nature, with Appropriate Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "The New Arabian Nights," "Moral Emblems," "Not I," "Treasure Island," etc. Illustrated. 1882. Edinburgh : S. L. Osbourne & Company, No. 17 Heriot Row. It was by the kindness of Mr. Crerar of Kingussie that we are able to issue this little work, having allowed us to print with his own press when ours was broken.

¶ 16mo. 12 unnumbered leaves, 5 illustrations. Issued in gray covers.

XIII.

MORAL EMBLEMS : A Collection of Cuts and Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "The Blue Scalper, Travels with a Donkey, Treasure Island, Not I, etc." Printers : S. L. Osbourne & Company, Davos Platz. [1882.]

¶ 32mo. Pp. 12, 5 illustrations. Back cover contains a list of books published by Samuel Osbourne & Co.

XIV.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Preface. Pp. xxviii. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 1-397 (verso blank), 1 blank leaf. Advertisements. Pp. 32. Nos. I., II., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., appeared in "Cornhill Magazine;" No. III., "New Quarterly;" No. IX., "Macmillan's." In Vol. XIV., "Thistle" edition of Stevenson, appears for the first time, "Popular Authors," "Gentlemen" and "Some Gentlemen in Fiction," which are reprinted from "Scribner's." Reissued in 1888 on large paper (100 printed).

XV.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] In Two Volumes. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. Vol. I., 5 leaves with Title, unnumbered. Pp. 269. Vol. II., Pp. viii.-234, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisement. Pp. 32. Issued in green cloth. "The Suicide Club," "The Rajah's Diamond" and "Providence and the Guitar" were originally published in "The London" between June 8th and November 23d, 1878. "The Pavilion on the Links," "Cornhill," September and October, 1880. "A Lodging for the Night" and "The Sire de Malétroits Door," "Temple Bar," October, 1877, and January, 1878. In 1889 this was issued on large paper (100 printed).

XVI.

TREASURE ISLAND, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris & New York. All rights reserved. 1883.

12mo. Pp. viii.-292. Frontispiece map facing title is not numbered. Advertisements. Pp. 8. This appeared as a serial in "Young Folks" between October 1st, 1881, and January 28th, 1882.

XVII.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Frontispiece, Title, Dedication and Contents, 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 254. Printers' imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements. Pp. 32. This was originally published (with a few omissions) in "The Century," November and December, 1883.

XVIII.

Price Sixpence. PALL MALL CHRISTMAS "Extra," R. Louis Stevenson's The Body-Snatcher. [Woodcut.] Twenty Guinea Prizes; for particulars see Contents. Office, 2 Northumberland Street, Strand, London, W. C. All rights reserved. 1884.

¶ 4to. Pp. 12. Issued in brown paper wrappers. The illustration on the cover is repeated on page 9.

XIX.

BEAU AUSTIN: A Play in Four Acts by William Ernest Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, for private circulation only. 1884.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 46, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in pink cover.

XX.

MACAIRE. A Melodramatic Farce in Three Acts, by William Ernest Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, for private circulation only. 1885.

¶ 12mo. Dedication and Title, 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 40. Issued in pink cover.

XXI.

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. The Dynamiter. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. Pp. vi. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 207. Issued in gray paper covers at one shilling.

XXII.

PRINCE OTTO: A Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1885. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.-300. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in green cloth, with red ornament. Originally published in "Longman's Magazine," April to October, 1885.

XXIII.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. x.-101. Issued in dark blue cloth. Reissued in 1896 with illustrations by Charles Robinson. 250 printed on large paper Japan.

XXIV.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, and Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 141. 1 page of Advertisements. Issued in pink wrappers. Altered date from 1885 to 1886 on some copies is in ink and some printed.

XXV.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. List of Publications, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. x.-299. Issued in dark blue cloth. Nos. I., X., and XI. were originally published in "Cornhill;" Nos. III., VI., XV., XVI. in "Longman's;" No. VII., "Scribner's;" No. II., "The

New Amphion;" No. V., "Edinburgh University Magazine," 1871; No. IX., "Contemporary;" No. XII., "English Illustrated;" No. XVII., "Magazine of Art." Large paper was issued (50 printed).

XXVI.

KIDNAPPED, being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751: How he was Kidnapped and Cast Away; His Sufferings in a Desert Isle; his Journey in the Wild Highlands; his Acquaintance with Alan Breck Stewart and other notorious Highland Jacobites; with all that he Suffered at the Hands of his Uncle, Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws, falsely so-called: Written by Himself, and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Company, Limited. MDCCCLXXXVI. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.-311. Advertisements, 4 leaves. Facing title a map is placed. This was originally issued in "Young Folks," May to July, 1886.

XXVII.

"*Movit Amphion lapides canendo.*" THE NEW AMPHION. Being the Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair, in which are contained sundry artistick, instructive, and diverting matters, all now made publick for the first time. [Printers' mark.] Edinburgh: Imprinted at the University Press by T. & A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty the Queen. 1886.

¶ 24mo. Pp. xvi.-240. 16 Illustrations. Stevenson contributed to this "Some College Memories," 8 pp. Issued in parchment covers.

XXVIII.

UNWIN'S ANNUAL, 1886. The Broken Shaft, Tales in Mid-Ocean. Edited by Henry Norman. [Motto.] London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster Square. 1886.

¶ 4to. Front cover, Frontispiece and Advertisements, 9 leaves. Pp. 108, back cover, 1 leaf. Issued in light green. To this Stevenson contributed "Markheim." Pp. 27-40.

XXIX.

UNDERWOODS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xv. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 138. Printers' Imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in dark cloth. Large-paper was issued (50 printed).

XXX.

Speculum Universitatis. ALMA MATER'S MIRROR. Edited by Thomas Spencer Baynes and Lewis Campbell, Professors in the University of Saint Andrew's, 1887. Printed. Printed by T. & A. Constable at the Edinburgh University Press. 1887.

¶ 18mo. Pp. xii.-246. 3 unnumbered leaves. 8 Illustrations. To this Stevenson contributed a poem "The House Beautiful," 2 pp. The binding is imitation vellum.

XXXI.

PAPERS, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c., by the late FLEEMING JENKIN, F.R.S., LL.D., Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Sidney Colvin, M.A., and J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.] London: Longmans, Green & Co., and New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ Vol. I. Pp. clxiv.-268. Vol. II. Half Title, Title, Contents. 3 unnumbered leaves. Portrait facing title in Vol. I. The Memoir was issued separately by Messrs. Scribner with a new preface, New York, 1888, in 12mo.

XXXII.

THE MERRY MEN AND OTHER TALES AND FABLES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. List of Books, Title, Dedication, Note, Contents, 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 1-296. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in blue cloth with silver stars. Nos. I., II., IV. were first issued in "Cornhill;" No. III. in "Unwin's Christmas Annual," 1886; No. V., "Court and Society Review," 1885; No. VI., "Longmans," 1883.

XXXIII.

BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Robert Louis Stevenson, Walter Besant, W. T. Stead, John Ruskin, LL.D., P. G. Hamerton, H. Rider Haggard, Professor John Stuart Blackie, LL.D., Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., Rev. Walter C. Smith, D.D., Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Prefatory Note, Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 123. Stevenson's contribution occupies from pp. 3-16 inclusive. This was called "British Weekly Extra No. 1."

XXXIV.

VOLUNTARIES FOR AN EAST LONDON HOSPITAL. By the Earl of Lytton, Bishop of Bedford, E. M. Abdy-Williams, T. Ashe C. Cheston, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Austin Dobson, Arthur Gaye, A. Egmont Hake, T. Gordon Hake, Mrs. Heckford, W. E. Henley, May Kendall, Andrew Lang, Walter Pollock, F. Mabel Robinson, Edward Rose, Clement Scott, R. L. Stevenson, J. L. Toole. London: David Stott, 370 Oxford Street, W. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xlix. 1 unnumbered page. Appendix, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 203 (verso blank). To this Stevenson first contributed his poem called "Ad Matrem." Pp. 199-201.

XXXV.

TICONDEROGA. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed for the author by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. 1887.

¶ 4to. Pp. 27. Printed on hand-made paper. [50 issued.] Originally issued in "Scribner's Magazine," December, 1887.

XXXVI.

THE BLACK ARROW: A Tale of the Two Roses. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," &c. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. 1888.

¶ 12mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. viii.-324. Advertisements, 10 pp. Originally published in "Young Folks," June 30th to October 30th, 1883.

XXXVII.

MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.-302. Advertisements. This is the first separate edition of the memoir for which Mr. Stevenson wrote a new preface dated Saranac, October, 1887. It was not issued, however, until January 7, following year.

XXXVIII.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE: A Winter's Tale. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," &c., &c., &c. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. 1889. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. viii.-332. Advertisements, 10 pages. Originally published in "Scribner's Magazine," between November, 1888, and October, 1889.

XXXIX.

THE WRONG BOX. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," &c., and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Title, Preface, 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 283. Advertisements, 16 pp. Issued in red cloth.

XL.

THE SOUTH SEAS: A Record of Three Cruises. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

¶ 8vo. Pp. iv.-123. Twenty-two copies were printed to secure copyright. Of these 15 were cut up for serial use. Issued in red cloth.

XLI.

BALLADS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1890.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 137. 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in blue cloth. Large paper issued (100 printed).

XLII.

With Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments. FATHER DAMIEN. An open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Sydney. 1890.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 32. This was privately printed for presentation only at Sydney, March 27th, 1890. It appeared in the "Scots Observer," May 3d and 10th, 1890. The second issue was a thin 4to printed on Japan paper (of which only 30 copies were issued, with a Portrait of Father Damien) by Messrs. Constable & Co., Edinburgh. The third issue was a small 4to in brown wrappers, published at a shilling.

XLIII.

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Illustrated by William Hole and W. L. Metcalf. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, and Melbourne. 1892. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi. List of Illustrations, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 427. Advertisements, 12 pp. Originally published as a serial in "Scribner's Magazine," August, 1891, to July, 1892. The text was revised for the Edinburgh Edition.

XLIV.

ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1892.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 317. Issued in black cloth. No. III. was issued originally in "The Magazine of Art," 1883-1884. No. IV., "Scribner's," August, 1888. No. V.-XII., "Scribner's," 1888. Large paper issued (100 printed).

XLV.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Motto.] Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris and Melbourne. 1892. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.-322. Advertisements, pp. 14. Issued in dark green cloth.

XLVI.

THREE PLAYS. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea. [Ornament.] London: Published by David Nutt in the Strand. 1892.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xii.-250. Printer's imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in three styles—undressed kid, large paper (100 printed), Japan paper (30 printed).

XLVII.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, consisting of The Beach of Falesá, The Bottle Imp, The Isle of Voices. By Robert Louis Stevenson, with illustrations by Gordon Browne and W. Hatherell. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, Melbourne. 1893. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. x. 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 227. Advertisements, 16 pp. Issued in blue cloth. No. I. originally issued in "Illustrated London News," March 28 to April 4, 1891; No. II., "Black and White," March 28 to April 4, 1891; No. III., "National Observer," February 4 to 25, 1893.

XLVIII.

CATRIONA. A sequel to "Kidnapped," being Memoirs of the further adventures of David Balfour at Home and Abroad. In which are set forth his Misfortunes anent the Appin Murder; his Troubles with Lord Advocate Grant; Captivity on the Bass Rock; Journey into Holland and France; and Singular Relations with James More Drummond or MacGregor, a son of the notorious Rob Roy, and his daughter Catriona. Written by Himself and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris and Melbourne. 1893. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. ix.-37. Advertisements, 18 pp. Issued in blue cloth. Originally issued under name "David Balfour," "Atalanta," January, May, 1893.

XLIX.

THE EBB-TIDE: A Trio and Quartette. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. "There is a tide in the affairs of men." London: William Heinemann. MDCCCXCIV.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Contents, False Title. 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 237, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements, pp. 20. Issued in gilt cloth. Originally published in "To-day," November 11, 1893, to February 3, 1894.

L.

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT. From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chicago: Stone and Kimball. MDCCCXCV.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Table of Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 180. Printers' Imprint. 1 unnumbered leaf. This was written in 1879, abridged in 1894, and here published for the first time in separate form.

LI.

MACAIRE. A Melodramatic Farce. By Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. Chicago: Stone and Kimball. MDCCCXCV.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dramatic Personæ, 3 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 103. Printers' Imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in green cloth. This was privately issued in Edinburgh in 1885.

LII.

VAILIMA LETTERS, being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin. November, 1890-October, 1894. London: Methuen and Co., 36 Essex Street. 1895.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.-366. 1 blank leaf. Advertisements, pp. 32. Facing title is a Portrait by William Strang. Issued in red cloth. There is a large-paper edition (125 printed).

LIII.

THE PLAYS OF W. E. HENLEY AND R. L. STEVENSON. Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral

Guinea, Robert Macaire. [Ornament.] London: William Heinemann. 1896.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xii.-303. Printer's imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Facing half title is Sargeant's Portrait (Photogravure) of Stevenson. Facing title is Hollyer's Portrait of Henley (Photogravure).

LIV.

WEIR OF HERMISTON. An Unfinished Romance by Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, 1896.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Contents. 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 290. Advertisements, pp. 32. Issued in dark blue cloth.

LV.

POEMS AND BALLADS by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xv.-367. Facing title is photogravure Portrait from Photograph. This volume contains 42 poems not published before in book form.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

The Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's Works, in 20 vols., for the first time contains:

Vol. III., "The Old and New Pacific Capitals" (No. II., "San Francisco"), originally published in "Magazine of Art," May, 1883.

Vol. VII., "The Story of a Lie" (first printed in the "New Quarterly Review," October, 1879).

Vol. XI.—II., A Note on Realism (first issued in "Magazine of Art," vol. vii., pp. 24). III., "Technical Elements of Style" (first issued in "Contemporary Review," April, 1885). IV., "Morality of the Profession of Letters" (first issued in "Fortnightly Review," April, 1881).

Vol. XVIII., "Records of a Family of Engineers." This was in preparation by the author during several years of his life in Samoa, and is reprinted from a ms. for the first time. This unfinished ms. is edited by Sidney Colvin.

Vol. XX., "The South Seas." This was a series of papers written by Stevenson on his various travels, and were first published in "Black and White" (February to December, 1891, in part), and fully printed in the New York "Sun" during the same year.

The supplementary volumes of the Edinburgh edition announce a volume of "Miscellanies Juvenilia," etc. A romance called "St. Ives," and unpublished fragments, viz. a play written with Mrs. Stevenson, called "The Hanging Judge," a fragment, "The Great North Road," and "Letters to a Boy." [Issued first in "St. Nicholas."]

The Thistle Edition of Stevenson's "Works," in 21 vols., for the first time contains:

Vol. VIII., "The Misadventures of John Nicholson."

Vol. XIV., Three Essays, viz.: I. "Gentlemen" ("Scribner's Magazine," May, 1888). II. "Some Gentlemen in Fiction" ("Scribner's Magazine," June, 1898). III. "Popular Authors" ("Scribner's Magazine," September, 1888).

Ernest Dressel North.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1896.

New books this month have been few and trade in general has been light. The feature of the month has unquestionably been the publication of books on the financial problems of the day. From a general observation those in favour of free silver seem to be more largely in demand, with an increasing call for those advocating the gold standard as the necessity arises for more information on the subject. These works may very properly be divided into two classes, one consisting of pamphlets and paper-bound books written in a popular manner for general distribution, such as *Coin's Financial School*, by W. H. Harvey, on the silver side, while the gold side is represented by *A Coin Catechism*, by J. K. Upton, and *Wages, Fixed Incomes, and the Free Coinage of Silver*, by Isaac Roberts. The second class is evidently for the more thoughtful and studious, and comprises *Money and Banking*, by Horace White, and *International Bimetallism*, by Francis A. Walker. All of the above titles, together with many others both ready and in preparation, are in large demand, and bid fair to continue to be an unusual feature in the summer business.

The general excitement and uncertainty in regard to the currency has naturally affected trade, particularly in the West, from which section returning salesmen report small and unsatisfactory sales, claiming that buyers decline to purchase until the matter is definitely settled, and positive assurances of steady business are in prospect.

The noticeable decrease in this season's sales of paper-bound books mentioned in previous letters continues. There is quite a demand for good titles, but no new books of prominence have been issued to fill the need.

Text-books are beginning to show some activity. Shipments to the South and West are being made, and orders for delivery in September are coming in.

Of the books at present selling readily, *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, by Harold Frederic, and *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, are in the lead. To these may be added of this month's publications, *Mrs. Gerald*, by Maria L. Pool, *The Riddle Ring*, by Justin McCarthy, and *Under Sealed Orders*, by Grant Allen.

King Noanett, by F. S. Stimson, is a novel of which the publishers have great expectations, while from Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. we have received *Checkers*, by H. M. Blossom, Jr., and *Prose Fancies*, by Richard Le Gallienne, both in tasteful bindings.

The following books have led in the month's sales:

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

Money and Banking. By Horace White. \$1.50.

International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. \$1.25.

An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King. \$1.25.

Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. \$1.25.

A Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. \$1.00.

The Riddle Ring. By Justin McCarthy. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

Briseis. By William Black. \$1.25.

The Cavaliers. By S. R. Keightley. \$1.50.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1896.

Business is now rather quiet, even for mid-summer, but still, considering all things, the sales of all classes of literature, with a few exceptions, give cause for much encouragement. The volume of business transacted last month was perhaps a little lighter than usual, but as it exceeded expectations, it must be described as satisfactory. No one in the trade expects to do more than hold his own during "Presidential year," as the temporary check given to business at large by the election campaign affects the book trade considerably, and in common with the rest of the business world they are glad when it is over.

Last month was purchasing month in local bookselling circles for autumn supplies, and most of the travelling bookmen for Eastern houses were here showing samples of their preparations, and booking orders. The arrangements for new copyright books are perhaps the most important items upon the various programmes. Judging by the samples shown and the announcements made, the literary output this year will be fully up to the average. A good deal of attention is being paid to book covers, and some very pretty designs have been shown.

Celluloid covers appear to be very saleable, and many new lines of small books and some of the old ones will appear in this dress. Sales appear to have been as a general rule pretty good, and salesmen express themselves as being very well satisfied with their orders.

The death last month of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has had quite a stimulating effect upon the sales of her various books, and has more than doubled the demand for them. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is still one of the most popular books of the day, and sells largely in all the numerous editions now on the market.

By far the leading feature of last month's sales was the extraordinary demand for financial books.

The people are evidently seeking enlightenment on the money question, and they appear also to be studying both sides of it, the demand for free silver and anti-free silver books being about equal. One of the most called for works nowadays is White's *Money and Banking*, which is having a tremendous vogue. As it is popularly written and exhaustive in its treatment of the subject, and is a simplified statement of the questions at issue, it is probably the best book on the gold side that the ordinary man can purchase. "Coin's" various books are also selling largely, and so are Francis A. Walker's several works, Laughlin's *Bimetallism*, Jevons's *Money*, Muhleman's *Monetary Systems of the World*, Del Mar's *History of Money*, and others of less importance. Last month added many new books to this class, the most important being F. A. Walker's *International Bimetallism*, McPherson's *Monetary and Banking Problem* and J. K. Upton's *Coin Catechism*. All of these are meeting with a fair sale.

Receipts of new books were rather light last month, and only a few works of more than ordinary interest appeared. Gilbert Parker's *Adventurer of the North* was perhaps the best from a selling point of view, and others which have met with more or less success are Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies*, Lubbock's *Scenery of Switzerland*, Mrs. Gerhild, by Marie Louise Pool, and Walter Besant's *The Master Craftsman*.

The demand for the popular books of the day was active all through last month, and such books as Tom Grogan, *Summer in Arcady*, *A Singular Life*, *Menticulture*, *A House Boat on the Styx*, *Cinderella*, *The Under Side of Things*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, and *A Lady of Quality*, sold remarkably well.

The leading books last month were as follows, the demand being indicated by the order in which they are placed. It may be noticed that while the titles do not differ much from last month's list, the order has changed somewhat.

Tom Grogan. By F Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

An Army Wife. By Captain King. \$1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

A Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. \$1.25.

The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. \$1.25.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.

Cinderella, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.00.

Out of the Woods. By George P. Fisher. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. \$1.00.

An Adventurer of the North. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.25.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. \$1.25.

Prose Fancies (second series). By Le Gallienne. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 22 to July 18, 1896.

A month of almost uninterrupted sunshine is hardly likely to result in a very active trade in books. There has, nevertheless, been a fair business doing, and the foreign and colonial orders keep up well. With the August Bank Holiday past, matters will doubtless improve considerably for the home trade.

The day of the two-shilling boarded novel (the "Railway" or "Yellow Back," as it is variously termed) is nearly over. Not quite, though, for heavy orders are still booked for a new 2s novel by Miss Braddon, which the publishers state will be issued by the time this is in print.

The long and narrow 1s. 6d. and 2s. novels are now in great favour, possibly from their form being adapted for the pocket. *Pseudonyms*, *Autonyms*, *Zeit Geists*, and similar publications are the order (literally) of the day.

Diary publishers are already showing specimens of forthcoming issues. It is rather like hurrying one through life to talk of 1897 publications in the summer of 1896.

Another landmark of bygone times is about to disappear. The Stationers Company's almanacks will be published this year by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. Those who remember the Company's almanack publishing day as it was twenty or thirty years ago, to say nothing of earlier times, will experience a pang upon hearing of the change.

The contents of a "shilling shocker," padded to form a 6s. volume, is still eagerly read by the public, so strong is the hold of fashion even to the form in which literature is issued.

Tribby, although now taken off the London stage, is still in fair demand, and will probably return to something like its old popularity when the new novel by the same author is ready in the 6s. form.

Works on Natural History are still an important item, and every addition to their ranks meets with a good reception. The same remark applies generally to books on out-door country life.

Among magazines it is announced that the *Pall Mall Magazine* will, in September, return to 1s., its original price. *Chambers' Journal* still enjoys its apparently perpetual youth, illustrated periodicals notwithstanding. The reason is obvious to its readers. The *Woman at Home* is still without a rival, and the *Strand Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Quiver*, and *Leisure Hour* keep up their sales wonderfully well. The same may also be said of the *B y's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Own Paper*.

Anything on South Africa (this is not elegant, but expressive) is eagerly purchased. *Boer and Uitlander* and *The Transvaal and the Boers* are publications whose titles alone will make them sell.

The accompanying list of the best selling books requires little comment. A glance will show that it includes works on many topics of keen public interest and questions of the day. *Illumination* and *The Sowers* are the two favourites among the novels.

The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.

Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

- The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
 Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
 Cameos. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
 The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
 The Release. By C. M. Yonge. 6s.
 A Lady of Quality. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
 Agam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
 An Odd Career. By G. B. Fitzgerald. 6s.
 The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By J. H. Findlater. 6s.
 The Limb. By X. L. 6s.
 Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
 The Sin of Hagar. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
 Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
 Studies Subsidiary to Butler. By W. E. Gladstone. 4s. 6d.
 Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
 The Transvaal and the Boers. By W. G. Fisher. 6s.
 Stock Exchange Investments. By W. H. S. Aubrey. 5s.
 From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier. By H. D. Trail. 5s. net.
 The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
 Joan of Arc. By L. de Conte. 6s.
 Selborne (Earl) Memorials. Part I. 2 vols. 25s. net.
 The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1 and August 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Money and Banking. By White. \$1.50. (Ginn & Co.)
3. Money and Mechanism of Exchange. By Jevons. \$1.75. (Appleton.)
4. An Army Wife. By Captain King. \$1.25. (Neeley.)
5. Joan of Arc. By Twain. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. Master Craftsmen. By Besant. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. An Army Wife. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
2. Humble Enterprise. By Cambridge. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. Dr. Nikola. By Boothby. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By Snaith. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. \$1.50. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. 'Twixt Cupid and Cræsus. By Didier. \$1.50. (American News Co.)
6. Scribner's Short Stories. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. \$4.00. (Houghton.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. \$4.00. (Houghton.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
6. Pirate Gold. By Stimson. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Wise Woman. By Burham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Master Craftsman. By Besant. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
5. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By Bunner. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
2. An Army Wife. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
3. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
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No. 2.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck has withdrawn from his editorial connection with the literary encyclopædia to be published by Messrs. J. A. Hill and Company of this city. Professor Peck has just completed his elaborate *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities*, upon which he has been steadily at work for five years, and which will issue this month from the press of the Messrs. Harper. From his pen, also, Messrs. Henry Holt and Company announce for publication in the near future a new history of Latin literature. A novel feature of this work will be its inclusion of the mediæval and modern Latin, and its treatment of the whole subject by comparative methods, each great production of Roman genius being regarded in its relation to the modern works of genius inspired or suggested by it.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling has disposed of the serial rights of his new novel, *Captain Courageous*, for the sum of \$12,000. On the sale of the work in book form he will receive a handsome royalty, with a payment in advance of \$15,000 on account. Thus before a single line of the novel is in type, he secures the neat little sum of \$27,000. And yet wonder is frequently expressed that in these days nearly every one tries his hand at literature!



Arrangements have been completed for the issue in America by the Messrs. Scribner of a complete uniform edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. It is anticipated that the edition will consist of eleven volumes, and that Mr. Lockwood Kipling will design a frontispiece for each volume.

So many conflicting accounts of the prison life of Oscar Wilde and of his condition have been published, that we feel bound to set forth a statement of the actual facts, our informant being an English official whose position has made him personally cognisant of them. From this source we learn that Mr. Wilde's physical state is very distressing. He is unable to assimilate food; and an enteric disorder which has become chronic has reduced him to a condition of great weakness. He is governed by the silent system, and this is rigidly enforced, so much so that he has several times been punished for half involuntarily turning his head in chapel to get a glimpse of the person seated beside him. We were inquisitive enough to ask the nature of his punishment on these occasions, and were told that it consisted in having his "rug" taken from him. The rug in question is a strip of rag-carpet which serves as a substitute for a mattress, being spread upon the surface of a deal door which is his only bed; so that, when under punishment, he sleeps upon the bare planks. The gentleman who made these statements is persuaded that Wilde will lose either his life or his reason as the result of his imprisonment; but he probably underrated the extent of human endurance. The sentence, under the English system of commutation, has only some six months more to run, and it is generally understood that at its expiration Mrs. Wilde will rejoin her husband. As she has in her own right a settled income of £800 a year, they will probably make their future home in some obscure Continental town.



Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who seems

"Marget Ogilvy" edition, for the complete edition of his works, and has favoured that selected by his publishers, namely, the "Thistle" edition. As this would suggest, the edition is to be uniform with the Thistle Stevenson, which Mr. Barrie admires very much.



It sometimes happens that in a review we learn more of the reviewer than we do of the author being reviewed. This was brought to our mind the other day on coming across a notice by Mr. J. M. Barrie of Mr. W. E. Henley's *Views and Reviews* in an old periodical some half dozen years ago. Some extracts which we give below afford us a glimpse of Mr. Barrie's literary preferences. Mr. Barrie, we may say to begin with, thinks that Mr. Henley's essay on George Meredith, although incomplete, is by far the best thing in the book, and to his mind the truest analysis of the great novelist that he has read: "unless," he says, "his own paper on the Comic Art be weighed against it." He goes on:

"Dickens, however, is Mr. Henley's hero, and (forgetting *Erin Harrington*, surely) he maintains that in his Dickensy moments Mr. Meredith is unsuccessful. He gives Mr. Lang a talking to also for revelling in Dickens's humour, but skipping his melodrama, though to our mind Mr. Lang is all right about Dickens and Mr. Henley is all wrong. But with Mr. Lang (and in defiance of Mr. Henley) we remain 'Thackeray men.' George Eliot could never read Disraeli's novels (and we are with her), and Disraeli could never read *Romola* (and we are with him too). Evidently Mr. Henley delights in Disraeli, but what he thinks of the other novelist cannot be gathered, for he only tells us that some glory in George Eliot, but some cannot endure her. But at least he would not agree with us that *Silas Marner* is worth a hundred *Coningsbys*. Many of his favourites are ours, however, and he writes of them as few could write. His Dumas is sparkling with good things, and so are his Congreve and his Tolstoy. In his remarks about Mr. Austin Dobson he very justly dwells on that poet's exquisite use of verbs and avoidance of adjectives, and it may be said that this book has the same uncommon merits."



Mr. Gilbert Parker is expected shortly in New York to superintend the production of the dramatised version of his successful novel, *The Seats of the Mighty*. Mr. Barrie is also expected in time to see his *Little Minister* put upon the stage.



We have had several inquiries from correspondents regarding the books of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, or "Q," and in answer to these requests we append a list of Mr. Quiller-Couch's titles, stating when and where published. These

books may be readily acquired through any reputable bookseller.

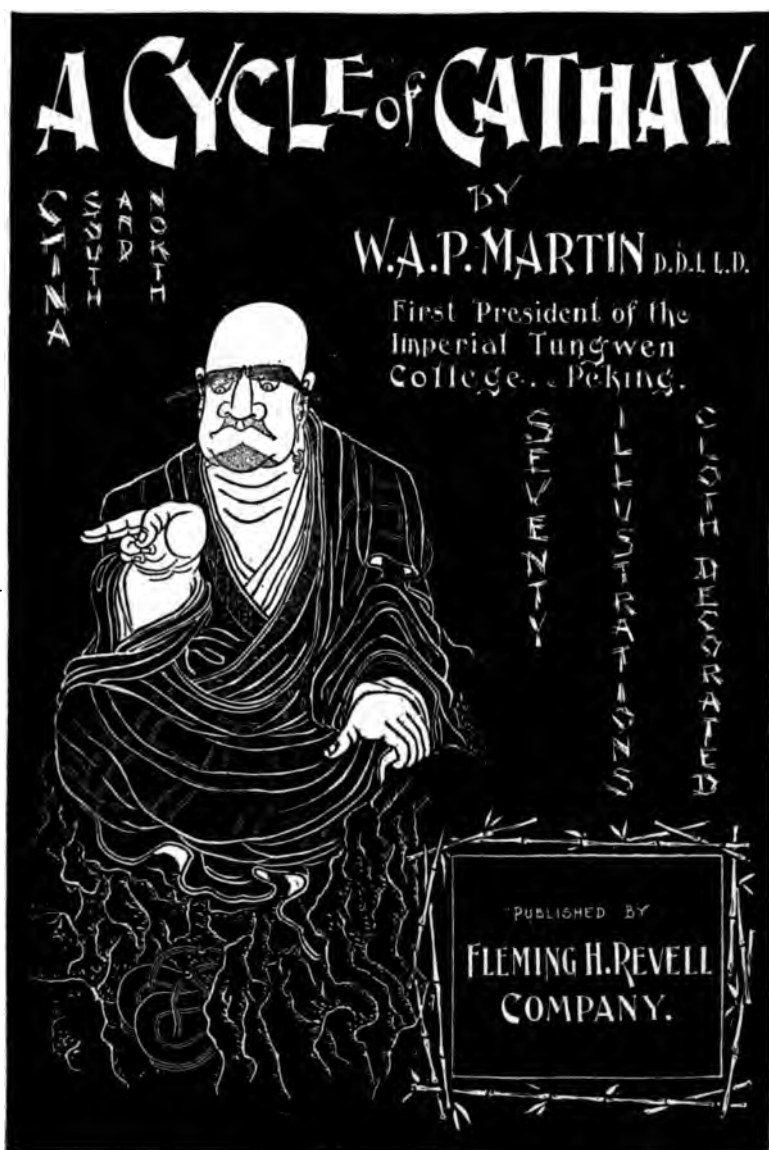
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- Wandering Heath. London and New York, 1896.
- Adventures in Criticism. London and New York, 1896.



Readers of Brontë literature will find some interesting letters in the biography of Lockhart by Mr. Andrew Lang, to be published shortly by the Scribners. Lockhart was an enthusiastic admirer of *Jane Eyre*, and gave it the highest rank among the fiction of the time. Although he inserted Lady Eastlake's article in the *Quarterly Review*, he differed entirely from his critic's literary estimate of the work, but he seems to have shared her opinion of its outspokenness.



People who are familiar with France know that all of the Parisian and a number of the provincial colleges, or lycées, are named after distinguished men and women; thus the Lycées Corneille and Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen, the Lycée Augustin Thierry at Blois, etc. According to this custom, a few years ago a new Parisian lycée received the name of Lycée Voltaire. Strangely enough, the name of the great man of letters, who held literary culture of far more value than a purely practical and utilitarian education, was given to a lycée of Enseignement Moderne, where no classical languages were to be taught. The Department of Public Instruction seems to have awakened to the fact that this was at best a doubtful honour paid to the memory of this famous Frenchman; and now it is announced that classical sections, where Latin and Greek will be taught, will be organised in the Lycée Voltaire at the opening of the new college year.



The accompanying fac-simile of a poster which advertises a new important book on China, *A Cycle of Cathay*, has an interesting and unique value. In its origin it may be said to be, so far as the figure is concerned, the oldest in existence. The figure is the reproduction of a "rubbing" from the tomb of Rahula, son of Buddha, and is, therefore, over two thousand years old. Such rubbings from ancient tombs were common at a very early age of the world's history, the rubbing being produced by laying paper on the inked surface of an en-

graved tomb. Long before the Christian era there were in China libraries of stone books, of which exact reproductions were occasionally made. It was not long before the stone books were engraved in relief for the express purpose of reproduction on paper, and finally the engraving was done on cubes of brass, a single character on each. Here was true movable type, many hundred years before the time of Gutenberg; and it is not difficult to believe that the putative father of the art of printing may have obtained his great idea directly from the

Chinese through Marco Polo and others who had visited the Far East. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the author of *A Cycle of Cathay*, was the first president of the Tungwen Kwan (the College of Foreign Knowledge) at Peking, a Chinese Government institution for training the Chinese youth. He held this position for twenty-six years. Previous to this he was a missionary and an attaché of the United States Legation.



Mark Rutherford, the author of *Clara Hopgood*, which book was severely censured in Dr. Nicoll's London Letter in the July BOOKMAN, writes that "your correspondent's criticism mostly errs on the side of generosity, but I cannot help a protest against the charge of immorality brought against *Clara Hopgood*. The accusation is another proof that even in a country which calls the New Testament a sacred book and professes to read it, the distinction between real and sham morality is almost unknown."



A correspondent calls our attention to a curious likeness existing between one of the most ingenious inventions in Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn* and a similar situation in George Sand's *Consuelo*. The mysterious lake which covered the treasure concealed in the cave, and the sudden disappearance of which causes so much wonder to the captain and his companions in *Captain Horn*, can be duplicated by the description of a lake in *Consuelo*, which by means of sluices and subterranean canals is readily emptied. Did Mr. Stockton ever read *Consuelo*, or is it another of those curious literary coincidences that cause us daily wonder?



It is now widely known, since we disclosed the facts last December in THE BOOKMAN, that Du Maurier's most extensively circulated drawing is the one found on the label of Apollinaris water. A somewhat similar incident is related of Théophile Gautier. The author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was invited once to visit the library of a celebrated bibliophile, Monsieur de L., one of his most enthusiastic admirers. Monsieur de L. prided himself on having collected absolutely everything that

his guest had published, and astonished him by showing him at least one copy of even the most insignificant of his writings. Nothing was small enough to escape his eye, or costly enough to have been beyond his means, or rare enough to have eluded his search. Still Théophile Gautier, while admiring the collection, failed at first to admit that it was absolutely complete. "There is one thing," he said, "which I am sure you do not possess." "What is it?" the host asked. "Well," the poet went on, "years ago, when I was young and often in need of money, I once wrote a prospectus for a *Société Œnophile*" (a kind of wine syndicate), "and I am sure you do not possess *that*." One may well imagine his surprise when a drawer was opened, in which he saw, not one, but a large number of copies of the prospectus. Of course he wanted to know how such a bibliophile as Monsieur de L. happened to have in his collection such a supply of wine trade circulars; and the story told him was no less singular than the fact itself of the possession of the circulars by Monsieur de L.



Monsieur de L., in hunting for all that Gautier had written, had somehow or other discovered the existence of the wine prospectus, and for a long while vainly tried to get hold of a copy of the same. He had, to tell the truth, very little hope of succeeding. The concern had never been an important one. It had gone out of existence years before, and it was most unlikely that any one had preserved one of its circulars. Still, before he considered himself decidedly baffled in his search, Monsieur de L. put in a *trade paper* an advertisement requesting any holder of Gautier's *introuvable* production to communicate with him. It need hardly be said that Gautier's name was not mentioned in the advertisement. Monsieur de L.'s surprise in receiving an answer to his advertisement may well be imagined. He was informed that if he would communicate with a business firm, the name and address of which were given, his curiosity would be satisfied. He hastened to the place, and there found the load of circulars which he afterward had the satisfaction of showing to Gautier. It happened that the father of one of the members of the firm had, when the cir-

cular was issued, seen his name on it in the list of directors. As he had not been consulted about it, he insisted that all the circulars on which his name appeared should be surrendered to him. The circulars had since been used as wrapping paper by his family, and all that remained so unused were then handed to Monsieur de L., who thus had, and still has, the gratification of having the only complete collection of "Gautierana."



A gem was quite recently discovered on the play-bills of a small French provincial town. We give it here for the enjoyment of our readers :

VILLE DE CHAUMONT.

(Par permission de M. le Maire.)

CÉSAR BORGIA, OU LES CATACOMBES DE ROME.
GRAND DRAME HISTORIQUE, À (sic) CINQ ACTES,
DE VICTOR HUGO.

Readers of Hugo need hardly be told that this is a spurious unless a newly discovered and hitherto unknown production. Hugo wrote a *Lucrece Borgia*, which has nothing to do with the catacombs of Rome, and which is in three, not in five acts.



Of all recent Scotch books, the best or at least the most promising is by a new writer, Miss Jane H. Findlater. *The Green Graves of Balgourie* shows a maturity of power that rarely belongs to story-writers when they first seek the public suffrages. Although Miss Findlater has written for years for the pleasure of writing, which has always been instinctive with her and never a toil, this is her first published novel, in which the training of her pleasurable practice has borne good fruits. Neither the title nor the nationality of the author need scare away English readers for fear of the trial of Scotch dialect. Miss Findlater must not be classed among Mr. Barrie's followers. There is very little in her book that is distinctively Scotch, and the scene of it all might easily have been laid elsewhere. Perhaps a fair criticism of the book could be put into a single sentence : it very nearly attains a triumphant success, and just misses it. The conception is quite original ; the working out is free and unrestrained ; the writing is good and simple ; the style recalls Miss Thackeray's, but is



JANE H. FINDLATER.

less saccharine ; the faults are not structural. Her great danger is that this book may get a kind of success which it deserves, and that she may be encouraged to write in all directions for little libraries of fiction. If she does so, there will be an end of her and of her vein. If she is true to herself, and writes only when she has something to say, and publishes only when she has said it, she may step into the first rank. But who is there nowadays in the world of letters who can resist destiny ?



Miss Findlater is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Eric Findlater, now deceased, who was a Free Church minister, as Ian Maclaren once was, of a remote village in Perthshire, Scotland. Her mother was the author of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* and of various translations from the German. A volume of *Sonnets and Songs*, by her sister of Miss Findlater, was published last year by David Nutt, of London, and was favourably received by the press. Along with her sisters, Miss Findlater was educated at home, and lived at

Lochearnhead until her father's death, when the family removed to Prestonpans, an east coast village ten miles from Edinburgh, where she still resides.



We note in a dispassionate way, and merely as an item of current literary news, that *Harper's Weekly* is becoming decidedly amateurish in tone. Some new hand is evidently fingering the keyboard.



A few months ago Mr. Arthur Waugh, in his London letter to the *Critic*, contradicted the statement that Hall Caine, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren each contemplated writing a *Life of Christ*. Observing that Mr. Andrew Lang, in the *Illustrated London News*, now makes the same statement, we may as well say, on the best authority, that they are both wrong. The facts are as they have been stated. Those by Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett will, we understand, see the light first in serial form, and at no very distant date. The *Life* which is being written by Hall Caine may be looked for within two years. Mr. Hall Caine has long been engaged on this *Life*, which is expected to be a remarkable production. He has always appeared reluctant to talk about the book lying unprinted in his desk; but something of the author's intentions may be gathered from what he said to an interviewer nearly three years ago. "I have written a book," he said, "that will contain, in my own judgment—if that is worth anything—the best literary work I have ever done. The subject has mastered and moved me more than any other, and some of the passages dealing with the chief events—Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, etc.—are, in my judgment, ahead of anything else of mine."



The reason for the long postponement of Mr. Hall Caine's *Life of Christ* is to some extent explained when he says, "I have no intention of publishing the book until I can make a long stay in Palestine, and then very likely I shall write it all over again. I have long hungered for this subject, having felt that although the *Life of Christ* has been written by great scholars, it has never—except once, by Renan, and then adversely—been writ-

ten from the imaginative point of view, looking at the question as you would look at a great imaginative conception. The *Life* has been written from the point of fact, not from the point of imaginative insight. It is a very daring thing to attempt, but that is the direction in which I wish to go. It is beset with dangers—the danger of going over the lines of clear record, for instance, and for that reason I am in no hurry to print the book."



Miss Katharine Pearson Woods's long-promised novel dealing with the times of Christ and entitled *John: a Tale of King Messiah*, has at last been successfully launched. It may be well to repeat what we have already said, that the volume is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century, and that the author has been engaged on the work during the last seven years. She has had to work under great difficulties and discouragements; every one has told her that the character of Christ is outside the realm of fiction, and cannot be done in a novel; but we feel certain that Miss Woods's strong story will ensure her a wide public. The book has nothing in common with such stories as *Emmanuel*, *Come Forth*, *Titus*, and others of that ilk, but has been kept altogether on a different level. Miss Woods has told the writer how the story came to be written.



"In January of 1890 Father Huntington, of New York, suggested to me the idea of a sociological study of the first century, with a parallel story of reform work at the present day. I adopted it at once, at least so far as the first half was concerned, and determined to locate my characters at Ephesus in the last years of the life of St. John. I talked to Mr. Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, about it when in New York in September of that year, but did not speak of it to any one else until I wrote to you about it in the fall of 1894. Meanwhile it had become rooted in my mind that the story of John's early years must be told. I started out with the popular idea that 'Christ was the first socialist,' but a close study of the Gospels and a deeper experience of life developed so strong an opposite convic-

tion, that I felt it ought to be set forth. I found that the Jew, had the Roman dominion been cast aside, would have had the economic freedom which reformers are now contending for, and I was forced to see that 'the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking,' or even national control of natural monopolies, or any form of collectivism, except as the expression and development of love to God and one's brother. I knew all the artistic difficulties of an adequate presentation of the subject, and in particular the technical impossibility as it seemed at first of introducing the character of Christ as a principal actor. By the time I began the book it had ceased to be a question of possibility, 'necessity was laid upon me,' and the book wrote itself. The great world-tragedy took hold of me, and from that moment I was in the grasp of something stronger than I."



MISS CROCKETT, ONE OF THE "SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS."

Miss Woods was directed to the special method of treatment adopted in *John* by the following incident. She says: "When I came to consider the technical difficulties involved in a novel which should include the character of Christ, I remembered an engraving which I used to see often during my early girlhood called 'The First Good Friday,' from the famous picture by Paul Delaroche. It represents the window of a house in Jerusalem through which Mary, the mother of Jesus, and some of the disciples are watching the procession on its way to Golgotha. You see nothing outside the window except through their eyes, but for that very reason you see everything. Now almost every chapter in the book is just such a window. The Christ is shown nearly always through the medium of another

personality." We shall be very much surprised if Miss Woods's novel does not attract wide attention.

There were many inquiries last Christmas for a book of Mr. Crockett's entitled *Sweetheart Travellers*, which was published in England at that time, but for some reason then unknown did not appear on this side. The book was copyrighted, it seems, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, but it arrived too late in the season to enable the publishers to put it profitably on the market. *Sweetheart Travellers*, which is now published here, is designated by the author as "a child's book for children, for women, and for men," and is for the most part a picturesque account of a

cycling trip made by Mr. Crockett and his little daughter. It is full of the tender pathos and indescribable charm which characterise Mr. Crockett's work when in the company of children. We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a portrait of Miss Crockett, one of the "sweetheart travellers."



Miss Montrésor's novel, *Into the Highways and Hedges*, is now in its eighth edition in England. A first edition of five thousand copies of her *False Coin or True*, recently published here by the Messrs. Appleton, has been prepared by the English publisher to meet the expected demand.



An important book of musical and literary reminiscences entitled *My Long Life*, by Mary Cowden Clarke, one of the daughters of Vincent Novello, who was the first to issue cheap editions of the oratorios of Handel, and who bought the *Songs Without Words* at a sum which would stagger the Authors' Society, will be published immediately. Among her special friends were Gounod, who made a confession to her that his art at moments of inspiration was like the joy of first love; Charles Dickens, whom she seems to have pleased by her acting as an amateur; and, of course, nearly all the great singers and composers who came in contact with her father's firm. She resides now in Genoa, where her brother, the late head of the Novello firm, recently died. The book is exceedingly interesting, and is illustrated with portraits.



A literary event of no small magnitude is the severance of Jules Lemaitre's connection with the *Journal des Débats*, where his dramatic *feuilleton* had been for years the great attraction of the Monday number. His successor in the journal of the Rue des Prêtres is Emile Faguet, who is also the French literary critic of *Cosmopolis*. It is usually admitted that the readers of the *Débats* are greatly the losers by the change. But the *Débats'* loss is the *Revue des deux Mondes'* gain, as it will twelve times in the year publish a dramatic review of the month by Jules Lemaitre, whose entrance in the *Revue des deux Mondes* under the editorship of Ferdinand Brunetière shows great breadth of mind on the part of the latter. As literary critics he and

Lemaitre are as wide apart as it is well possible to be; and Lemaitre has in the past years more than once referred to his somewhat pompous colleague in decidedly caustic terms. But he is forgiven now. The wounds he has inflicted are not as hard to forget as those that came from Sarcey, who years ago referred to the then young and struggling Brunetière, after the publication in the *Revue*, over his yet unknown signature, of a severe article on some contemporary novelists, as *un Brunetière quelconque*. It has been noticed more than once that the present editor of the *Revue* never mentions, either in writing or in conversation, the name of the dramatic critic of the *Temps*. By the way, it may be here stated that Sarcey is likely to be the last, as he was the first, "lundiste" of the *Temps*. After Sarcey ceases to write the great Paris evening paper will do away with its Monday, or, rather, Sunday afternoon, dramatic review, and will substitute for it daily articles written immediately after the performances. So much the worse for dramatic criticism in France.



The New Amsterdam Book Company announces a volume of short stories by a new writer, whose name, "George de Vallière," is a *nom de guerre*. The title, *Opals from a Mexican Mine*, gives a hint of the contents of the book. The character of the stories reflects the various virtues and portents of the opal stones, and lends heightened interest to the little tragedies and comedies of human life as it is found in Mexico. The same firm is preparing for the holidays a handsome gift book, to consist of *Love Songs of France*, being translations from the originals of Baudelaire, De Musset, Hugo, Chénier, Gautier, and others.



About ten years before his death the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton began to write an autobiography, which he brought down to his twenty-fifth year, the year of his marriage. This autobiography (1834-59), together with a memoir by his wife (1859-94), which takes up the story of his life where he left off, will be published at the end of October by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The book will contain a new portrait of the famous artist and author; and many letters of interest from Browning, G. F. Watts, Robert Louis Stevenson, and

others will be published in the memoir for the first time



M. Zola's *Rome* is rather satirised by a Belgian journal as "Baedeker beaten up with Mommsen, a fricassee of Winckelmann and Laménais, Father Curi mixed in with Rohr, and Tolstoy interlarded with Joseph de Maistre."



Miss Emma Wolf of San Francisco, has in the press a new novel entitled *The Joy of Life*. Those who read her *Other Things being Equal*, which appeared four years ago, will cherish a pleasant remembrance of this author's work. Her new book, like her previous one, will be published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.



It is well known that paper bound books issued in a respectable form at twenty-five and fifty cents have always been very popular in America, and in compliance with an increased demand received from booksellers throughout the country, Messrs. Copeland and Day have just issued a paper edition of Miss Alice Brown's stories of New England life, entitled *Meadow-Grass*, which is now in its seventh thousand. It is a fifty-cent edition bound in green paper cover and with green edges, which gives it a rather *bizarre* appearance. This edition will undoubtedly extend the sale of Miss Brown's very beautiful work, which has already enjoyed a large popularity.



A new book by Mr. Stopford Brooke has become a literary event of importance. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just issued his latest work, entitled *The Old Testament and Modern Life*, and the Macmillan Company have reissued a new edition thoroughly revised and rewritten of his *Primer of English Literature*, which originally appeared in 1876. In the scanty space allotted to him in this *Primer*, Mr. Brooke supplied a long-existing want in a wonderfully small compass and in a manner which has never been surpassed, and it was a happy idea to rewrite this standard work and bring it more nearly to date. The Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke was born in Dublin in 1832, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His clerical career in the Church of England



REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

ended in 1880, when he had ceased to believe that miracles were credible, and since then he has officiated as a Unitarian minister at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. As an author he has contributed to literature the *Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robinson*; *Theology in the English Poets*; four volumes of sermons; *The Early Life of Jesus*; a volume of poems; a *History of English Poetry*, and perhaps his most important work, a study of Tennyson, published in this country by the Putnams in 1894. Mr. Brooke's well known enthusiasm for Browning will doubtless result before long in his writing a companion volume to this last-mentioned work. Mr. Brooke is essentially a literary artist, and his criticisms on painting are known to be as remarkable as his criticisms on literature. But his artistic talents do not stop there. He has never had lessons in painting or drawing, yet some of the sketches he has done are little gems. None of them show any crudity of execution, and all of them are full of artistic feeling. It is quite annoying and disheartening to the ordinary amateur, who has spent years in acquiring a certain amount of skill, to hear that such things are possible.



*Yours very truly
Anthony Hope Hawkins*

From a copyrighted photograph by Alfred Ellis.

Mr. George W. Cable in a recent number of the *Atlantic* says, "I will venture this as an axiom, if I never venture a second time, that the true story-teller is always a good lover." We once heard a lady say, that after reading Mr. Anthony Hope's stories, she could not but think of the author as an ideal lover. This is perhaps identifying the personality of an author too literally with his work; but there is no doubt that Mr. Cable's axiom would hold true in Mr. Hope's case. The *Zenda* stories which have delighted so many readers in *McClure's Magazine* have just been pub-

lished by the Messrs. Stokes under the title *The Heart of Princess Osra*, which includes two new chapters not published in the serial form. His *Phroso*, which is concluded in the current number of *McClure's*, will be published by the same firm, but not until the beginning of next year. In both books Mr. Hope is, over and above all his other genial qualities, pre-eminently a lover, and, if we mistake not, that is where the chief attraction of his work lies. The new portrait of Mr. Hope herewith given has been reproduced from a copyrighted photograph.



In connection with Madelene Yale Wynne's psychological story, "The Little Room," which gives the title to a volume of short stories published by her last Christmas, a correspondent calls our attention to the following passage in a letter of Longfellow's, published in the *Life* by Samuel Longfellow, and dated from Göttingen, March 28th, 1829:

"Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together, . . . and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry, and turned the sanctum sanctorum of the 'Little Room' into a china closet."

The allusion to the "Little Room" in Longfellow's letter, written so long ago, naturally piques the curiosity of our correspondent and provokes the query: "Is there an old tradition about the 'Little Room' to which Longfellow refers, and to which Miss Wynne is indebted for the germ of her story?"



Mr. James Payn, in his *Literary Recol-*

lections, gives expression to the following statement: "My experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the lawyer, the hardness of the man of business, the contempt of the man of the world, and am proud to belong to their calling."

Mr. Payn wrote thus after an experience as wide and varied as that perhaps of any living man. In the first or second issue of Jerome K. Jerome's paper, *To-day*, an article appeared on Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *Book of Strange Sins*, and in that article it was stated that but few literary men were personally as popular among his brother writers as the author of this remarkable book. It is said by those who know Mr. Kernahan that a truer or more brotherly man it would be difficult to find.

Overwhelmed with work as he has been in his capacity of literary adviser to one of the largest publishing houses in London, as well as a contributor to several of the literary papers, he is never too busy to do a kind deed or lend a helping hand to any of his struggling confrères.



Mr. Kernahan is a member of a now famous trio. Years ago Mr. F. W. Robinson, the noted novelist, edited a paper which he called *Home Chimes*. On the lookout for genius, he numbered among his picked contributors the names of three men who are still young, but whose works are known far and wide. Mr. J. M. Barrie gave much of his earlier work to this paper. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome was represented by articles which have since



COULSON KERNAHAN.

made him famous, while Mr. Kernahan contributed a part of *A Dead Man's Diary*. *A Dead Man's Diary* and *A Book of Strange Sins* obtained for Mr. Kernahan at once an enviable position in the world of letters. Other books of his are *Sorrow and Song*, *Lyra Elegantarum*, the latter in collaboration with the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, and *God and the Ant*. Perhaps we can best characterise his peculiar vein by saying that he is a student of men's souls, and that in all his work he has sought to lay bare the secret motives of life and to describe the innermost recesses of the human heart. The tone of his work is healthy and vigorous; moreover, there is a singular beauty and charm in all he writes, for not only is he a master of style, he is also a poet; and the prophecy has

been ventured that in years to come he will be known as "the poet-novelist."



One would never suspect the tall, broad-shouldered and military-looking man, with his boyish impulsiveness and optimistic sympathy, to be the author of that weird story, *A Dead Man's Diary*, and the work which followed it, *A Book of Strange Sins*, which, however, is not so lugubrious as its title would suggest. *Captain Shannon*, his latest story, which has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is a new departure for him in fiction. He has been asked why he struck out in such a new line, so opposed in plot and character to the calm, judicial conception of *God and the Ant*. In answer to this, he says: "I hope my literary ideals have not been entirely submerged in the interest of *Captain Shannon*. I have tried to portray truthfully the mighty underground movements which exist in our great cities. The story is not merely an effort at exciting fiction; it is based on my personal investigation of socialistic life in centres like Paris, Geneva, Brussels, and the East End of London. Any worker in political or social schemes will recognise the plausibility of the plot. What I claim for 'Captain Shannon' is the possibility of such a fellow's clever evasion of the law. My story is intended to awaken attention to a state of affairs of which few people have any conception. There have been in the last ten years plenty of facts brought up, thereby substantiating incidents in the career of 'Captain Shannon.'" The curious thing about *Captain Shannon* is that it is a story without a woman, and yet it is full of thrilling situations.



A friend of Miss Tarbell, Miss Kate Stephens, furnishes the explanation we asked for in our last number regarding Miss Tarbell's reference to Macaulay's history in a letter written by Madame Roland to Bancal about 1790. Miss Stephens writes:

"Catharine Sawbridge Macaulay I first met in Mary Wollstonecraft's book, where she gets high praise, as she does also from some later writers. She died, I believe, a little before Madame Roland, who was emulous of her, but not before she had had years of laudation for her *History of England*. She was a vigorous soul, with acumen

and largeness of mind, and it is a pity we do not know more good things of her. She is one of the unappreciated."

Undoubtedly the author of the Macaulay's history referred to is Mrs. Catharine Sawbridge Macaulay. It is pertinent, however, to ask Miss Tarbell the reason of her failure to identify this rather obscure historian by not speaking of the book as "Mrs." Macaulay's history. Indeed, the failure to do this implies a certain disrespect to her own sex. One does not speak of "Stowe's *Uncle Tom*," "Ward's *Marcella*," or "Burnett's *A Lady of Quality*."



The resurrection by our question of this "new woman" of the last century brings out some curious comments upon her. The *Universal Cyclopædia* of Abraham Rees, which was produced, so the title page states, "with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen" (the issue consulted bearing the date of 1819), says of Mrs. Macaulay: "While in the height of her fame she excited the admiration of Dr. Wilson, the rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, who conferred on her the unprecedented honour of placing her statue, while living, in the chancel of his church, which his successor thought himself justified in removing." Perhaps the reason of the successor's "justification" may be found in this comment on the history, also from Rees: "It was read with great avidity at the period of its publication, but has since fallen into so much disrepute as scarcely ever to be inquired for." It may be added that the authorities differ as to the spelling of Mrs. Macaulay's name, some of them putting an "e" in place of the "a" in the last syllable. Most of them, however, follow Miss Tarbell's spelling, which, since it corresponds with Lord Macaulay's name, seems all the more to require identification. Mrs. Macaulay, by the way, was a friend of Dr. Johnson and a correspondent of Washington. Boswell mentions Dr. Johnson's contempt for her at least half a dozen times. If we remember rightly, she was the lady with some singular theories about the equality of man, theories which the doctor put to a blunt test by daring her to ask her footman to sit down to dinner with them. Horace Walpole often praises her work as the

best history of England for the same reason that Dr. Johnson hated it, because it was strongly republican in tone. Her history covers the period from the accession of James I. to the accession of the Brunswick line, 1763-83, and was published in eight volumes, quarto.



One of the very ablest and most acute editors in London is Mr. Clement King Shorter, of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, the *Album*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and—one is tempted to say—*et cetera*, for there is no end to Mr. Shorter's indefatigable labours. We remember some one saying to us once in London that if he were in a position to invest money in a periodical and had to choose an editor, he would trust Mr. Shorter sooner almost than any one else. He has all the qualifications, knowledge, sense, industry, and, above all, the power of judging what the public care for. "The first time I came across Mr. Shorter's name," says Dr. Robertson Nicoll (whose London Letter in the present number describes Mr. Shorter's forthcoming book, *The Brontës and their Circle*), "was on the title-page of a little Brontë volume in Mr. Walter Scott's Camelot Series. I opened the book without interest, not supposing I should find anything new. So much has been written about the Brontës that is ill-informed and stupid that I should have been content with very little. But I had not read far when I saw that Mr. Shorter knew what he was writing about, for he had gone into the subject thoroughly; that he had a fine gift of expression and a keen eye for points of true saliency. Some time afterward my



Your very kind
Clement Shorter

friend, the late Professor Minto, came to visit me, and the conversation turned on the *Star*, then recently established. Minto was a keen Democrat, and warmly approved of the *Star*; and said he, 'Do you know who writes the Literary Column? It is admirably done.' The Literary Column was Mr. Shorter's work, and was certainly one of the brightest and freshest in the London press."



By and by Mr. Shorter got the opportunity of his life in connection with the *Illustrated London News*. The veteran editor, Mr. John Lathey, died, and Sir

William Ingram, to whose quick perception and genius for journalism the periodicals published under his auspices owe much of their success, offered the position to Mr. Shorter. It was a bold step, but the results have fully justified it. The *News* immediately became literary. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, two of the most brilliant, experienced, and cultured journalists of the day, appeared as regular contributors, and many other well-known names appeared in its pages. But to add eminent contributors and weighty articles is easy if you have the money. Mr. Shorter did more; he thoroughly preserved the vivacity and the popular interest of the paper—a paper which occupies a secure place as one of the leading journals of England. Not content with this success, Sir William Ingram and Mr. Shorter started the *Sketch*, which in a very short time became a great paper. There can be no question of the vivacity and spirit of the *Sketch*, and in England it is to be found everywhere; we are credibly informed that there is scarce a country house in England where it is not taken. The *Album* followed in a quieter way, and is evidently taking root. We do not think that Mr. Shorter has been so successful in his management of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He has more than doubled the circulation, but Mr. Shorter has so strong a hankering after literature that he cannot bring himself to sacrifice it even for the sake of popularity, so that the magazine is neither strictly literary nor strictly popular.



Like most people who accomplish anything, Mr. Shorter gives the impression of a man always at leisure. He is an omnivorous reader, and knows exactly what each of the young writers can do, but by preference he turns to the past, and he has already acquired one of the best private collections of first editions and autographs in London. He has successfully accomplished important work as editor of George Meredith, Henry Kingsley, and other writers, and the great literary undertaking upon which he has been engaged for many years will gain him a wider and a surer reputation. He has innumerable acquaintances and some friends, and his friends are staunch friends. He was

married in July to Miss Dora Sigerson, the charming and accomplished young Dublin poet. Mr. and Mrs. Shorter have just returned from Switzerland.



During his holiday trip through Switzerland, Mr. Shorter came to the conclusion, after a careful observation, that the author whose books were most in evidence in the Tauchnitz Library was undoubtedly "Ian Maclaren."



Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, whose work we commended in these columns last month, and whose portrait was also given, is preparing a new edition of his poems, for which Mr. William Dean Howells has written an introduction. The little volume with which he made his *début* was privately printed, and his work will therefore now receive the imprint of a publisher for the first time. The volume will contain many poems not printed in the private edition, and the whole work will be carefully revised and edited. Of this privately printed edition, which numbered one thousand copies, we may say that although it was only issued last year, the whole edition has been taken up. Mr. William Dean Howells is not alone in his generous appreciation of the young negro poet's work; indeed, he has made quite a conquest among our men of letters. Among the warmest of his admirers is Mr. James Lane Allen, who called our attention to Mr. Dunbar's unpretentious little volume even before Mr. Howells had exploited it in *Harper's Weekly*. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will be Mr. Dunbar's publishers.



Mr. Dunbar has been in New York during the last few weeks arranging with Major Pond to give a series of readings from his own work. He has already been very successful with these readings, and his reception on the few occasions on which he has given readings in New York has been most encouraging and gratifying. We heard a very good story the other day about Mr. Dunbar which is well authenticated. He was asked by the editor of a prominent New York magazine to recite some of his verses, and, after the office staff had been called in, Mr. Dunbar asked permission first of all to take a



FAGIN'S KITCHEN ("OLIVER TWIST").

sweet revenge by reading a poem which he had sent to the selfsame editor a year previous, and which he had rejected. The poem in question is the one printed in his little volume as "When Malindy Sings." We may add that if the said editor was slow to appreciate the beauty of Mr. Dunbar's poem at that time, he has since made amends by printing some verses of his in his magazine.

The time will come when Charles Dickens will take his place among the historians of vanished London. The Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor of London have photographed the famous Fagin's Kitchen, described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, prior to pulling down the old building known by the somewhat pompous name of "Viaduct Chambers." The spot does not seem to have been altered since the days of the Artful Dodger. The building, now a registered lodging-house, from the outside has that respectable, poverty-stricken look so common in more neglected corners of London. Fagin's Kitchen, however, does not belie the description given in *Oliver Twist*. It is indescribably sordid and dirty, lighted only by a grating, and

certainly unfit, from our modern point of view, for human habitation. We take this opportunity of registering the description of this unsavoury landmark by reproducing the photograph of the Kitchen from the Council's report in the *Dwellings of the Poor*.

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A few months ago we stated that Mr. James Lane Allen had purchased the rights from the J. B. Lippincott Company of an old book of his entitled *John Gray*, which has been out of print for some time. It was his intention at first to simply revise and rewrite it, but he finally discarded it altogether, with the exception of a few incidents in the story, and has practically written a new book, which will be entitled *The Choir Invisible*, and will be published by the Macmillan Company in November. It is an historical novel of Kentucky life in the period following the Revolution, the background of the story being the great migration of the Anglo-Saxon race from the Atlantic seaboard into the West; the chief characters representing the early appearance in the wilderness of the types of civilisation, with some contrast between these and the aristocratic elements of colonial life, on the one

hand, and between these and the rugged life of the backwoodsmen on the other. *The Choir Invisible* fits into the ever-enlarging literary movement of the day toward the historic beginnings of the nation—the first distinctly traceable movement of the sort since the time of Cooper.



The title of Mr. Henry Seton Merri- man's new novel, which is to appear in the *Cornhill* during 1897, is *In the Tents of Kedar*—a title that will recall one of Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales. Prior to the appearance of this story he has arranged to run a short serial entitled *Dross* through the columns of the *Queen* (London), commencing in the first week of October. *The Sowers* continues to be the favourite book of the moment in England. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have secured the book rights of *In the Tents of Kedar*, which will not appear in book form until the autumn of 1897.



The fashion which Mr. Zangwill introduced in literature with his London Ghetto stories has recently been taken up by Mr. Cahan in his story of the New York Ghetto called *Yekl*, which is noticed on another page; and we hear

that yet another author is to follow with a volume of stories on the Ghetto of Chicago. This volume is to be published shortly by Messrs. Way and Williams, entitled *The Lucky Number*, by I. K. Friedman. Mr. Friedman is a young Hebrew, and a graduate of the Michigan University. He has a most interesting personality, and those who have come in contact with him and who have read his work are impressed with a quality which looks very like genius. In his study of the Jewish slums of Chicago he has made a sympathetic study of character, and delved beneath the surface for the motives that give dramatic power to the incidents which he describes in his stories. He has a keen eye for the romantic, of which he says there is no lack even in the slums. His stories, which circle about a resort called "The Lucky Number," are said to be intensely and vividly real.



An error which slipped into the article on "The Most Famous of Spanish Manuscripts," published in the September BOOKMAN, may be a source of confusion to some readers. It is the use throughout of the word *Chronicle* for *Poem*. The *Chronicle of the Cid* is, of course, quite a different thing from the *Poem of the Cid*.

WONDERLAND.

I.

Sweet eyes by sorrow still unwet,
To you the world is radiant yet,
A palace-hall of splendid truth
Touched by the golden haze of youth,
Where hopes and joys are ever rife
Amid the mystery of life;
And seeking all to understand,
The world to you is Wonderland.

II.

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,



"THE WORLD TO YOU IS WONDERLAND."

The Truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned,—
And, striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

III.

A little time, then by and by
The puzzled thought itself shall die.
When, like the throb of distant drums,
The call inevitable comes
To blurring brain and weary limb,
And when the aching eyes grow dim,
And fast the gathering shadows creep
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,
We two shall slumber hand in hand
To wake, perhaps, in Wonderland.

Harry Thurston Peck.



JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

The interest so widely aroused in the poems of the German peasant woman, Johanna Voigt-Ambrosius, might easily be classed at first thought with the many passing sensations that, in an end-of-the-century mood, claim the momentary attention of the literary world. But there are traits in her work that happily remove her from such association. Belonging as she does to the humblest social rank, her utterances have nevertheless not appealed to the unrest of the socialistic element, nor to the morbid pessimism of the Ibsen school of writers, any more than to the dreamers of an ideal democracy who follow Tolstoy. They have struck a deep responsive note in intelligent read-

ers of all ranks, from royalty and the literary critic to the practical people of every-day occupations. They are the simple but strong outpourings of a woman's heart, whose life is that of humble, strenuous toil, and whose social atmosphere is that of the restricted life of the North German peasant.

Johanna Ambrosius, the daughter of a poor mechanic, was born in the parish of Lengwethen, and lives in the retired village of Gross-Weismeninken, near to the Russian border, in East Prussia. Her life as a child was as careless and happy as was consistent with her rude and arduous duties in house and field and stable. Like all German children, she acquired the solid elements of pri-

mary education up to her eleventh year in the public school, and her mind awakening to a sense of unrest in the dull routine of her home life, she sought a wider freedom in going out to menial service. From this she returned dissatisfied, only in her twentieth year to give her hand in marriage to a poor and honest peasant, and to accept, with her husband, the lot of poverty and the hardest toil. Her laborious life proved too great a strain for her physical strength. Proudly and uncomplainingly as she bore her self-elected fate, she became, says her older sister, Martha, "a physical wreck, because she was the slave of poverty and want. Her only thought was for her two children, to be permitted to live for them, to work for them. To work with her body reduced to a skeleton! To every entreaty that she would take care of herself and spare herself, her only answer was a weary smile."

In the midst of her homely toil this woman seems to have found her literary inspiration in the few books her father possessed, and in reading the popular German magazine, the *Gartenlaube*. Like Ada Negri, the Italian factory girl, whose poems have made a stir in recent Italian letters, and to whom Herman Grim compares her, Johanna found the newspaper and the popular magazine her gateway into the ideal world. Deeply stirred with the poetic emotions which have for ages brooded in the silent recesses of the soul of the German woman, she was slow in giving public utterance to "the thoughts and feelings of a lonely girl and a lonely woman;" and when the time came, as Ada Negri sought the newspapers as the medium of her expression, so Johanna turned to her one literary opportunity, the *Gartenlaube*. It was here and in the journal *Von Haus zu Haus* that her first verses saw the light, and were discovered by him who has become her strong literary friend and appreciative critic, Professor Karl Weiss-Schrattenthal, of Pressburg. It was by his aid that the first collection of her poems was published at the Christmas season of 1894, the edition bearing a lengthy and enthusiastic preface of his own. In March of the following year a fourth edition appeared, and the issue has steadily increased, until the sale has reached a very large number, and the little volume has begun to

awaken a deep interest in readers outside of Germany. The publication, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Miss Safford's translations of these poems, is from the twenty-sixth edition, and will be welcomed with interest by American readers and students of contemporary literature. The following striking comparison is drawn by Herman Grim in a recent essay:

"In the lives of Ada Negri and Johanna Ambrosius I see embodied historical elements which require measurement and formulation. They grew up alone; they were of lowly station. They speak such pure speech. They are poor women; they do not hate those whose lot is more fortunate. Ada Negri sprang from the restless mass of men who throng the factories. . . . The roar and shriek and pound of machines filled her ear. Johanna bowed her young back to work in the fields ever the same. . . . The images and feelings of the moment are given an impetuous power by the Italian, the young force and vigour of something aggressively warlike. In Johanna Ambrosius greater intellectual power prevails, and the quiet strength of the German soul. Ada with clenched fists bursts straight through the thicket which surrounds her; Johanna, with weary feet, seeks a practicable path in the *selva oscura di nostra vita*. Both contrive to make their poems nestle in our memories, never to be banished thence."

It is this touching and signal trait of "not hating those whose lot is more fortunate" that, I believe, gives especial dignity and moral worth to the verses of this new peasant poet. We have become so accustomed in these days to woman's painful struggle for recognition and restless complaint against real or seeming injuries, that it is refreshing to read the utterances of a woman's soul whose noble poetic inspirations lift her above all consciousness of rivalry or of sex limitations, and even above the stern hardships of poverty and social obscurity into the pure atmosphere of beauty and of love. Her verses are the spontaneous and unstudied outpouring of deep sympathy with all human kind, and especially with those who suffer. Her poetry is not the voice of complaint. Truly the child of sorrow and pain, it springs from these not as morbidly imagined or borrowed from other's complaints, but as the burden of her own life. And yet it is not without its notes of pure joy in nature, and of a never-failing trust in the goodness of God and in the final happy solution in a brighter world of all the sad problems of this. It is this intense reality of experience which in a more cultured writer would

be liable to criticism, as tinging her verses with too much personality, that in fact proves her title to the rank of poet. She has met truly the conditions of Goethe's test :

"Who has not wept through nights of sleepless hours,
He knows, he knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

That there is throughout her writing evidence of morbid mental states, a longing for the rest that death shall bring, and a kind of hugging of grief as itself a boon richer than joy, cannot be denied ; and the light and comfort that religion brings to her are those of stoic resignation rather than of a deep spiritual faith. Her song of faith is born of the remembered religious traditions of the past rather than of the inspirations of the newer time, such as have found voice in Tennyson and the Brownings and in the great New England poets. But with all their limitations we have thankfully to note the absence of the dreary pessimism that besets so large a share of the poetry of the day in our own and other lands, and if Johanna Ambrosius sings in the minor key so largely, it is from no silly sentimentality or affectation, but because she is singing of what life has truly been to her and what she knows it must be to many others. Much may be forgiven to one who has fulfilled so faithfully the measure of the poet's duty as described in her own words :

When, daily labour terminating,
Sleep doth thee to its arms entice,
He groans in fierce throes of creating,
And strives for the lost Paradise.

His breast is filled with eager yearning,
Nor peace nor rest doth he e'er find ;
With all men's tears his eyes are burning,
He bears the burdens of mankind.

Deep into beauty's fountain diving,
He seeks the noblest treasure there ;
In heartfelt prayers forever striving
With God to grant ye flow'rets fair.

Not for himself he asketh blessing ;
Content is he if, in his song,
He bringeth aught for your refreshing :
For gold or thanks he doth not long.

With his heart's blood he dyes the roses,
His hot tears blanch the lilies pale ;
The smallest leaf which here reposes
Doth from his heavy sighs exhale.*

The relation of pain and poetry in her

* From Miss Safford's translations. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

own life is briefly told in the poem entitled " My Muse " :

MY MUSE.*

Once I lived from day to day,
Nor joy nor sorrow felt ;
Scarcely knew myself, so like
Were all with whom I dwelt.

But as this I realised,
And 'gan o'er it to fret,
Yawned my heart as if weary :
Something may happen yet.

Some one tapped lightly. " Enter,"
I called, almost dismayed.
" What ! Is it you, my old friend,
Pain ? Hast thou hither strayed ?"

" Yes, my child," softly stroking
My cheeks the while he spake :
" Tell me, for whom with longing
So great doth thy heart ache ?"

" For my Muse, who once taught me
To sing full many a song.
Without a single visit
For months I've waited long.

" Now sit thee down beside me ;
Else shall I be alone.
We two have talked together
Oft while the pale moon shone."

So he sat down beside me,
Kissing me o'er and o'er ;
E'en as the first he gave me,
I found my songs once more .

" Let the Muse farther wander,
If only thee I have !"
A smile of secret meaning
Rests on his lips so grave.

" Take back that sentence hasty,
For, lo ! your Muse am I ;
Always have I been faithful."
I kissed him tenderly.

An example of strong, passionate utterance one finds in the poem " Ah, Bind my Hands " :

AH, BIND MY HANDS.†

Ah, bind my outstretched hands, I pray,
With heavy fetters chaining,
Or they might else on my breast lay
A loved head, rest attaining.

And wall up, too, this heart of mine,
In closest dungeon keeping ;
Already through the windows shine
Love's bright flames upward leaping.

Oh, make me deaf ! Oh, make me blind !
No glimpse of joy receiving !
'Tis hard for the forsaken child
To bear her sore heart's grieving.

And among the lyrics of love in " Thy Kiss " :

* From Miss Safford's translations.
† *Ibid.*

THY KISS.*

The kiss which rested on thy lips
 For mine own I have captured ;
 Whatever haps I care not now !
 I sing like bird enraptured.

To whom the gods their beaker give
 Should make no long delaying,
 Or they fair fortune's glass might break,
 Their holy wrath displaying.

E'en should death's icy form now lie
 Beside me, my couch sharing,
 The lips which once to thine were pressed
 Will greet him, bright smiles wearing.

The poet's responsiveness to nature's moods is shown in the tender verses :

A SUMMER NIGHT.†

Her soft, cool arms extending,
 Night comes anew ;
 Fields, woods, and meadows clasping
 Her heart unto ;

With mantle light enwrapping
 Each tree and bush,
 While murmuring tones the world
 To dreams doth hush.

The earth hath now forgotten
 Day's misery ;
 Mine eyes I lift in longing
 Toward the sky.

I see a wee bird soaring
 In sunset's glow :
 Ah, would my heart, so weary,
 With it might go !

Besides the interest that these poems have awakened in the old world, even to the degree of procuring for the author an annuity from the Empress of Germany sufficient to shield her henceforth from extreme want, it has seemed to me that they bring to us in America a new and perhaps much-needed revelation, that the poetic gift and, indeed, a high order of living, are things independent of any external conditions, whether high or low, whether in servile or in imperial ranks. The familiar picture

drawn by returned American tourists, with all the high colour of a righteous indignation and pride of citizenship in this enlightened land, of the degradation of the peasantry of Germany, and especially of the hopeless outlook for women doomed to an unlettered life, to the slavery of the kitchen, the plough, and the stall, will certainly lose something of its power for such as shall read these noble and tender verses. For, coming as these do from even the rudest and most laborious conditions of human life, yet with their sweetness and high-born beauty they have not failed to win the ear of princes and of professors.

The lesson all this teaches us is not that menial toil and hardship are a desirable lot for women in any country, but that there is a power in the poetic gift in a true woman's soul which is capable of lifting her above all conditions which earth may create, and of placing her among the great ones whom all shall love and honour, because of the boon of beauty and solace she has brought them. These gifts of genius and high planes of living are not to be bought with money, even though wages are higher, nor with brilliant intellectual training in lands where schools and colleges for women abound, nor with political or social influence even in those communities which offer the most advanced "opportunities for women." Something more than these are needed to make the poet who shall interpret the hearts of his people and time, and the rare work and distinguished success of the German peasant may serve as a gentle but eloquent reminder, lest aspiring souls among us should be placing their dependence on wrong sources for achieving great results, whether for literature or for social progress.

* From Miss Safford's translations.

† *Ibid.*

Frank Sewall.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

Let me but feed on frugal fare,
 So manna may be thine ;
 Let me strip the vines and press them bare,
 So thou shalt taste of wine ;
 Ay, though I have no crust to share,
 If thou find first-fruit everywhere,
 The fuller harvest mine !

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION.

If the question were asked of us, What type of character stands at the top of our civilisation? we could give but one reply; we should say, It is the gentleman; and by gentleman we would here mean a man who is one of our masculine types of most highly developed powers.

This idea that the gentleman represents the summit of our civilisation is so vast, so plain, so shining, that it may not at once impress us very deeply; but it is the vastness, it is the openness, it is the splendour of the sun. We could not fully explain it without taking into account the history of the race for centuries past. We should need to consider that as the life of the Anglo-Saxon race has unrolled itself for hundreds of years, one by one the great departments of power, slowly, painfully, through error and defeat, but always with increasing sureness, have fallen under the right leadership of this imperial type. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the army; this was not always true; the time was when such a thing was not thought of. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the navy; this was not always true; it is the gentleman in the university; it is the gentleman on the bench; it is the gentleman in sport; it is the gentleman in his club; it is the gentleman in his home. We know what was the meaning of the establishment of an international copyright a few years ago; it meant the triumph of the gentlemen of the two countries in taking possession of their art in its business relations; it was the triumph of author and publisher over the low, ancient, stubborn, all but ineradicable passions of trade. At present one of the highest expressions of the unanimity of innumerable minds on this subject is the demand for the gentleman in politics. It is said that we cannot quite find him, but the demand for him is the thing that shows the rising drift of public opinion; the demand grows and grows; it will not be beaten down; it will not be turned aside; it will demand its place in the triumph of higher forces.

We should need to consider, furthermore, that not only in our national affairs, but in all our international rela-

tions, our Government and indeed the whole body of the people, has become most solicitous that its foreign representative should be a gentleman. So that in a word we cannot think of our modern life truly or wisely or hopefully at all but as passing more and more into the keeping of this representative kingly character, its highest masculine type of civilisation. He is general, he is admiral, he is teacher, he is judge, yachtsman, clubman, publisher, husband, father, the head of all things.

In the United States we have not only gone so far as to believe this and to act upon it, but it has become our belief that the institutions of our country have produced and do produce the finest gentleman of the world. It is our honest persuasion, however provincial, that, take him all in all, his like has never been seen elsewhere; and when this has been admitted, surely enough has been said to make it clear that in the practice of our national life, in its theory, at the very heart of our towering ideals, we as a nation regard the gentleman, and the gentleman alone, as the utmost embodied excellence of our social institutions.

But inasmuch as every national literature, if it be truly such, must hold the mirror up to life, let us turn to American fiction and ask ourselves, as students of it, whether we find reflected there the image of this most real and sovereign being. Can we name the American novel in which he is duly portrayed? Can we name in any novel the character that fills out his mould? Is there a single hero in American fiction that has passed out into even general acceptance as a worthy counterpart of the American gentleman as we have seen him appear again and again in our history? We shall rather be forced to admit that no leading type of the American gentleman has ever been successfully portrayed; nor has the effort ever been made by the novelist, on any adequate scale, to portray him.

To say this, is to say a great deal. The truth of it may become clearer by a brief analysis of our fiction.

American novels may be thrown into two classes. There is the class that

deals with the highest social types in our civilisation, and there is a second class that deals with all other types lower down.

If we should study the novels of the first class, we find that they are mostly novels of attack. The main business of the novelist is to array and to arraign the vices, the weakness, the wrongs, the failures of masculine human nature under the conditions of our New World civilisation. It is to show that men who are sometimes at the top of our national life, by reason of wealth, birth, descent, education, travel, manners, or other forms of power, should not be at the top, but nearer the bottom. It is philosophically a literature of discontent with the imperfections of the republic as embodied in its representative men. It variously exhibits these men as money-loving, or unscrupulous, or hard, or shallow, or dull and uninteresting, or supercilious, or caddish, or as touched with European flunkeyism. The protest may take on a hundred forms; but always it amounts to saying either that these representative characters are not truly American, or that they are truly American in what is to be regretted and assailed.

This is a perfectly healthy body of our fiction. It is all true, it is all deserved. Every national literature of any courage and vitality worth the name contains this department of attack, this fortress of satire.

But the present contention is that there is no balance maintained—that this literature of attack upon representative social types that are bad is not offset by another body of fiction to celebrate representative social types that are good. The argument is that this literature which arraigns the vices and weakness and failures of men under the republic is not counterbalanced, or, as it should be, overbalanced by a literature to set forth the virtues, the strength, the success, the beauty of character that men take on under our civilisation. There is no wish to be understood as saying that no American novelists have attempted patriotic delineations of the American gentleman. They have; but the entire body of this sympathetic fiction, when laid beside the best of our life, shrinks almost to nothingness. If we search through American novels for twenty-five of the finest masculine char-

acters in them, and then beside these place twenty-five of the finest gentlemen who have appeared in our history, the literary characters in comparison with the once living characters are wholly inadequate. The largest creations of our national art are less than the realities of our national experience. They are entitled on the plea of realism to be of equal size. On the basis of the greatest imaginative art, they should be even larger.

If we accept these facts as actual and this reasoning as just, then the conclusion lies before us that our national literature breaks down just where our national life does not break down; that it fails just where our life succeeds; that the very summits of our society on which the gentleman stands supreme is the region of our literary desert.

But turn for the moment to the second class of American novels dealing with types that come lower than the highest. Here we find the great bulk of American fiction; here, perhaps, our literature utters its most genuine, its most characteristic note; and here it displays its purest gold. We have, for instance, the only negro literature in the world; we have one of the most beautiful creole literatures; we have the only literature of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineers; we have the essentially New World literature of middle-class New England life; we have the ultra-Americanism of life on the Western plains; we have, in a word, the literature of the common people. It is all truly American, it is all indispensable; but whatever its field and whatever its scope and whatever its merit, it has this common limitation that it is not the literature of our highest civilisation.

The explanation of this state of our imaginative literature is intricate and manifold. It lies, partly, in the fact that in provincial as opposed to cosmopolitan types of character art finds picturesque-ness, remoteness, the charm of novelty, the delight of discovery; and it also finds there the elemental forces and passions of human nature more openly at work and more vividly in action: love, hatred, jealousy, envy, revenge, struggle, crime, death—all these in studies of lower life take on forms and proportions that give the novelist the material for rude and powerful drawing and intense colour. But further-

more; this literature of lower civilisation is really the voice of the great American democracy. It is our celebration in literature of the life of the common people, who are the ideal of the republic. As we make all men equal in the laws of our country, the art of the country strives to become no less impartial; or if it favours any, it favours those who are not otherwise favoured. We may take the novels of this class by the score, and the one argument underlying the story in each is this: that though the men and women in the story are not types of our highest civilisation, they possess none the less the elements of an attractive, or touching, or humorous, or beautiful, or ennobling humanity; that though they are poor, they are honest; that though they are ignorant, they are sincere; that though the heroine is unsophisticated, she is virtuous (see *Daisy Miller*); that though the hero is not virtuous, he is brave.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this department of our literature. It is not alone the voice of patriotism and democracy, it is the voice of our common imperfect humanity addressed to the ear of our common imperfect humanity. It is the great lay sermon of literature over the struggling, the unfortunate and the weak. Its aim is to make us ready to bear others' burdens; to give us an insight into others' difficulties; to make us more patient with those who try us; more helpful to those who need us; more forgiving to those who wrong us; more thoughtful of those who serve us.

But there is a third reason—among the many that cannot here be mentioned—why American fiction consists so largely of lower types in our civilisation. It is much easier to write a successful novel portraying a low degree of civilisation than to write a successful novel portraying a high degree of civilisation. The more highly civilised his characters, the more highly civilised must be the novelist. A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall: they keep the same level; they rise together. True, a man may be far above the plane of his characters and write down to them: but he cannot be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them. Hence, in the literature of the world the writers who have created the great civilised types of character in their age and coun-

try have been very great and very highly civilised men. The entire plane of life is now uplifted: the horizon of life grows vaster; the relations of life more subtle and intricate; the psychology of motive more exalted and baffling; the range of ideas more rapid and commanding.

And yet, if our own is ever to rank with the great literatures of the past or of the present, this must be done: we must portray the highest types of our civilisation, male and female, for it is here that many of the world's masterpieces lie. Characters of the highest civilisation mainly rule in the world of life; characters of the highest civilisation largely rule in the world of letters and imagination. Homer knew this, the great Greek tragedians knew it, Dante knew it, Shakespeare knew it, Goethe knew it. On the whole, the greatest characters in the works of the greatest minds are the representative types of their civilisation. If we were asked to name the three gentlemen in fiction known to the Anglo-Saxon reading world, whom would they be but Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Colonel Newcome, all types of high civilisation? They are, indeed, no longer the ideals of the gentleman, as he is known and demanded by us of to-day; but each has become an imperishable embodiment of the gentleman as he was known and demanded by his own associates, in his own time; and each still retains enough of the world-likeness of the gentleman to enable him to rule over us beyond any others that have appeared since.

But a frank examination of our literature shows that we have not given to the world a single American character that can even rank with this company of to us imperfect though immortal gentlemen; not a single one whose name has become a byword, so that the bare mention of it in a company of scholars would be enough to make it known. Perhaps our nearest approach to one is to be found in the Autocrat. It is a ridiculous and mortifying admission that the only two names in all the range of our fiction that have attained anything like universality of acceptance even among ourselves, not, of course, as gentlemen, but as mere characters, are the two negroes, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus. When

we come to the Anglo-Saxon gentleman of the New World, our representative character, we find him in our biography, in our history, in the army, in the navy, in the university, on the bench; we find him in the leadership of our national life, but we cannot

find him as large as life in our fiction.

This short paper is merely meant to suggest a subject that could readily yield enough material for a book.

James Lane Allen.

LULLABY.

Bedtime's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb.
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho' ?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wild,
Look jes' lak some po' folks chile ;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah ! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now—sich a sight !
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white !
Stan' still 'twell I wash dem right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' caint hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you ;
You 's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

WITH FAC-SIMILES OF TITLE-PAGES, ALPHABET, AND ALPHABET VERSE PAGES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the apocryphal poem of John Rogers "unto his children," which was included in every *New England Primer*, he said :

"I leave you here a little booke
for you to looke vpon
That you may see your fathers face
when I am dead and gon."

No better description of the *New England Primer* itself could be penned. As one glances over what may truly be entitled "the little Bible of New England," and reads its stern lessons, the Puritan mood is caught with absolute faithfulness. Here was no easy road to knowledge and to salvation, but in prose as bare of beauty as the whitewash of their churches, in poetry as rough and stern as their storm-torn coast, in pictures as crude and unfinished as their own glacial-smoothed boulders, between stiff oak covers, which symbolised the contents, the children were led, until from being unregenerate and (as Jonathan Edwards said) "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers," to God, to that happy state when (as expressed by Judge Sewall's child) they were afraid they "should goe to Hell" and were "stirred up dreadfully to seek God." No earthly or heavenly rewards were offered to its readers—only salvation from hell.

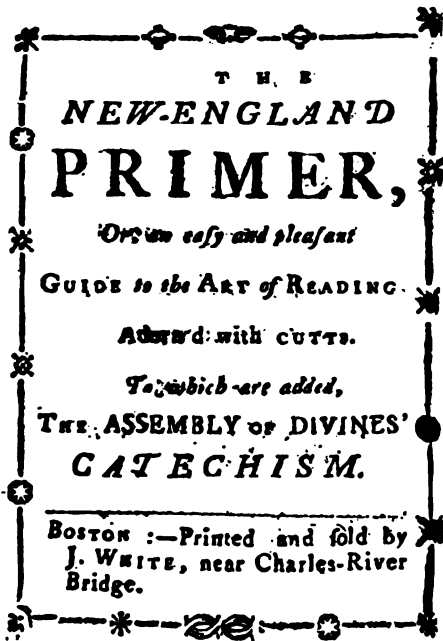
But in this very accentuation of the danger lay the strength of Puritanism. No Mass or Prayer, no Priest or Pastor stood between man and his Creator, each soul being morally responsible for its own salvation ; and this tenet forced every man to think, to read, to reason. As the Reformation became possible only when the Bible was cheapened by printed versions, so the moment each man could own and study the Book, Puritanism began. Unless, however, man could read, Independence was impossible, for illiteracy compelled him to rely upon another for his knowledge of the Word, and thus, from its earliest inception, Puritanism for its own sake was compelled to foster education.

Independency, no less than Papacy and Episcopacy, was able to foresee the

danger of individualism in that it threatened to result in a man's not finding in the Bible the one belief by which the Puritans held he could be saved. Think for himself he must, but it was his duty to think what the separatists thought, and so churches were gathered, and "teachers"—as they were first called—were chosen, who told their congregations what they were to think for themselves. Very quickly organised sects followed, which formulated creeds and catechisms, demanded belief in them, and tortured, imprisoned, and exiled the recalcitrant. Finding that other men, like themselves, could not be made by punishment to accept other than their own opinions, the children were taken in their earliest years, and drilled and taught to believe what they were to think out for themselves when the age of discretion was reached. And this was the function of the *New England Primer*. With it millions were taught to read, that they might read the Bible, and with it these millions were catechised unceasingly, that they might find in the Bible only what one of many priesthoods had decided that book contained.

In spite of many years' research by well-known antiquarians, the origin and authorship of this primer have hitherto remained unknown ; but recent discoveries of the writer go far to dispel them. From these it appears that in the reign of King Charles, of "Merrie" memory, one Benjamin Harris began printing in London "at the Stationers Arms in Sweethings Rents near the Royal Exchange." Here he issued, between the years 1676 and 1681, many tracts and broadsides of so little moment that his name finds no mention in any biographical dictionary or history of printing.

So long as the printer limited his activity to the writing and printing of ballads and tracts against the Pope and the Jesuits under such titles as *The Grand Impostor* and *The Mystery of Iniquity*, all went well with him ; but in 1679 he issued *An Appeal from the Country to the City*. The King's government did not take the same view of the question that



Mr. Harris had; he was brought to trial, and the chief justice, after remarking that if he had his wish the printer should be whipped, ordered him to find security for his good behaviour for three years. Unwarned by this, Harris in 1681 printed a *Protestant Petition*, and was once more haled before the court, and this time the judge fined him £500 and ordered him put in the pillory. The printer apparently did not recover from this mulct, for he seems to have ceased printing from that time.

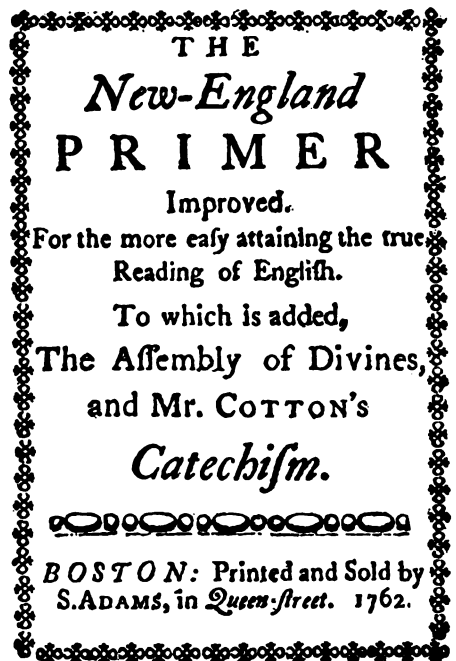
Upon the death of Charles II. and the succession of Catholic James, "Old England," wrote John Dunton from Boston, "is now so uneasie a Place for honest Men, that those that can will seek out for another Countrey. And this I suppose is the Case of Mr. Benjamin Harris and the two Mr. Hows, whom I hear are coming hither, and to whom I wish a good Voyage." Come to Boston Harris did, and late in 1686 he set up a book and "Coffee, Tee & Chucaletto" shop, "by the Town-Pump near the Change." Later he became "Printer to His Excellency the Governor and Council," making remove in 1694 to a place which he called "the Sign of the Bible, over against the Blew-Anchor."

Before his flight to Boston in 1686 (according to Dunton), "Mr. Harris, I think, also printed the *Protestant Tutor*,

a Book not at all relish'd by the Popish Party, because it is the design of that little Book to bring up Children in an Aversion to Popery." No copy of the first edition is known to exist; but from a later edition its character proves it to be the legitimate predecessor of the *New England Primer*, for it contains the Alphabet, followed by the Syllabarium, the Alphabet of Lessons, the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, the Poem of John Rogers, with the picture of his burning, the figures and numeral letters, and the Names of the Books of the Bible, all of which were embodied in the *New England Primer*.

On his arrival in Boston it was obviously the interest of Harris to get out a new edition of this little book, for its chance of success was even greater among the popery-hating New Englanders than that it had already met with in Old England. The poverty of the people made prudent an abridgment of the *Tutor*, and thus it was reduced to smaller bulk; to make it the more saleable the school-book character was increased, while to give it an even better chance for success by an appeal to local pride, it was rechristened and came forth under the now famous title.

No copy of this first edition is known, and thus the exact date of its appear-



ance cannot be given. Harris did not arrive in Boston till near the end of 1686, and the only publication he issued in that year was an almanac for 1687, which Sewall bought on December 6th, 1686. It was between 1687 and 1690, therefore, that the primer was first issued. Its success seems to have been immediate, for in Henry Hewman's almanac, entitled *News from the Stars*, "printed by R. Peirce for Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee-House in Boston, 1691" (and consequently printed late in 1690) the last leaf advertised a "second Impression of the *New England Primer*."

The book proved so great a success in New England that when its compiler returned to Old England he continued to publish it. In a work printed by him in 1701 is advertised at the end, among other "Books Printed and Sold by B. Harris at the Golden Boar's Head in Grace-church St., the *New England Primer* Enlarged. For the more easy attaining the true Reading of English. To which is added *Milk for Babes*."

It was in New England, however, that its great success was achieved. Primer to printer and people there soon meant only the *New England Primer*, all other varieties being specially designated to show that they were not of the popular kind. Copies of the little book were as much a matter of "stock" in the bookshops of the towns and general stores of the villages as the Bible itself. In the inventory of Michael Perry, a Boston bookseller, filed in 1700, is entered "28 Primmers" and "44 doz. Primmers," and standard advertisements in newspapers and books announced that such and such a printer has for sale "Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, Psalm-Books, Primers, Account Books, and Books of Record." Indeed, it was so taken for granted that copies were in stock, that many printers and booksellers did not think the fact worth advertising.

For one hundred years the *Primer* was the school-book of the Dissenters of America, and for another hundred it was frequently reprinted. In the unfavourable locality (in a sectarian sense) of Philadelphia, the accounts of Benjamin Franklin and David Hall show that between 1749 and 1766, or a period of seventeen years, that firm sold 37,100 copies. Livermore stated in 1849 that within the last dozen years "100,000

copies of modern editions . . . have been circulated." An over-conservative claim for it is to estimate an annual average sale of 20,000 copies during a period of one hundred and fifty years, or total sales of 3,000,000 copies.

Despite this enormous number, early editions of the *New England Primer* are among the rarest of school-books. When to the destruction of the child is added the slight value set by adults on children's books of their own time, it is not strange that works intended for the instruction or amusement of the young should constitute one of the rarest of all classes of literature.

This destruction and heedlessness has made a study of the *New England Primer* an almost hopeless undertaking. Although eagerly searched for by many collectors in the last fifty years, no copy of a seventeenth-century edition of the work has been discovered; and this search has brought to light less than forty editions and less than fifty copies of *New England Primers* printed in the eighteenth century. Although, as already noted, Franklin and Hall printed over 37,000 copies between 1749 and 1766 (and, as Franklin printed an edition as early as 1735, and Hall as late as 1779, it is probable that they issued at least double that number), not a single copy with their imprints is known to exist. This is typical of the majority of the issues.

Every *New England Primer*, like many others, begins with the letters of the alphabet, followed by various repetitions making clear the distinctions between vowels, consonants, double letters, italic, and capitals. After this came what was called "Easy Syllables for Children," or, as it is frequently termed, the "syllabarium."

In every *New England Primer* the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed were included; and while their position was varied, they commonly followed the "Alphabet of Lessons."

Next in order of what went to make the *Primer* famous were the twenty-four little pictures, with alphabetical rhymes, commencing:

"In Adam's Fall
We sinned All."

Who was the author of the *New England Primer* alphabet verse is not known, no text of it before its appearance in the



Primer having been found. It could not have been written long before the first appearance of that book, for the rhyme

“The Royal Oak
It was the Tree
That sav'd his
Royal Majesty.”

by its allusion to King Charles, clearly shows it to have been written after 1660. All this points to the compiler of the *Primer* as its author, for in other verse he expresses the greatest admiration for the Merrie Monarch. He was continually scribbling verse quite of the character of the rhymed alphabet, and this gives a strong suspicion that it is from the pen of Harris.

It is a curious fact that of all these twenty-four stanzas only the first one, relating to Adam, was not at some time varied or changed; and these variations give a curious illustration of some very important alterations of public opinion.

Perhaps the most curious change is that connected with the letter K. Allusion has been made to Harris's admiration for King Charles, and there is good evidence that for that letter there was originally a picture of that monarch, and the stanza read:

“King Charles the Good
No Man of Blood.”

Presently, however, the King was

dead, and in a little time another king in the form of William III., for whom Harris also felt a strong admiration, was reigning over England. Thereupon the portrait and stanza were changed. When William died, however, Harris did not displace his portrait, but calling into play his poetic fancy, he affixed to the old cut, the lines:

“K. Williams Dead
and left the throne
To Ann our Queen
of great Renown.”

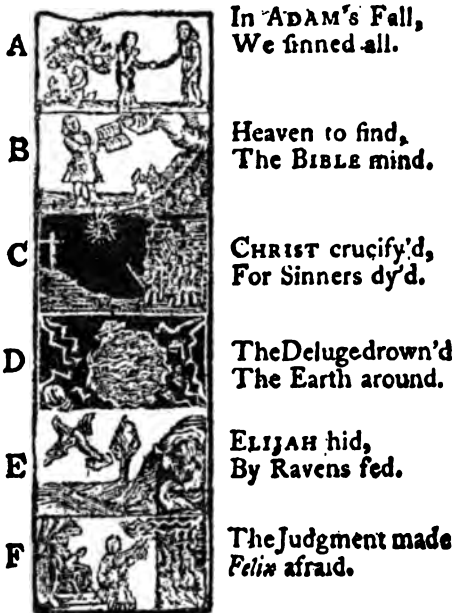
This necessity of changing, however, with each new reign proved a nuisance, and so some one presently hit upon the device of being always in date by making the rhyme read

“Our King the Good
No Man of Blood.”

For many years this form was satisfactory, but finally the Americans began to question if, after all, the King was good. To meet this doubt, printers easily changed the praise into admonition by printing

“Kings should be Good
Not men of Blood.”

Finally, washing their hands of mon-



archy, rhyme too was abandoned, and the stanza became

" The British King
Lost States thirteen,"

varied occasionally by another form, which announced that

" Queens and Kings
Are gaudy things."

Akin to this, in both democratic sentiment and verse, were revised lines for Q to the effect that

" Kings and Queens
Lie in the dust."

In the same manner the rhyme already quoted, about the royal oak, became unfit poetry for young republicans, and in attempts to vary it wide divergence crept in, resulting in the following forms :

" The Royal Oak
our King did save
From fatal Stroke
of Rebel Slave."

" If you seek in the forest
The Oak you will see
Among all the rest
is the stateliest tree."

" Of sturdy Oak
That Stately tree
The ships are made
That sail the sea."

" The Charter Oak
it was the tree
That saved to us
our liberty."

Another injection of patriotism was made in the letter W. Originally this was

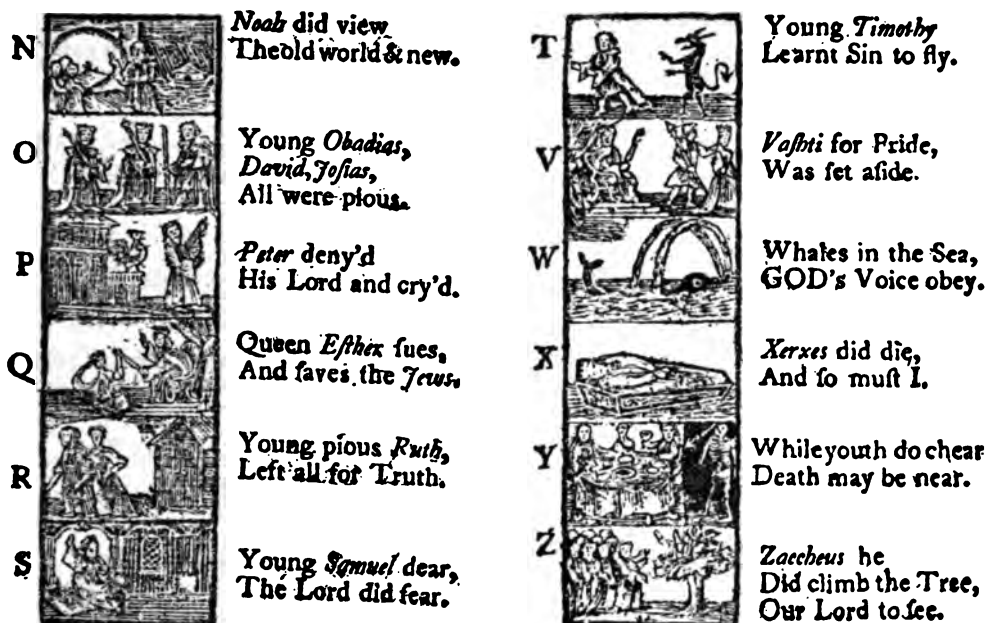
" Whales in the sea
Gods voice obey."

In some editions of the *Primers* printed after the American Revolution this somewhat difficult rhyme was omitted, and in its place was one of the following :

" Great Washington brave
His country did save."

" By Washington
Great deeds were done."

Even more famous than the rhymed alphabet is the poem of John Rogers, with the picture of the martyr burning at the stake, and " his Wife, with Nine small Children, and one at her Breast," looking on. Much sadness this poem and print must have cost the Puritan mind ; and even now it is capable of producing a sigh, no longer because one feels so keenly for the man who, regardless of wife and children, insisted on being burnt, and really forced the court against its will to make a martyr of him. but because a study of the facts shows that the use of this poem and story was



nothing but a piece of sectarian garbling and falsehood, and that all the pity spent upon it by millions of readers was no more deserved than that lavished upon the unfortunate heroes and heroines of fiction.

Of greater importance than the Rogers verses, but of far less popularity, was the *Catechism*, which usually followed close upon the poem. In all the eighteenth-century *Primers* examined this consisted of either the Westminster Assembly's *Shorter Catechism* or John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for Babes*, and in a number of editions both were included. Several nineteenth-century editions of the *New England Primer* contained, besides the Assembly's *Catechism*, the Episcopal as well; but no early editions found contains what was so alien to all the rest of the work.

The children were drilled in this *Catechism* unsparingly. In church and at school it was almost a daily task. As if this were not sufficient, Cotton Mather even advised mothers to catechise their children "every day," adding, "You may be continually dropping something of the *Catechism* upon them; some *Honey out of the Rock!*" and he told parents that

"The Souls of your Children made a Cry in your Ears, O Parents; a cry enough to break an Heart of Adamant. They are Born Children of

Wrath; and when they grow up, you have no way to Save them from the dreadful *Wrath* of God, if you do not *Catechise* them in the *Way of Salvation*. They cry to you: O our dear parents; Acquaint us with the Great God, and His Glorious Christ, that so Good may come unto us. Let us not go from your Tender Knees, down to the Place of Dragons. Oh! not Parents, but Ostriches: Not Parents, but Prodigies! What, but more cruel than the Sea Monsters are the Parents, who will not be moved by such Thoughts as these, to Draw out the Breasts of the *Catechism* unto their Young Ones! One would think, Parents, your own Bowels, if you have not Monstrously lost them, would Suggest enough to persuade you unto the Pleasant Labours of the *Catechism*."

Equally popular at first in America was John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for American Babes*, Mather being the authority for the statement, in 1697, that "the children of New England are to this day most usually fed with this excellent catechism," and he called it "peculiarly *The Catechism of New England*," and asserted that "*Milk for Babes* will be valued and studied and improved until New England cease to be New England."

The last piece of any importance which can be considered an integrant of the *New England Primer* is what was called "A Dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil," a poem relating to a tempted youth, who, despite the warning of his Redeemer, succumbs to the wiles of the cloven-footed tempter, and makes an effective exit at the end of the

dialogue without the assistance of any stage directions, but with, it is presumable, the glare of subterranean regions in place of the more professional calcium light.

Such were the main contents of the *Primer*; but many smaller pieces, in which far greater variation was shown, were used by the printers to fill in between these more important portions, and to pad it out at the end so as to complete the last signature. Few of these minor pieces can be positively identified; but as they go to make a history of the *Primer*, and as their chronology is of some value in settling the approximate decade of imperfect copies of the *Primer*, they deserve some attention.

In the edition of 1737 a longish "Verses for Children," beginning "Though I am but a little one," appeared for the first time, and was included in many subsequent editions. Most remarkable of all in this edition was its printing of the lines

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The author of these famous lines is unknown, and this is their first appearance in print so far as can be discovered. They were included in almost every subsequent edition of the *Primer*.

In the evangelisation of the *Primer* between 1740 and 1760, besides the change in the rhymed alphabet other material alterations were introduced. In the earliest *Primer* so revised the chief variations are the introduction of Watts' "Divine Song for Children," his "Cradle Hymn," and his "Morning" and "Evening Prayers;" Rev. Nathaniel Clap's "Advice to his Children," "Agur's Prayer," and "Some Proper Names of Men and Women" were also inserted. All these additions proved fairly popular, though the parts by Watts were the most so. They all formed the text of most *Primers* issued between 1762 and 1790.

About 1790 a very marked change was made by printers taking some mundane rhymes from an English publication entitled the *Royal Primer*, describing various animals, with pictures of them. From this source were also taken a "Description of a Good Boy," a "Description of a Bad Boy," and poems on "The

Good Girl" and "The Naughty Girl." Their insertion marked the beginning of the end, for no longer salvation was promised to the good and unending fire to the bad, but "pert Miss Prat-a-pace" was to have none of the "Oranges, Apples, Cakes, or Nuts" promised to "pretty Miss Prudence," and the naughty urchin was only threatened with beggary while the good boy was promised "credit and reputation." Worst of all was the insertion of a short poem which should have made the true Puritan turn in his grave, for instead of teaching that letters were to be learned that the Bible might be read, and that the figures were necessary to find chapter and verse in that work, it said:

"He who ne'er learns his A B C
Forever will a blockhead be.

"But he who learns his letters fair
Shall have a coach to take the air."

The change, nevertheless, proved popular, alas! and quite a number of editions between 1790 and 1800 contain more or less of these worldly additions.

No account of the *Primer* would be complete without some notice of the illustrations which alone, of all its contents, bid for popular favour from the children.

In the *Protestant Tutor*, as printed by Harris in 1716, is a frontispiece type-metal cut of George I. The *Primer* of 1737 gives a very fairly executed portrait of George II. In 1762, though news of the death of this monarch had reached Boston, yet in an edition of the *Primer* printed there in that year, there either was too little time or the printer was too economical to prepare a new cut, so an additional stroke of the burin changed a II. into III., and thus a portrait of George III. was improvised, which in its striking likeness to his father clearly shows the wonderful influence of heredity!

The *Primer* of 1770 was more historically correct, giving a genuine though very crude portrait of George III. Again, however, the printer was called upon, by the American Revolution, to change his frontispiece; and in 1776 the portrait of the Royal George was merely relabelled and came forth as the republican "John Hancock," the likeness between these two being, it is needless



King GEORGE the Third,
Crown'd September 22d. 1761

to say, very extraordinary, considering that they were representatives of such opposite parties. In the Boston edition of 1777 a correct portrait of Hancock was achieved, and in an edition printed in Hartford in the same year a portrait of Samuel Adams, another hero of the hour, was given. At the end of the Revolution the standard portrait became that of Washington; and the only exception to the use of his features, when any portrait was given in subsequent editions, is one of Isaac Watts, printed in a Worcester edition issued about 1850.

The print of John Rogers at the stake has been mentioned. There is a picture of the cut in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; but this departs from the standard of the *Primer* cuts by not having wife and children present. The earliest cut found to include them is contained in the *New English Tutor*, and the identical block used in that work is also used in Harris's edition of the *Protestant Tutor* of 1716. Probably the most curious of all is that contained in the Albany edition of 1818, in which the guards were costumed in the local militia uniform of the day, with great plumes in their shakos.

In the *New English Tutor* a print is given of "The Pope or Man of Sin,"

which was originally, beyond question, a cut used to illustrate the signs of the zodiac in an almanac, for it is exactly like them with the exception of the addition of a tiara. To utilise the zodiacal lines and letters radiating from the body, Harris added a key or explanation which replaced Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Scorpion, etc., with Heresy, Disorder, Malice, Murder, Treachery, etc., and called on the "Child" to "behold that Man of Sin, the Pope, worthy thy utmost Hatred." This print was reproduced in the *Primer* of 1737; but no key was added, so that the "child" must have been not a little puzzled to know what the rays and letters meant.

There was a worse lapse, however, in this edition of 1737, for the last leaf prints an engraving which certainly was nothing more than the block of the queen in playing cards, for contemporary packs have just such queens. To find such a print in the godly *New England Primer* is perhaps the most curious fact yet known, and can only be accounted for by the probability that its purchasers were so ignorant of the appearance of the "Devil's picture cards" that they did not recognize its prototype.

The *New English Tutor* contained pic-





MR. JOHN ROGERS, Minister of the Gospel in London, was the first Martyr in Queen Mary's Reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, February 14th 1554. His Wife with nine small Children, and one at her Breast, following him to the Stake; with which sorrowful Sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful Patience died courageously for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Some

tures of Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; but these do not seem to have been repeated in the *Primer*. Kindred illustrations, however, of "Adam and Eve," the "Nativity and the Passion," "Christ's Death," and "The Ascension" were given in the Salem edition of 1784, and some of these prints were used in other issues printed in the decade 1790-1800. This Salem edition contained pictures of "a little Boy and Girl bestowing Charity" and "a good Boy and Girl at their Books." More important still was its inclusion of certain prints of animals taken from the *Royal Primer*, which, with the already described poems, was the first true bid for popularity the *Primer* had ever made. Some other worldly prints were included, among them two designed to teach the alphabet, no longer by Bible extracts, but by pictures of playthings, animals, etc.

This secularising was an attack by its friends from which the *Primer* never quite recovered, for the printers, having once found how much more salable such *Primers* were, and parents having found how much more readily their children learned, both united in encouraging more popular school-books, and very quickly illustrated *Primers*, which aimed to please rather than to torture,

were multiplied. The *New England Primer* made a brave fight, but it was a hopeless task. Slowly printer after printer abandoned the printing of editions of the little book in favour of some more popular compilation. It was driven from the cities, then from the villages, and finally from the farm-houses. Editions were constantly printed, but steadily it lost its place as a book of instruction. In the schools it was replaced by other and better books; and though an edition was printed as recently as 1886, it is to be questioned if an American child to-day is being taught from the little book.

It is impossible to measure the work the *Primer* accomplished. If the Puritan exodus is viewed with the eyes of William Stoughton, who claimed that "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into this wilderness" is accepted, there was little work for the *Primer* to do. This, however, is a public speaker's view, and, therefore, probably approximated more to what would please his audience than to the truth. Certainly the court records of early New England reveal a condition akin to all frontier settlements in lawlessness and criminality, and in proportion show a greater percentage of all crimes than would be found even in our large cities of to-day, bearing out the statement of the Rev. John White, a leading Puritan, that a large part of the early settlers of New England were "a multitude of rude, ungovernable persons, the very scum of the land." It is related that a newly installed New England pastor said to a spinster parishioner: "I hope, madam, you believe in total depravity," and received the prompt response: "Oh, parson, what a fine doctrine it would be if folks only lived up to it." There was far more living up to total depravity in early New England than most people suspect; and when one reads the charges brought against them by their own ministers, it is not difficult to realise why the New England clergy dwelt so much on the terrors of hell; one even becomes sympathetic with the Presbyterian clergyman who said with disgust that "the Universalists believe that all men will be saved; but we hope for better things." But whatever the first years of New England were, the *Primer* and the school were at work, and what they

did needs no other monument than the history of the last two hundred years. The *New England Primer* is dead, but it died on a victorious battlefield, and its

epitaph may well be, as was written of Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*,

"It taught millions to read, and not one to sin."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE CHART.

Where shall I find my Light ?

Turn from another's track,
Chasing the day, or back
In caverns of yesternight ;
Think not following all,
If, on thine upled feet,
Flakes of the phosphor fall !
Oracles overhead
Are never again for thee,
Nor at a magian's knee,
Under the hemlock tree,
Burns the illumining word.

Whence shall I take my Law ?

Neither from sires nor sons,
Nor the delivered ones,
Holy, invoked with awe.
Rather dredge the divine
Out of thine own poor dust,
Feebly to speak and shine.
Schools shall be as they are :
Be thou truer, and stray
Alone, intent, and away,
In a savage wild to obey
A dim original star.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE QUEST.

Columbus-like, I sailed into the night,
The sunset gold to find :
Alas ! 'twas but the phantom of the light !
Life's Indies lay behind !

John B. Tabb

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAR OF GOD.



IT was the way of the Free Kirk that the assisting minister at the Sacrament should sit behind the Communion Table during the sermon, and the congregation, without giving the faintest sign of

observation, could estimate its effect on his face. When Doctor Dowbiggin composed himself to listen as became a Church leader of substantial build—his hands folded before him and his eyes fixed on the far window—and was so arrested by the opening passage of Cunningham's sermon on Justification by Faith that he visibly started, and afterward sat sideways with his ears cocked, Drumtochty, while doubtful whether any Muirtown man could appreciate the subtlety of their minister, had a higher idea of the Doctor; and when the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie—a stout man and given to agricultural pursuits—went fast asleep under a masterly discussion of the priesthood of Melchisedek, Drumtochty's opinion of the intellectual condition of Kildrummie was confirmed beyond argument.

During his ministry of more than twenty years the Rabbi had never preached at Drumtochty—being fearful that he might injure the minister who invited him, or might be so restricted in time as to lead astray by ill-balanced statements—and as the keenest curiosity would never have induced any man to go from the Glen to worship in another

parish, the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie was still unjudged in Drumtochty. They were not sorry to have the opportunity at last, for they had suffered not a little at the hands of Kilbogie in past years, and the coming event disturbed the flow of business at Muirtown market.

"Ye're tae hae the Doctor at laist," Mains said to Netherton—letting the luck-penny on a transaction in seed-corn stand over—"an' a'm jidgin' the time's no been lost. He's plainer an' easier tae follow then he was at the affgo. Ma word"—contemplating the exercise before the Glen—"but ye 'ill aye get eneuch here and there tae cairry hame." Which shows what a man the Rabbi was, that on the strength of his possession a parish like Kilbogie could speak after this fashion to Drumtochty.

"He 'ill hae a fair trial, Mains"—Netherton's tone was distinctly severe—"an' mony a trial he's hed in his day, they say: wes't three an' twenty kirks he preached in, afore ye took him? But mind ye, length's nae standard in Drumtochty; na, na, it's no hoo muckle wind a man hes, but what like is the stuff that comes. It's bushels doon bye, but it's wecht up bye."

Any prejudice against the Rabbi, created by the boasting of a foolish parish not worthy of him, was reduced by his venerable appearance before the pulpit, and quite dispelled by his unfeigned delight in Carmichael's conduct of the "preliminaries." Twice he nodded approval to the reading of the hundredth Psalm, and although he stood with covered face during the prayer, he emerged full of sympathy. As his boy read the 53d of Isaiah the old man was moved well-nigh to tears, and on the giving out of the text from the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Rabbi closed his eyes with great expectation as one about to be fed with the finest of the wheat.

Carmichael has kept the sermon unto this day, and as often as he finds himself

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growing hard or supercilious, reads it from beginning to end. It is his hair shirt, to be worn from time to time next his soul for the wrongness in it and the mischief it did. He cannot understand how he could have said such things on a Sacrament morning and in the presence of the Rabbi, but indeed they were inevitable. When two tides meet there is ever a cruel commotion and ships are apt to be dashed on the rocks, and Carmichael's mind was in a "jabble" that day. The new culture, with its wider views of God and man, was fighting with the robust Calvinism in which every Scot is saturated, and the result was neither peace nor charity. Personally the lad was kindly and good-natured, intellectually he had become arrogant, intolerant, acrid, flinging out at old-fashioned views, giving quite unnecessary challenges, arguing with imaginary antagonists. It has ever seemed to me, although I suppose that history is against me, that if it be laid on any one to advocate a new view that will startle people, he ought of all men to be conciliatory and persuasive; but Carmichael was, at least in this time of fermentation, very exasperating and pugnacious, and so he drove the Rabbi to the only hard action of his life, wherein the old man suffered most, and which may be said to have led to his death.

Carmichael, like the Rabbi, had intended to preach that morning on the love of God, and thought he was doing so with some power. What he did was to take the Fatherhood of God and use it as a stick to beat Pharisees with, and under Pharisees he let it be seen that he included every person who still believed in the inflexible action of the moral laws and the austere majesty of God. Many good things he no doubt said, but each had an edge, and it cut deeply into the people of the old school. Had he seen the Rabbi, it would not have been possible for him to continue, but he only was conscious of Lachlan Campbell, with whom he had then a feud, and who, he imagined, had come to criticise him. So he went on his rasping way that Sacrament morning, as when one harrows the spring earth with iron teeth, exciting himself with every sentence to fresh crudities of thought and extravagances of opposition. But it only flashed

on him that he had spoken foolishly when he came down from the pulpit, and found the Rabbi a shrunken figure in his chair before the Holy Table.

Discerning people, like Elspeth Macfadyen, saw the whole tragedy from beginning to end, and felt the pity of it keenly. For a while the Rabbi waited with fond confidence—for was not he to hear the best-loved of his boys—and he caught eagerly at a gracious expression, as if it had fallen from one of the Fathers. Anything in the line of faith would have pleased the Rabbi that day, who was as a little child and full of charity, in spite of his fierce doctrines. By-and-bye the light died away from his eyes as when a cloud comes over the face of the sun and the Glen grows cold and dreary. He opened his eyes and was amazed—looking at the people and questioning them what had happened to their minister. Suddenly he flushed as a person struck by a friend, and then, as one blow followed another, he covered his face with both hands, sinking lower and lower in his chair, till even that decorous people were almost shaken in their attention.

When Carmichael gave him the cup in the Sacrament the Rabbi's hand shook and he spilled some drops of the wine upon his beard, which all that day showed like blood on the silvery whiteness. Afterward he spoke in his turn to the communicants, and distinguished the true people of God from the multitude—to whom he held out no hope—by so many and stringent marks that Donald Menzies refused the Sacrament with a lamentable groan. And when the Sacrament was over and the time came for Carmichael to shake hands with the assisting minister in the vestry, the Rabbi had vanished, and he had no speech with him till they went through the garden together—very bleak it seemed in the winter dusk—unto the sermon that closed the services of the day.

"God's hand is heavy in anger on us both this day, John," and Carmichael was arrested by the awe and sorrow in the Rabbi's voice, "else . . . you had not spoken as you did this forenoon, nor would necessity be laid on me to speak . . . as I must this night.

"His ways are all goodness and truth, but they are oftentimes encompassed

with darkness, and the burden He has laid on me is . . . almost more than I can bear; it will be heavy for you also.

"You will drink the wine of astonishment this night, and it will be strange if you do not . . . turn from the hand that pours it out, but you will not refuse the truth or . . . hate the preacher," and at the vestry door the Rabbi looked wistfully at Carmichael.

During the interval the lad had been ill at ease, suspecting from the Rabbi's manner at the Table, and the solemnity of his address, that he disapproved of the action sermon, but he did not for a moment imagine that the situation was serious. It is one of the disabilities of good-natured and emotional people, without much deepness of earth, to belittle the convictions and resolutions of strong natures, and to suppose that they can be talked away by a few pleasant, coaxing words.

The Rabbi had often yielded to Carmichael and his other boys in the ordinary affairs of life—in meat and drink and clothing, even unto the continuance of his snuffing. He had been most manageable and pliable—as a child in their hands—and so Carmichael was quite confident that he could make matters right with the old man about a question of doctrine as easily as about the duty of a midday meal. Certain bright and superficial people will only learn by some solitary experience that faith is reserved in friendship, and that the most heroic souls are those which count all things loss—even the smile of those they love—for the eternal. For a moment Carmichael was shaken as if a new Rabbi were before him; then he remembered the study of Kilbogie and all things that had happened therein, and his spirits rose.

"How dare you suggest such wickedness, Rabbi, that any of us should ever criticise or complain of anything you say. Whatever you give us will be right, and do us good, and in the evening you will tell me all I said wrong."

Saunderson looked at Carmichael for ten seconds as one who has not been understood and sighed. Then he went down the kirk after the beadle, and the people marked how he walked like a man who was afraid he might fall, and,

turning a corner, he supported himself on the end of a pew. As he crept up the pulpit stairs Elspeth gave James a look, and, although well accustomed to the slowness of his understanding, was amazed that he did not catch the point. Even a man might have seen that this was not the same minister that came in to the Sacrament with hope in his very step.

"A'm no here tae say 'that a kent what wes comin'"—Elspeth, like all experts, was strictly truthful—"for the like o' that wes never heard in Drumtochty, and noo that Doctor Saunderson is awa, will never be heard again in Scotland. A jaloused that vials wud be opened an' a wesna wrang, but ma certes"—and that remarkable woman left you to understand that no words in human speech could even hint at the contents of the vials.

When the Rabbi gave out his text, "Vessels of wrath," in a low, awestruck voice, Carmichael began to be afraid, but after a little he chid himself for foolishness. During half an hour the Rabbi traced the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty through Holy Scripture with a characteristic wealth of allusion to Fathers ancient and reforming, and once or twice he paused as if he would have taken up certain matters at greater length, but restrained himself, simply asserting the Pauline character of St. Augustine's thinking, and exposing the looseness of Clement of Alexandria with a wave of the hand as one hurrying on to his destination.

"Dear old Rabbi"—Carmichael congratulated himself in his pew—"what need he have made so many apologies for his subject? He is going to enjoy himself, and he is sure to say something beautiful before he is done." But he was distinctly conscious all the same of a wish that the Rabbi were done and all . . . well, uncertainty over. For there was a note of anxiety, almost of horror, in the Rabbi's voice, and he had not let the Fathers go so lightly unless under severe constraint. What was it? Surely he would not attack their minister in face of his people. . . . The Rabbi do that, who was in all his ways a gentleman? Yet . . . and then the Rabbi abruptly quitted historical exposition and announced that he would speak on four heads. Twice Carmichael, from

his corner behind the curtains, saw the old man open his mouth as if to speak, and when at last he began he was quivering visibly, and he had grasped the outer corners of the desk with such intensity that the tassels which hung therefrom—one of the minor glories of the Free Kirk—were held in the palm of his hand, the long red tags escaping from between his white wasted fingers. A pulpit lamp came between Carmichael and the Rabbi's face, but he could see the straining hand, which did not relax till it was lifted in the last awful appeal, and the white and red had a gruesome fascination. It seemed as if one had clutched a cluster of full, rich, tender grapes and was pressing them in an agony till their life ran out in streams of blood and dripped upon the heads of the choir sitting beneath, in their fresh, hopeful youth. And it also came to Carmichael with pathetic conviction even then that every one was about to suffer, but the Rabbi more than they all together. While the preacher was strengthening his heart for the work before him, Carmichael's eye was attracted by the landscape that he could see through the opposite window. The ground sloped upward from the kirk to a pine wood that fringed the great muir, and it was covered with snow on which the moon was beginning to shed her faint, weird light. Within, the light from the upright lamps was falling on the ruddy, contented faces of men and women and little children, but without it was one cold, merciless whiteness like unto the justice of God, with black shadows of judgment.

"This is the message which I have to deliver unto you in the name of the Lord, and even as Jonah was sent to Nineveh after a strange discipline with a word of mercy, so am I constrained against my will to carry a word of searching and trembling.

"First"—and between the heads the Rabbi paused as one whose breath had failed him—"every man belongs absolutely to God by his creation.

"Second. The purpose of God about each man precedes his creation.

"Third. Some are destined to Salvation, and some to Damnation.

"Fourth"—here the hard breathing became a sob—"each man's lot is unto the glory of God."

It was not only skilled theologians like Lachlan Campbell and Burnbrae, but even mere amateurs who understood that they were that night to be conducted to the farthest limit of Calvinism, and that whoever fell behind through the hardness of the way, their guide would not flinch.

As the Rabbi gave the people a brief space wherein to grasp his heads in their significance, Carmichael remembered a vivid incident in the Presbytery of Muirtown, when an English evangelist had addressed that reverend and austere court with exhilarating confidence—explaining the extreme simplicity of the Christian faith, and showing how a minister ought to preach. Various good men were delighted, and asked many questions of the evangelist—who had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years, and was unspoiled by the slightest trace of theology—but the Rabbi arose and demolished his "teaching," convicting him of heresy at every turn, till there was not left one stone upon another.

"But surely fear belongs to the Old Testament dispensation," said the unabashed little man to the Rabbi afterward. "'Rejoice,' you know, my friend, 'and again I say rejoice.'"

"If it be the will of God that such a man as I should ever stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, then this tongue will be lifted with the best, but so long as my feet are still in the fearful pit it becometh me to bow my head."

"Then you don't believe in assurance?" but already the evangelist was quailing before the Rabbi.

"Verily there is no man that hath not heard of that precious gift, and none who does not covet it greatly, but there be two degrees of assurance"—here the Rabbi looked sternly at the happy, rotund little figure—"and it is with the first you must begin, and what you need to get is assurance of your damnation."

One of the boys read an account of this incident thinly veiled—in a reported address of the evangelist, in which the Rabbi—being, as it was inferred, beaten in scriptural argument—was very penitent and begged his teacher's pardon with streaming tears. What really happened was different, and so

absolutely conclusive that Doctor D'wigginn gave it as his opinion "that a valuable lesson had been read to unauthorised teachers of religion."

Carmichael recognised the same note in the sermon and saw another man than he knew, as the Rabbi, in a low voice, without heat or declamation, with frequent pauses and laboured breathing, as of one toiling up a hill, argued the absolute supremacy of God and the utter helplessness of man. One hand ever pressed the grapes, but with the other the old man wiped the perspiration that rolled in beads down his face. A painful stillness fell on the people as they felt themselves caught in the meshes of this inexorable net and dragged ever nearer to the abyss. Carmichael, who had been leaning forward in his place, tore himself away from the preacher with an effort, and moved where he could see the congregation. Campbell was drinking in every word as one for the first time in his life perfectly satisfied. Menzies was huddled into a heap in the top of his pew as one justly blasted by the anger of the Eternal. Men were white beneath the tan, and it was evident that some of the women would soon fall a-weeping. Children had crept close to their mothers under a vague sense of danger, and a girl in the choir watched the preacher with dilated eyeballs, like an animal fascinated by terror.

"It is as a sword piercing the heart to receive this truth, but it is a truth and must be believed. There are hundreds of thousands in the past who were born and lived and died and were damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in this day who have been born and are living and shall die and be damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in the future who shall be born and shall live and shall die and shall be damned for the glory of God. All according to the will of God, and none dare say nay nor change the purpose of the Eternal." For some time the oil in the lamps had been failing—since the Rabbi had been speaking for nigh two hours—and as he came to an end of this passage the light began to flicker and die. First a lamp at the end of Burnbrae's pew went out and then another in the front. The preacher made

as though he would have spoken, but was silent, and the congregation watched four lamps sink into darkness at intervals of half a minute. There only remained the two pulpit lamps, and in their light the people saw the Rabbi lift his right hand for the first time.

"Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?" The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, "God have mercy upon us." The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne.

When Carmichael led the Rabbi into the manse he could feel the old man trembling from head to foot, and he would touch neither meat nor drink, nor would he speak for a space.

"Are you there, John?"—and he put out his hand to Carmichael, who had placed him in the big study chair, and was sitting beside him in silence.

"I dare not withdraw nor change any word that I spake in the name of the Lord this day, but . . . it is my infirmity. . . . I wish I had never been born."

"It was awful," said Carmichael, and the Rabbi's head again fell on his breast.

"John"—and Saunderson looked up—"I would give ten thousand worlds to stand in the shoes of that good man who conveyed me from Kilbogie yesterday, and with whom I had very pleasant fellowship concerning the patience of the saints.

"It becometh not any human being to judge his neighbour, but it seemed to me from many signs that he was within the election of God, and even as we spoke of Polycarp and the martyrs who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, it came unto me with much power, 'Lo, here is one beside you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who shall enter through the gates into the city;' and grace was given me to rejoice in his

joy, but I . . .”—and Carmichael could have wept for the despair in the Rabbi's voice.

“Dear Rabbi!”—for once the confidence of youth was smitten at the sight of a spiritual conflict beyond its depth—“you are surely . . . depreciating yourself. . . . Burnbrae is a good man, but compared with you . . . is not this like to the depression of Elijah?” Carmichael knew, however, he was not fit for such work, and had better have held his peace.

“It may be that I understand the letter of Holy Scripture better than some of God's children, although I be but a babe even in this poor knowledge, but such gifts are only as the small dust of the balance. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy.”

“John,” said the Rabbi suddenly, and with strong feeling, “was it your thought this night as I declared the sovereignty of God that I judged myself of the elect, and was speaking as one himself hidden forever in the secret place of God?”

“I . . . did not know,” stammered Carmichael, whose utter horror at the unrelenting sermon had only been tempered by his love for the preacher.

“You did me wrong, John, for then had I not dared to speak at all after that fashion; it is not for a vessel of mercy filled unto overflowing with the love of God to exalt himself above the vessels . . . for whom there is no mercy. But he may plead with them who are in like case with himself to . . . acknowledge the Divine Justice.”

Then the pathos of the situation overcame Carmichael, and he went over to the bookcase and leant his head against certain volumes, because they were weighty and would not yield. Next day he noticed that one of them was a Latin Calvin that had travelled over Europe in learned company, and the other a battered copy of Jonathan



WRESTLING IN DARKNESS OF SOUL.

Edwards that had come from the house of an Ayrshire farmer.

“Forgive me that I have troubled you with the concerns of my soul, John”—the Rabbi could only stand with an effort—“they ought to be between a man and his God. There is another work laid to my hand for which there is no power in me now. During the night I shall ask whether the cup may not pass from me, but if not, the will of God be done.”

Carmichael slept but little, and every time he woke the thought was heavy upon him that on the other side of a narrow wall the holiest man he knew was wrestling in darkness of soul, and that he had added to the bitterness of the agony.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.



WINTER has certain mornings which redeem weeks of misconduct, when the hoar frost during the night has re-silvered every branch and braced the snow upon the ground, and the sun rises in ruddy strength and drives out of sight every cloud and mist, and moves all day

through an expanse of unbroken blue, and is reflected from the dazzling whiteness of the earth as from a mirror. Such a sight calls a man from sleep with authority, and makes his blood tingle, and puts new heart in him, and banishes the troubles of the night. Other mornings winter joins in the conspiracy of principalities and powers to daunt and crush the human soul. No sun is to be seen, and the grey atmosphere casts down the heart, the wind moans and whistles in fitful gusts, the black clouds hang low in threatening masses, now and again a flake of snow drifts in the wind. A storm is near at hand, not the thunder-shower of summer, with warm rain and the kindly sun in ambush, but dark and blinding snow, through which even a gamekeeper cannot see six yards, and in which weary travellers lie down to rest and die.

The melancholy of this kind of day had fallen on Saunderson, whose face was ashen, and who held Carmichael's hand with such anxious affection that it was impossible to enquire how he had slept, and would have been a banalité to remark upon the weather. After the Rabbi had been compelled to swallow a cup of milk by way of breakfast, it was evident that he was ready for speech.

"What is it, Rabbi?" as soon as they were again settled in the study. "If you did not . . . like my sermon, tell me at once. You know that I am one of your boys, and you ought to . . .

help me." Perhaps it was inseparable from his youth, with its buoyancy and self-satisfaction, and his training in a college whose members only knew by rumour of the existence of other places of theological learning, that Carmichael had a distinct sense of humility and charity. Had it been a matter of scholastic lore, of course neither he nor more than six men in Scotland could have met the Rabbi in the gate. With regard to modern thought, Carmichael knew that the good Rabbi had not read *Ecce Homo*, and was hardly, well . . . up to date. He would not for the world hint such a thing to the dear old man, or even argue with him; but it was flattering to remember that the attack could be merely one of blunderbusses, in which the modern thinker would at last intervene and save the ancient scholar from humiliation.

"Well, Rabbi?" and Carmichael tried to make it easy.

"Before I say what is on my heart, John, you will grant an old man who loves you one favour. So far as in you lies you will bear with me if that which I have to say, and still more that which my conscience will compel me to do, is hard to flesh and blood."

"Didn't we settle that last night in the vestry?" and Carmichael was impatient; "is it that you do not agree with the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood? We younger men are resolved to base Christian doctrine on the actual Scriptures, and to ignore mere tradition."

"An excellent rule, my dear friend," cried the Rabbi, wonderfully quickened by the challenge, "and with your permission and for our mutual edification we shall briefly review all passages bearing on the subject in hand—using the original, as will doubtless be your wish, and you correcting my poor recollection."

About an hour afterward, and when the Rabbi was only entering into the heart of the matter, Carmichael made the bitter discovery—without the Rabbi having even hinted at such a thing—that his pet sermon was a mass of boyish crudities, and this reverse of circumstances was some excuse for his pettishness.

"It does not seem to me that it is worth our time to haggle about the usage of Greek words to count texts:

I ground my position on the general meaning of the Gospels and the sense of things," and Carmichael stood on the hearthrug in a very superior attitude.

"Let that pass then, John, and forgive me if I appeared to battle about words, as certain scholars of the olden time were fain to do, for in truth it is rather about the hard duty before me than any imperfection in your teaching I would speak," and the Rabbi glanced nervously at the young minister.

"We are both Presbyters of Christ's Church, ordained after the order of primitive times, and there is laid on us certain heavy charges and responsibilities from which we may not shrink, as we shall answer to the Lord at the great day."

Carmichael's humiliation was lost in perplexity, and he sat down, wondering what the Rabbi intended.

"If any Presbyter should see his brother fall into one of those faults of private life that do beset us all in our present weakness, then he doth well and kindly to point it out unto his brother; and if his brother should depart from the faith as they talk together by the way, then it is a Presbyter's part to convince him of his error and restore him."

The Rabbi cast an imploring glance, but Carmichael had still no understanding.

"But if one Presbyter should teach heresy to his flock in the hearing of another . . . even though it break the other's heart, is not the path of duty fenced up on either side, verily a straight, narrow way, and hard for the feet to tread?"

"You have spoken to me, Rabbi, and . . . cleared yourself"—Carmichael was still somewhat sore—"and I'll promise not to offend you again in any action sermon."

"Albeit you intend it not so, yet are you making it harder for me to speak. . . . See you not . . . that I . . . that necessity is laid on me to declare this matter to my brother Presbyters in court assembled . . . but not in hearing of the people?" Then there was a stillness in the room, and the Rabbi, although he had closed his eyes, was conscious of the amazement on the young man's face.

"Do you mean to say," speaking very

slowly, as one taken utterly aback, "that our Rabbi would come to my . . . to the Sacrament and hear me preach, and . . . report me for heresy to the Presbytery? Rabbi, I know we don't agree about some things, and perhaps I was a little . . . annoyed a few minutes ago because you . . . know far more than I do, but that is nothing. For you to prosecute one of your boys and be the witness yourself. . . . Rabbi, you can't mean it . . . say it's a mistake."

The old man only gave a deep sigh.

"If it were Dowbiggin or . . . any man except you, I wouldn't care one straw, rather enjoy the debate, but you whom we have loved and looked up to and boasted about, why, it's like . . . a father turning against his sons."

The Rabbi made no sign.

"You live too much alone, Rabbi," and Carmichael began again as the sense of the tragedy grew on him, "and nurse your conscience till it gets over tender; no other man would dream of . . . prosecuting a . . . fellow-minister in such circumstances. You have spoken to me like a father, surely that is enough," and in his honest heat the young fellow knelt down by the Rabbi's chair and took his hand.

A tear rolled down the Rabbi's cheek, and he looked fondly at the lad.

"Your words pierce me as sharp swords, John; spare me, for I can do none otherwise; all night I wrestled for release, but in vain."

Carmichael had a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as befalls emotional and ill-disciplined natures when they are disappointed and mortified.

"Very good, Doctor Saunderson"—Carmichael rose awkwardly and stood on the hearthrug again, an elbow on the mantelpiece—"you must do as you please and think right. I am sorry that I . . . pressed you so far, but it was on grounds of our . . . friendship.

"Perhaps you will tell me as soon as you can what you propose to do and when you will bring . . . this matter before the Presbyter. My sermon was fully written and . . . is at your disposal."

While this cold rain beat on the Rabbi's head he moved not, but at its close he looked at Carmichael with the appeal of a dumb animal in his eyes.

"The first meeting of Presbytery is

on Monday, but you would no doubt consider that too soon; is there anything about dates in the order of procedure for heresy?" and Carmichael made as though he would go over to the shelves for a law book.

"John," cried the Rabbi—his voice full of tears—rising and following the foolish lad, "is this all you have in your heart to say unto me? Surely, as I stand before you, it is not my desire to do this thing, for I would rather cut off my right hand.

"God hath not been pleased to give me many friends, and He only knows how you and the others have comforted my heart. I lie not, John, but speak the truth, that there is nothing unto life itself I would not give for your good, who have been as the apple of my eye unto me."

Carmichael hardened himself, torn between a savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering for his foolishness and an inclination of his better self to respond to the old man's love.

"If there be a breach between us, it will not be for you as it must be for me. You have many friends, and may God add unto them good men and faithful, but I shall lose my one earthly joy and consolation when your feet are no longer heard on my threshold and your face no longer brings light to my room. And, John, even this thing which I am constrained to do is yet of love, as . . . you shall confess one day."

Carmichael's pride alone resisted, and it was melting fast. Had he even looked at the dear face, he must have given way, but he kept his shoulder to the Rabbi, and at that moment the sound of wheels passing the corner of the manse gave him an ungracious way of escape.

"That is Burnbrae's dogcart . . . Doctor Saunderson, and I think he will not wish to keep his horse standing in the snow, so unless you will stay all night, as it's going to drift. . . . Then perhaps it would be better. . . . Can I assist you in packing?" How formal it all sounded, and he allowed the Rabbi to go upstairs alone, with the result that various things of the old man's are in Carmichael's house unto this day.

Another chance was given the lad when the Rabbi would have bidden him good-bye at the door, beseeching that he should not come out into the drift,

and still another when Burnbrae, being concerned about his passenger's appearance, who seemed ill-fitted to face a storm, wrapped him in a plaid; and he had one more when the old man leant out of the dogcart and took Carmichael's hand in both of his, but only said, "God bless you for all you've been to me, and forgive me for all wherein I have failed you." And they did not meet again till that never-to-be-forgotten sederunt of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown, when the minister of Kilbogie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathen heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament.

Among all the institutions of the North a Presbytery is the most characteristic, and affords a standing illustration of the contradictions of a superbly logical people. It is so anti-clerical a court that for every clergyman there must also be a layman—country ministers promising to bring in their elder for great occasions, and instructing him audibly how to vote—and so fiercely clerical that if the most pious and intelligent elder dared to administer a sacrament he would be at once tried and censured for sacrilege. So careful is a Presbytery to prevent the beginnings of Papacy that it insists upon each of its members occupying the chair in turn, and dismisses him again into private life as soon as he has mastered his duties, but so imbued is it with the idea of authority that whatever decision may be given by some lad of twenty-five in the chair—duly instructed, however, by the clerk below—will be rigidly obeyed. When a Presbytery has nothing else to do, it dearly loves to pass a general condemnation on sacerdotalism, in which the tyranny of prelates and the foolishness of vestments will be fully exposed, but a Presbytery wields a power at which a bishop's hair would stand on end, and Doctor Dowbiggin once made Carmichael leave the Communion Table and go into the vestry to put on his bands.

When a Presbytery is in its lighter moods, it gives itself to points of order with a skill and relish beyond the Southern imagination. It did not matter how harmless, even infantile, might be the proposal placed before the court by such a man as MacWheep of Pitscourie, he would hardly have got past an apol-

ogy for his presumption in venturing to speak at all, before a member of Presbytery—who had reduced his congregation to an irreducible minimum by the woodenness of his preaching—would enquire whether the speech of “our esteemed brother was not *ultra vires*” or something else as awful. MacWheep would at once sit down with the air of one taken red-handed in crime, and the court would debate the point till every authority had taken his fill, when the clerk would submit to the moderator, with a fine blend of deference and infallibility, that Mr. MacWheep was perfectly within his rights; and then, as that estimable person had lost any thread he ever possessed, the Presbytery would pass to the next business—with the high spirit of men returning from a holiday. Carmichael used, indeed, to relate how in a great stress of business some one moved that the Presbytery should adjourn for dinner, and the court argued for seventy minutes, with many precedents, whether such a motion—touching as it did the standing orders—could even be discussed, and with an unnecessary prodigality of testimony he used to give perorations which improved with every telling.

The love of law diffused through the Presbytery became incarnate in the clerk, who was one of the most finished specimens of his class in the Scottish Kirk. His sedate appearance, bald, polished head, fringed with pure white hair, shrewd face, with neatly cut side whiskers, his suggestion of unerring accuracy and inexhaustible memory, his attitude for exposition—holding his glasses in his left hand and enforcing his decision with the little finger of the right hand—carried conviction even to the most disorderly. Ecclesiastical radicals, boiling over with new schemes and boasting to admiring circles of MacWheeps that they would not be browbeaten by red tape officials, would become ungrammatical before that firm gaze, and end in abject surrender. Self-contained and self-sufficing, the clerk took no part in debate, save at the critical moment to lay down the law, but wrote his minutes unmoved through torrents of speech on every subject, from the Sustentation Fund to the Union between England and Scotland, and even under the picturesque eloquence of foreign deputies, whom he invariably re-

quested to write their names on a sheet of paper. On two occasions only he ceased from writing: when Dr. Dowbiggin discussed a method of procedure—then he watched him over his spectacles in hope of a nice point; or when some enthusiastic brother would urge the Presbytery to issue an injunction on the sin of Sabbath walking—then the clerk would abandon his pen in visible despair, and sitting sideways on his chair and supporting his head by that same little finger, would face the Presbytery with an expression of reverent curiosity on his face why the Creator was pleased to create such a man. His preaching was distinguished for orderliness, and was much sought after for Fast days. It turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions, so that the clerk could prove the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice from “instead,” and Retribution from “as” in the Lord’s Prayer, emphasising and confirming everything by that wonderful finger, which seemed to be designed by Providence for delicate distinctions, just as another man’s fist served for popular declamation. His pulpit masterpiece was a lecture on the Council of Jerusalem, in which its whole proceedings were reviewed by the rules of the Free Kirk Book of Order, and a searching and edifying discourse concluded with two lessons. First: That no ecclesiastical body can conduct its proceedings without officials. Second: That such men ought to be accepted as a special gift of Providence.

The general opinion among good people was that the clerk’s preaching was rather for upbuilding than arousing, but it is still remembered by the survivors of the old Presbytery that when MacWheep organised a conference on “The state of religion in our congregations,” and it was meandering in strange directions, the clerk, who utilised such seasons for the writing of letters, rose amid a keen revival of interest—it was supposed that he had detected an irregularity in the proceedings—and offered his contribution. “It did not become him to boast,” he said, “but he had seen marvellous things in his day: under his unworthy ministry three church officers had been converted to Christianity,” and this experience was so final that the conference immediately closed.

Times there were, however, when the

Presbytery rose to its height and was invested with an undeniable spiritual dignity. Its members, taken one by one, consisted of farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and one or two professional men, with some twenty ministers, only two or three of whom were known beyond their parishes. Yet those men had no doubt that as soon as they were constituted in the name of Christ, they held their authority from the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and they bore themselves in spiritual matters as His servants. No kindly feeling of neighbourliness or any fear of man could hinder them from inquiring into the religious condition of a parish or dealing faithfully with an erring minister. They had power to ordain, and laid hands on the bent head of some young probationer with much solemnity; they had also power to take away the orders they had given, and he had been hardened indeed beyond hope who could be present and not tremble when the Moderator, standing in his place, with the Presbytery around, and speaking in the name of the Head of the Church, deposed an unworthy brother from the holy ministry. MacWheep was a "cratur," and much given to twaddle, but when it was his duty once to rebuke a fellow minister for quarrelling with his people, he was delivered from himself, and spake with such grave wisdom as he has never shown before or since.

When the Presbytery assembled to receive a statement from Doctor Saunderson "*re* error in doctrine by a brother Presbyter," even a stranger might have noticed that its members were weighted with a sense of responsibility, and although a discussion arose on the attempt of a desultory member to introduce a deputy charged with the subject of the lost ten tribes, yet it was promptly squelched by the clerk, who intimated, with much gravity, that the court had met in hunc effectum—viz., to hear Doctor Saunderson, and that the court could not, in consistence with law, take up any other business, not even—here Carmichael professed to detect a flicker of the clerkly eyelids—the disappearance of the ten tribes.

It was the last time that the Rabbi ever spoke in public, and it is now agreed that the deliverance was a fit memorial of the most learned scholar

that has been ever known in those parts. He began by showing that Christian doctrine has taken various shapes, some more and some less in accordance with the deposit of truth given by Christ and the holy Apostles, and especially that the doctrine of Grace had been differently conceived by two eminent theologians, Calvin and Arminius, and his exposition was so lucid that the clerk gave it as his opinion that the two systems were understood by certain members of the court for the first time that day. Afterward the Rabbi vindicated and glorified Calvinism from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Fathers, from the Reformation Divines, from the later creeds, till the brain of the Presbytery reeled through the wealth of allusion and quotation, all in the tongues of the learned. Then he dealt with the theology of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and showed how it was undermining the very foundations of Calvinism; yet the Rabbi spake so tenderly of our Scottish Maurice that the Presbytery knew not whether it ought to condemn Erskine as a heretic or love him as a saint. Having thus brought the court face to face with the issues involved, the Rabbi gave a sketch of a certain sermon he had heard while assisting "a learned and much-beloved brother at the Sacrament," and Carmichael was amazed at the transfiguration of his very youthful performance, which now figured as a profound and edifying discourse, for whose excellent qualities the speaker had not adequate words. This fine discourse was, however, to a certain degree marred by an unfortunate, no doubt temporary, leaning to the teaching of Mr. Erskine, whose beautiful piety, which was to himself in his worldliness and unprofitableness a salutary rebuke, had exercised its just fascination upon his much more spiritual brother. Finally the Rabbi left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, declaring that he had cleared his conscience, and that the minister was one—here he was painfully overcome—dear to him as a son, and to whose many labours and singular graces he could bear full testimony, the Rev. John Carmichael, of Drumtochty. The Presbytery was slow and pedantic, but was not insensible to a spiritual situation, and there was a murmur of sympathy when the Rabbi sat down—much

exhausted, and never having allowed himself to look once at Carmichael.

Then arose a self-made man, who considered orthodoxy and capital to be bound up together, and especially identified any departure from sovereignty with that pestilent form of Socialism which demanded equal chances for every man. He was only a plain layman, he said, and perhaps he ought not to speak in the presence of so many reverend gentlemen, but he was very grateful to Doctor Saunderson for his honourable and straightforward conduct. It would be better for the Church if there were more like him, and he would just like to ask Mr. Carmichael one or two questions. Did he sign the Confession?—that was one; and had he kept it?—that was two; and the last was, When did he propose to go? He knew something about building contracts, and he had heard of a penalty when a contract was broken. There was just one thing more he would like to say—if there was less loose theology in the pulpit there would be more money in the plate. The shame of the Rabbi during this harangue was pitiable to behold.

Then a stalwart arose on the other side, and a young gentleman who had just escaped from a college debating society wished to know what century we were living in, warned the last speaker that the progress of theological science would not be hindered by mercenary threats, advised Doctor Saunderson to read a certain German called Ritschl—as if he had been speaking to a babe in arms—and was refreshing himself with a Latin quotation, when the Rabbi, in utter absence of mind, corrected a false quantity aloud.

“Moderator,” the old man apologised in much confusion, “I wot not what I did, and I pray my reverend brother, whose interesting address I have interrupted by this unmannerliness, to grant me his pardon, for my tongue simply obeyed my ear.” Which untoward incident brought the modern to an end, as by a stroke of ironical fate. It seemed to the clerk that little good to



HIS ATTITUDE FOR EXPOSITION.

any one concerned was to come out of this debate, and he signalled to Doctor Dowbiggin, with whom he had dined the night before, and concocted a motion over their wine. Whereupon that astute man explained to the court that he did not desire to curtail the valuable discussion, from which he personally had derived much profit, but he had ventured to draw up a motion, simply for the guidance of the House—it was said by the Rabbi's boys that the Doctor's success as an ecclesiastic was largely due to the skilful use of such phrases—and then he read: “Whereas the Church is set in all her courts for the defence of the truth, whereas it is reported that various erroneous doctrines are being promulgated in books and other public prints, whereas it has been stated that one of the ministers of this Presbytery has used words that might be supposed to give sanction to a certain view which appears to conflict with statements contained in the standards of the Church, the Presbytery of Muir-

town declares, first of all, its unshaken adherence to the said standards, secondly deploras the existence in any quarter of notions contradictory or subversive of said standards, thirdly thanks Doctor Saunderson for the vigilance he has shown in the cause of sound doctrine, fourthly calls upon all ministers within the bounds to have a care that they create no offence by their teaching, and finally enjoins all parties concerned to cultivate peace and charity."

This motion was seconded by the clerk and carried unanimously—Carmichael being compelled to silence by the two wise men for his own sake and theirs—and was declared to be a conspicuous victory both by the self-made man and the modern, which was another tribute to the ecclesiastical gifts of Doctor Dowbiggin and the clerk of the Presbytery of Muirtown.

(To be continued.)

LONDON LETTER.

MR. SHORTER'S "CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE."

Mr. Shorter has now completed his long-contemplated book on *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, and it will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in London, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in New York during the month of October. For many years Mr. Shorter has been an ardent student of the Brontës, and has given proof in various ways of unusual sympathy and knowledge. He wisely resolved, however, to postpone publication until he had exhausted all possible sources of information. Having done so, he has now prepared a work which for sustained interest and permanent value can have very few rivals among the books of this or any year.

The peculiarity of Mr. Shorter's book is that it is all original. Practically nothing has been used that has appeared anywhere else. Although there has been a large amount of Brontë literature, it may be confidently said that the only work of permanent worth yet issued is Mrs. Gaskell's wonderful biography, to the merits of which Mr. Shorter pays a warm tribute after an investigation so thorough as to put his judgment beyond appeal. Mrs. Gaskell had the assistance throughout of Miss Ellen Nussey's large collection of letters. These she used with much judgment and very copiously. She had also the advantage of being a contemporary, and she enjoyed what was more than an acquaintanceship, though scarcely an intimacy with Charlotte Brontë herself. Her book was written with the sanction of Charlotte Brontë's father and hus-

band; but they were very little consulted in its preparation, and were by no means entirely satisfied with the result. Among the subsequent books on the subject, perhaps the best known is that of Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid. Sir Thomas, at the time when his book was written, was editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and he had access to all the manuscripts of Miss Nussey. But these had been so well employed by Mrs. Gaskell that there was little left to glean, and much of his volume is made up of matter that had previously been published. The main point that is new is the attempt to show that Charlotte Brontë, when in Brussels, fell in love with M. Héger, her teacher; but, as we shall see, this view is at least open to grave doubt. Another work which gives many particulars of Branwell Brontë by one who knew him is of very little value, and is discredited by an attempt to make out that Branwell Brontë had a hand in the composition of *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Shorter is able to disprove this by showing that Branwell Brontë was never aware that his sisters had published anything. Dr. Wright's recently published work on *The Brontës in Ireland* is exceedingly racy and graphic; but Mr. Shorter, who is confirmed in this by Miss Nussey and Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, is unable to accept it as history. The other books on the subject are hardly worth mentioning.

From the beginning Mr. Shorter has had the assistance of Miss Nussey, who has opened to him stores previously undisclosed, besides at every point aid-

ing him by her thorough knowledge of the subject and her excellent judgment. He has also obtained the very numerous and valuable letters written by Miss Brontë to her friend and "discoverer," Mr. W. S. Williams, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. These letters have only been very partially used hitherto, and they are perhaps the best that Charlotte ever wrote. But his main advantage has been the possession of the very many manuscripts by the Brontës in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who survives in an advanced but vigorous old age. Mr. Nicholls has in the kindest manner placed his precious stores at Mr. Shorter's disposal, and has supplied personal information of the utmost value and interest on many disputed points. Other old friends of the Brontës have come forward with materials only second in interest to these, and there is every probability that this will be the final work on the Brontës. It may be that some documents are still in existence in the hands of the Héger family which have not been at the biographer's disposal; and Charlotte Brontë's publisher, Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder and Company, is also understood to possess a number of letters. But these two sources excepted, it is difficult to understand where new matter can now come from. Mr. Shorter has mainly made use of letters, and better reading could not be desired. It is not too much to say that Charlotte Brontë never wrote a poor letter, and to my mind her correspondence gains much by being printed in full. She touches upon very many subjects, personal and literary, and always has something to say that is worth reading. The manuscript work in poetry and fiction which Mr. Shorter has become possessed of will be utilised as far as seems wise in an edition of the Brontë novels to be edited by the present writer, and much of it will be found of the highest importance. But Mr. Shorter's work is essentially of a biographical kind.

I do not propose to review the book at the present stage, but merely to give impatient readers a foretaste of what awaits them. The biographer commences with an elaborate article on Mrs. Gaskell, part of which has been already published. He there defines his own relation and that of his book to Mrs.

Gaskell's great work. His first chapter is on Patrick Brontë and Maria, his wife. He rightly considers that Mrs. Gaskell was unjust to old Mr. Brontë, and that the stories about him were largely due to the chatter of a dismissed servant. Of Maria Brontë, the mother of Charlotte, of whom so little is known, he gives nine letters. They will be read with the deepest interest and must leave a most favourable impression. Mr. Brontë long survived his daughters, dying in 1861 at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Shorter prints his will, in which he leaves his property to "my beloved and esteemed son-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, B.A." Next are discussed Charlotte Brontë's school and governess life. We have for the first time full particulars of Charlotte Brontë's experiences as a governess. They are related mainly in letters to Miss Nussey, to her brother, the Rev. Henry Nussey, who was one of Charlotte's lovers, and to Miss Mercy Nussey, and to her sister Emily. Next is taken up Charlotte Brontë's life in that momentous period of her life which she spent in Brussels. In this the biographer has had the assistance of Miss Lætitia Wheelright, who was one of Charlotte's pupils at Brussels. Miss Wheelright has a most vivid recollection of her old teachers, of Charlotte and Emily, and the Hégers. Miss Wheelright entirely rejects the story of Charlotte's attachment to M. Héger. Miss Brontë's second visit to Brussels has been attributed to her ungovernable affection for her professor, and the letter to Miss Nussey has been quoted as if to bear out this suggestion: "I returned to Brussels after Anne's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." But both Mr. Nicholls and Miss Nussey testify that this misgiving of Charlotte's was due to the fact that she had left her father practically unprotected from the enticing company of a too festive curate. He gave himself up at this time to a very copious whiskey-drinking, from which Charlotte's home-coming speedily rescued him. I think, however, that there is still some mystery resting over this period. The evidence against Charlotte and her friends is furnished

by her own books. It is difficult to believe that the feeling so passionately expressed in them had nothing corresponding in Charlotte's mind, and there the question must be left. Singularly interesting are the letters written during this period to Emily Brontë, most interesting of all, perhaps, that which describes her making a confession to a priest in Brussels Cathedral.

The chapter on Patrick Branwell Brontë may be passed over. It is full and thorough, but the truth is that Branwell was in every way a worthless character. His stories about his conquests were unmitigated lies; his attempts at prose and poetry were ridiculous, and he destroyed what faculties he had by drinking and opium. Far more important is the chapter on that wonderful and lonely genius, Emily Brontë. There is little of Emily's manuscript extant; almost everything seems to have been destroyed by the heart-broken sister who survived her. But I have a number of her poems hitherto unpublished, and Mr. Shorter gives many particulars of profound interest, especially two papers written by Emily and Anne, to be opened four years after. The first, dated July 30th, 1841, is by Emily, and commences:

"It is Friday evening near nine o'clock—wild rainy weather. I am seated in the dining-room store, having just concluded tidying our desk boxes, writing this document. Papa is in the parlour—aunt upstairs in her room. She has been reading *Blackwood's Magazine* to papa."

Four years after, July 30th, 1845, Emily writes again:

"My birthday—showery, breezy, cool. I am twenty-seven years old to-day. This morning

Anne and I opened the papers we wrote four years since, on my twenty-third birthday. This paper we intend, if all be well, to open on my thirtieth—three years hence in 1848."

The glimpses of Emily's life contained in her sister's letters before and after her death are extremely touching. Miss Nussey contributes to this chapter a graphic sketch of Emily as she remembers her.

Of the gentle Anne we have a comparatively full account. She was a sweet and winsome girl, and attracted even the curates—in fact, she herself was partly attracted by one curate who died young, Mr. Weightman. I must pass over the chapters on Thackeray, William Smith Williams, on Margaret Wooler, on the Taylors, on the Curates at Haworth, on Literary Friendships, and much besides. Mr. Shorter has very wisely grouped his book round Charlotte's few friends. She had indeed very few, but on all she left a most definite impression. For the first time these friends are fully commemorated, and we obtain an altogether new and vivid idea of what they were, and what they were to Charlotte. It would not be fair to disclose further the contents of Mr. Shorter's book. He has done his work with admirable taste, skill, and self-repression, and it is not too much to say that there is not one of these many pages which does not contain something of enduring interest. His best reward will be the permanent association of his name with those of the three immortal sisters.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, August 25, 1896.

EMILY BRONTË.

Silent her harp of life when winds blew soft,
 Too tensely strung to give an echo forth;
 Only the storm-winds shrieking from the north
 Swept her soul's music upward and aloft.

Robert Adger Bowen.

PARIS LETTER.

That M. de Goncourt's will would be contested by his relatives can, of course, never have been doubted even by the testator himself, a prospect which, very possibly, afforded him some gratification. There is no doubt whatever—as the French law stands—that the courts will uphold the will, and as French litigation is comparatively a cheap commodity, the Goncourt Academy will secure a first-rate advertisement at a nominal rate. I have calculated that the entire cost to the estate of the proposed litigation—even if the case is carried to the Courts of Appeal and of Cassation—will not exceed £300. And as I have said, the "send off" which the Académie Goncourt will thus secure is very cheap at the price.

As soon as it became known that the will was to be contested, an evening newspaper—*La Liberté*—published a copy of it *in extenso*. The copy took up one whole page of the four pages of which *La Liberté* is composed. How differently they do things in France! *La Liberté* is the organ of a syndicate of financiers, and deals almost exclusively with financial and political news. Yet such a paper sacrifices, or rather consecrates, one quarter of its space to the publication of the will of a mere literary man. What would the editor of a London financial organ say to a proposal to do likewise, especially in the case of a mere literary man who was never popular and did not sell well? This is only another proof of what I have often pointed out, that in France the interest in literary matters is paramount, while in England it is limited in the extreme.

Certainly it was a good thing to publish M. de Goncourt's will. It is, in its way, as good a piece of prose as any that the late master ever wrote, and certainly one of the most characteristic. His curious personality manifests itself in its every sentence. The *ego* is enshrined triumphantly here. At the same time valuable information is given to amateurs and collectors about the manner in which the deceased gentleman's books and art collections are to be disposed of. There are to be eight sales, of which three will be of M. de Goncourt's books. The first will include

the collection of eighteenth-century books, and will figure as the *Bibliothèque du dix-huitième siècle des Goncourt, livres, manuscrits, autographes, affiches, placards*, all the books mentioned and catalogued in Goncourt's *Maison d'un Artiste*; while at the second sale will be offered at auction all books on antiquity, on the seventeenth century, on the foreign literature, etc. The third auction will dispose of the "very large collection of books of modern literature (romantic and 'naturalist'), almost all on Dutch, China, or Japan paper, and containing a page of the author's manuscript." In ordering these sales the testator speaks of the treasures which "my brother and I spent our lives in collecting, to rescue them from blind contempt."

I sincerely hope that, for the sake of all concerned, but more especially of M. de Goncourt himself, no effect will be given to his wish that twenty years hence the full unexpurgated manuscript of his *Journal* be published. What will the twentieth century, just then beginning to feel its strength, reckon of the literary squabbles of the century that is dead? *Schwamm d'rueber!* (a sponge over all that) will surely be the cry. Yet how infinitely pathetic are these poor attempts of ours to eke out our little day! Where Talleyrand, who juggled with crowns and sceptres, failed, how can a Goncourt hope to succeed?

I cannot understand on what authority it has been stated that Zola's popularity is waning, and that his books are no longer in demand. I happen to know, from the very best source, that the contrary is the case, that his books have never sold better, and that *Rome* especially is in constant and increasing demand. Who is it who sets these canards on the wing, and for what purpose?

The book of the hour in Paris—I ought rather to say the book of the season—is *Aphrodite*, by Pierre Louÿs. It is at present in its thirty-fifth edition, which probably means that about fifteen thousand copies have been sold. It is one of the few books published at the "offices of the *Mercur de France*" which have at all appealed to the public. It is the story of a Galilean courtesan in the

Egypt of the Ptolemies, and is written in the most beautiful French prose that it has ever been my delight to read. I ought rather to say that it is written in the most beautiful prose that it has ever been my delight to listen to, for when Pierre Louÿs was writing this book, I used to see him frequently either at my house or in his beautiful chambers in the Rue de Grétry, and he used to read me what he had written, and I used to listen to him with entire and charmed attention, a thing that one so rarely does under such circumstances. Pierre Louÿs, whom I used to nickname Lucien de Rubempré, for in elegance and bearing he equalled him, is a very young man, barely twenty-four, I should say. He has already published two books of poems, some translations from the Greek, and a book of prose-pictures represented as being a translation—all works of true artistic metal, exquisitely worked. A curious circumstance connected with *Aphrodite* is that much of it was written while Louÿs was serving his time as a soldier at Abbéville, a time of the greatest physical and mental suffering. Indeed, after four months' endurance, his health broke down completely, and he was liberated from further service unconditionally. He used to write to me frequently in those days, and in one of his letters he told me that his hands got so cold from handling his rifle in the bitter weather of that winter (1892-93) that he had to keep them in hot water for hours before his fingers got supple enough again to hold his pen. He suffered dreadfully from his surroundings, the coarse fellowships and all the privations, rendered doubly acute to him by reason of his fragile physique. Yet it was under these circumstances that this beautiful book was written, and here again we have an exemplification of the inspiring power of suffering. Pierre Louÿs is the son of the late Dr. Louis, who was physician to Louis Philippe. His brother is a prominent official in the French Foreign Office, and is at present residing in Cairo as one of the Commissioners of the Dette Publique. Pierre Louÿs lives in the Rue de Grétry, where he has chambers furnished in most artistic style, full of rare books and pictures and tapestries. He is a neo-symbolist by creed and among them *facile princeps*.

I hear that arrangements are being made for the publication of *Aphrodite* in

English. The translator who can render into equivalent English the beautiful language of the original will be a very able man. He will have to be an artist!

I would recommend every one of my readers to read Alphonse Daudet's article "Ultima" in the current issue of the *Revue de Paris*. It is an account, in the form of a diary, of the last days, hours, and minutes of his friend, Edmond de Goncourt. It is a *chef d'œuvre*, and is all the more interesting for the reason that it proves once more that a description of actual things can be as much a masterpiece as a description of things imagined, that there are occasions on which the journalist may appear the equal of the poet. This is a fact which few English critics admit. In this instance they will be forced to do so.

"J. H. Rosny" have been amusing themselves by writing a *fantaisie scientifique* entitled *Interplanetary Communication*, in which they describe a process by which the inhabitants of the earth are enabled to correspond with the Martians and *vice versa*. It is a subject which has tempted most writers, but, except in a sketch which appeared some years ago in a New York paper, its possibilities for satirising our terrestrial institutions have been overlooked, nor do "J. H. Rosny," who are bitter enough in all conscience, make any use of this possibility. In the American sketch to which I refer, the Martians refuse to hold any further communication with us after we have, with great pains, explained to them class distinctions, capital, labour, pauperism, capital punishment, war, and so on. Their last signal to us is "Get civilised. Renew communications about 3000 years hence."

The name of Paul Arène is being put forward as a candidate for the vacant fauteuil at the French Academy. It was Jean Richepin who, in a most eulogistic article in *Le Journal*, first drew attention to the signal claims of this admirable poet and prose writer. I do not think, however, that Paul Arène, whose life has been always a very independent one, would care for the social shackles of the Academy, or that he would minimise, by competing, the chances of the election of Émile Zola, his friend.

Apropos of the correspondence between Musset and George Sand being now for the first time published, and

the objections made in some quarters to this feeding of *la chronique scandaleuse*. Jean Richepin has recently expressed himself in his usual sledge-hammer style: "If I were to learn to-morrow," he exclaims, "that Cervantes was a swindler, Molière a ruffian, and Shakespeare a murderer—well, and what then? It would not diminish my admiration and love for them by one iota. I will say more. Between Shakespeare, murderer, but Shakespeare, and Pécuchet, a respectable man, but Pécuchet, I should not hesitate a second in giving my preference to Shakespeare. Well, and what about it?" These views do not obtain in England, where we make the artist suffer for the private individual, and despise Marlowe and Poe because they drank. This posthumous correspondence, by the way, is being published in the *Revue de Paris*.

A few days ago there died at Orsay a lady writer who, twenty years ago, was considered the best French authority on foreign literature. This was Madame

Camille Selden, who for years contributed as literary critic and *feuilletoniste* to the old *Journal des Débats*. With her disappears the last critic of the old school, and literary criticism in France will now exclusively emanate from the publishers' clerks, whose *prédire d'insérer* accompanies every book sent out to the press.

A certain prejudice against women writers still exists in France, and this explains why most ladies there write under male pseudonyms. Thus we have Henry Greville, with her sixty novels, J. Marni, Georges de Peyrebrune, *e tutte quante*. Severine, Madame Daudet, and Madame Adam have more courage. The first, by the way, has recently published a song of triumph on the success of women in the field of literature. "The battle against prejudice," she cries, "is won. Prejudice is dead, the good writers of our sex have killed it."

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

LINES.

I EXPLAIN THE SILVERED PATH OF A SHIP AT NIGHT,
 THE SWEEP OF EACH SAD, LOST WAVE,
 THE DWINDLING BOOM OF THE STEEL THING'S STRIVING,
 THE LITTLE CRY OF A MAN TO A MAN,
 A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS THE GREYER NIGHT,
 AND THE SINKING OF THE SMALL STAR.

THEN THE WASTE, THE FAR WASTE OF WATERS
 AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES
 FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

REMEMBER, THOU, O SHIP OF LOVE!
 THOU LEAVEST A FAR WASTE OF WATERS
 AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES
 FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

Stephen Crane.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS AT SEA.

A RHAPSODY.

The day is done, and the night is not yet born.
 This moment of moments, white with eternity, set
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me !

For, thou and I, alone together, float
 On a crystal sea, an airy emerald,
 'Neath a sky like the soul of a chrysoptase,
 With a glory of ruby and topaz, left
 Where the sun smiled, dying, an hour ago.

There is only one star in the sky !
 For the workaday world with its heat and its toil
 Is banished from earth, and the Sabbath is not yet born.
 But we need no glory of sun or moon
 To lighten our souls, where love forever shines !
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

Another star ! Another moment, given
 To us who have ! A wind upon the sea
 Wakes the young wavelets into foam ; a sail
 Beyond the harbour, gleams and vanishes.
 Dost thou remember still the light of earth ?
 The sunlight slanting on the low white walls
 Of home, and creeping ever higher as it died ?
 That death is past, and I am still with thee !
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me !

A world of stars in the sky and the sea,
 The Sabbath is well begun
 The wind blows keener, the lithe mast bends,
 The harbour is close at hand.
 See the red light flame fitfully !
 It marks man's care for men ;
 A longer, steadier radiance makes
 A pathway to the lighted pier.
 Our moment of moments, love, hath passed ;
 There but remain God's Sabbath, Love and Home ;
 Aye ! and the memory of that moment, once—
 Once and forevermore both thine and mine.
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
 'Twixt the sands of time, and forever given of God
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

NEW BOOKS.

STUDIES IN ANCIENT HISTORY.*

The successive deaths of Mr. J. F. McLennan, of his brother, of Mrs. McLennan, and of Professor Robertson Smith, have left Mr. Arthur Platt surviving editor of Mr. McLennan's remains. They are *brouillons* and collections for his work on the Origins of the Modern Family. By his *Primitive Marriage*, his essays on Totemism, and his first series of *Studies*, Mr. McLennan had practically overthrown the old idea, the idea of Aristotle and Sir Henry Maine, that Society, on the whole, began in the Patriarchal Family, the husband, his wife (or wives) and their children. Mr. McLennan's theory starts from something like promiscuity; thereon (owing to scarcity of women) follows polyandry of various types, and kinship reckoned in the female line; slowly and by degrees Paternity is recognised, and the Patria Potestas, with Agnation, follows, at least in some regions. Mr. McLennan also discovered Totemism, or recognition of common descent, in a set of kindred, from some plant, animal, or natural object, as the most archaic known way of counting kin. Again, he showed that the earliest form of "forbidden degrees" in marriage is the prohibition of marriage with a person of the same Totem (Exogamy). Connected with this law is the custom of Capture in marriage. A man may not marry a woman of his Totem, and has to steal a bride from a kindred *ex hypothesi* hostile; the symbol of Capture survives after there is no real need for it.

In this crowd of topics, let us choose one, the Origin of Forbidden Degrees in the law of Exogamy. *Why* must a man marry outside of his own Totem kin? We shall condense Mr. McLennan's ideas, and compare the criticism of Westermarck, that learned Finn, in his *History of Human Marriage*. (Second edition. Macmillan, 1894.) It is to be premised that Westermarck had not Mr. McLennan's present statement before him.

The practice of capturing wives, in the new version of Mr. McLennan, is

* *Studies in Ancient History*. By J. F. McLennan. New York: The Macmillan Co.

older than, and was followed by the law of Exogamy.

But Totemism, the common cult of this or that object, the blood feud, incumbent on all men of the same Totem, and the descent of the Totem through the female line, were established "before the appearance of the system of capture or exogamy." Now to take women from a group of another Totem would be fair, but *not* to take them from a group of the same Totem. A Bear might steal a Bull-woman, but might not steal a Bear-woman. To do so would be a sin as well as a crime, for it could not well be accomplished without shedding kindred blood. Every one can see that, where criminal law is enforced by the blood feud, and that alone, there is an immense difficulty in avenging slayings within the blood-kin. To punish such deeds, in Greece, was the part of the Eumenides. From prohibition of the capture of women within the blood-kin came, finally, prohibition to marry within it. Capture itself arose from scarcity of women, "the kindred bands in a group would be unwilling, and unable even if willing, to furnish one another with wives, for, on the hypothesis, women were scarce with them." Here we may think that kindred, in the generosity of savages, would stretch a point, just as in the matter of food, and give each other wives, though at a considerable sacrifice. Here, then, to ourselves, a very weak point is apparent. Suppose a group had no women at all, and could not buy or borrow, it would necessarily steal wives. These, as captives, would no longer be heads of families (as they would be in a system of female kin), they would be *property*. The husband would sing:

"I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll go shares wi' naebody"—

Every one would like a wife of his own, a captive, and the unions of kindred men and women would cease to count as marriages at all. Marriage, real marriage, would be possible only through capture. "Marriage with a woman of the same stock would be a crime and a sin. It would be incest."

But why, after all, *were* women so

scarce? Because of an economical habit of Female Infanticide.

At this point Westermarck's criticism of Mr. McLennan's theory may be taken up. He does not believe in this prevalence of female infanticide. The maternal instinct would be a bar, as Mr. Darwin also argues. On this point Mr. McLennan has a separate chapter (pp. 74-112). Want and war, he thinks, ground down mankind into a *system* of destroying their children, "a policy of despair," yet a human policy. Beasts could not have thought it out. Accompanying this policy would be means for economising in women, such as polyandry, and post-Homeric Greek vice. To ourselves it seems erroneous to argue from the latter, where found, to the existence of systematic female infanticide in the remote past. The mere fact that Homeric Greece is pure; post-Homeric Greece deeply guilty, with the contrast drawn by Tacitus between Germany and Rome, *donne à penser*. Mr. McLennan's notes on infanticide deserve study. Still, one is by no means convinced that the practice was ever carried so far as to make men steal wives, owing to scarcity of women, from groups *ex hypothesi* no richer in women than themselves. It is too like the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, who eke out their livelihood by taking in each other's washing. To another branch of his argument, not capable of being discussed here, there is an obvious and irrefragable reply. Westermarck, not having Mr. McLennan's new book before him, does not touch on his theory that captive wives, being property, were preferred, till kindred marriage became no marriage at all, but a sin.

To ourselves it seems that marriage within the Totem became an offence, a sin, supernaturally punished, as soon as the Totem system came into force. A man may not only not kill his Totem, if an animal, but he may not recline in its shadow, if it is a tree, or, in fact, make any use of it whatever. This taboo would necessarily apply to marriage with a woman of his Totem. Exogamy is only part of the Totemistic taboo at large, of which the origin is utterly unknown. On our scheme, then, Exogamy is an original part of Totemism. No man may take a woman of his family name, and of his own crest. This is the oldest form of prohibited degrees. Westermarck argues that these arise

from an *instinct* against amateness, where a person brought up with another is concerned. This *instinct* makes "sexual love between the nearest kin a psychological impossibility" (p. 319). Thousands of years of custom have now produced something like this instinct, happily, but what is the origin of the custom? The oldest known law does not forbid love between two persons brought up together, if they be of different Totems. A man may marry his father's daughter by a woman who is not his mother, nor of her Totem. Had the instinct been what Westermarck supposes, the exogamous law, in which it expressed itself, would not have been the Totemistic prohibition, which permits marriage with a paternal aunt, or paternal half-sister. Thus we cannot agree either with Mr. McLennan, or with Westermarck. The origin of Exogamy is lost in that unknown condition of affairs which produced the Totemistic taboo in general. As society advances, and kinship is reckoned in the civilised way, the exogamous rule is modified, till it becomes the system of prohibited degrees between persons nearly related by blood on either the male or female side. It has seemed better to argue one problem out, than to state all the questions raised in this valuable fragment. Among the best chapters are the younger McLennan's criticism of the evidence about Australian marriage laws, and the elder brother's remarks on the validity of anthropological evidence in general. The letter to Mr. Darwin on original promiscuity, and the studies of marriage among various races, also deserve attention. The old (1869) essays on Totemism are reprinted; they are the first steps in a new field, now much more completely explored, in the light of much better evidence—especially for the classical territory. It is natural to end with an expression of regret for the long illness and early death which deprived prehistorical science of its most brilliant and most original exponent.

Andrew Lang.

RICHELIEU.*

This volume auspiciously inaugurates a Series on Foreign Statesmen planned as a supplement to the "Twelve English

* Richelieu. By Richard Lodge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

Statesmen," most of which achieved a solid success. And deservedly; for they appeal to a wide circle of intelligent readers, who wish to concentrate their attention for a while upon a great historical figure, but find the article in a biographical dictionary too cold and technical, and the traditional "Life and Times" or "Life and Letters," in many volumes, a distraction rather than a help. The present work is almost a model of short biography. It compresses a great volume of matter into very small compass, and that less by brevity of style than by orderly arrangement of the subject. We fail to remember anything of importance which could have been added to the book anywhere, save as extra illustration or mere embellishment; no point has been neglected or has been over-laboured. This is high praise, but it is such a comfort to find one's way about in a tangled subject without having to grope, and Professor Lodge has cut for us a clear path through those perplexing wars and negotiations of the period. To tell the truth, they are not, they never ought to be, very interesting to the philosopher; triple duels are slow affairs; it was but a shifting, temporising inter-play of policy between France, Spain, and the Empire (England being effaced), with no great principle, no supreme effort to dignify it. The negotiations and the campaigns somehow strike us as being mainly got up to find work and pay for professional warriors and diplomatists, and so they were. Here and there was a statesman—Richelieu was one—who knew what he wanted and tried to go straight for it, but the tortuous, jealous, hedging spirit of the times was too strong for them. Yet Richelieu employed such tools and manipulated such forces as the period afforded so patiently and adroitly as to achieve almost complete success. His triumph was cut short in 1642; had he survived in power and vigour ten years longer, he would doubtless have written his name large in our English annals. On one side or the other he would have intervened; posed as the arbiter and saviour of England; the Protectorate might never have been, or might have been tolerated as a protected Protectorate. For if only Spain and the Empire could be made easy (and neither cared much about England in itself), Richelieu could have rallied the Protestant Powers with a

plausible call to intervention, and remodelled England much as he chose, either as a monarchy or a republic. Cromwell he certainly would not have set up, but pulled down very effectually; Richelieu knew better how to choose his tools. One almost regrets that these giants were not destined to a life and death struggle; it would have been a grand display, though the result could hardly have been doubtful. In comparing the two men, so like and unlike, I seem to regard Cromwell as a provincial type, Richelieu as almost cosmopolitan. The one, a mere country squire, sets up as an amateur statesman, and suddenly develops a marvellous latent capacity for business, but his views as they expand are wanting in completeness and harmony; hence his work, great as it was, turned out an admitted failure. The other seems naturally to inherit all the traditions of European statecraft; a trained and sharp-sighted ecclesiastic, he knew the Church, *a fortiori* he knew the World; aiming from his early youth at high place, he at last entered office a man of profound experience and ripe for affairs. Hence we find him as the arbiter of Europe pre-eminently the right man in the right place, not in the least surprised, like Cromwell, to find himself there, perfectly free from pose or self-consciousness, ever scanning the political horizon with the apparently careless, but penetrating, untiring gaze of the old pilot. And he succeeded; as such consummate professionals always will succeed if you give them time, whereas in the brilliant amateur there always comes a reaction when the first impetus has pushed him to the front.

But naturally we turn with most interest to the domestic policy of the greatest of French statesmen, and here Professor Lodge does not disappoint us. He points out forcibly the one terrible blot in that policy, its apparent indifference to financial reform. In spite of everything, I feel convinced for my own part that Richelieu must have definitely planned a cleansing of the Augean stable, but deferred it till he had crushed the nobles and settled Europe, and that he attempted no half measures, because he hoped some day to come down upon the harpy-classes with a sudden root-and-branch reform. Really it is hard to see what opportunity occurred for such a venture in his time, and he could hardly have foreseen that never again

would France find a minister equal to such a task, a task which every year became more gigantic.

Professor Lodge has gleaned from M. Hanotaux's first instalment (coming down to 1614) some interesting facts about the Cardinal's early life, of which the most striking is the appalling jobbery by which he obtained the mitre which, however, he wore with deserved credit. As a statesman he can only be appreciated in his voluminous *Lettres, Instructions Diplomatiques et Papiers d'Etat*, which M. d'Avenel has so carefully edited, but the summary estimate before us is admirably weighed. Of his character less is known. The zeal of adulators, the venom of enemies, the impudent inventions of later novelists and dramatists have created the motley monster which in spite of ourselves we call Richelieu. But this at least is true, the more we are getting to know him the more we like him. After all, the chances are he was distinctly a good man. Nothing really bad in his character or acts has ever been authenticated. And putting aside all his triumphs over his powerful enemies, there is something truly and pathetically heroic in his long, desperate struggle with the most formidable of all, his own poor, worn-out, agonised body. It beat him in the end; but once think of those last years of his, the racking pains, the moribund languor, yet brain and body ever goaded into energy by that iron will—surely the great Cardinal-Duke claims our reverent sympathy. To his memory Mr. Lodge has reared one more monument, not the less worthy, because in its modest proportions it recounts his glorious history with the brevity which impresses and the judgment which convinces.

A. M.

NEPHELE.*

He who has written one poem which has appealed to thousands is a greater poet than he who has written his thousands and appealed to none. Mr. Francis William Bourdillon's little lyric—

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,"

holds one of the simplest yet most exquisite similes in the language.

* *Nephelè*. By Francis W. Bourdillon. New York: New Amsterdam Book Publishing Co. \$1.00.

But one almost hesitates to touch with criticism Mr. Bourdillon's first prose romance, *Nephelè*, the *motif* of the book is so singularly delicate and indefinable. In analysing a psychological study one is always at a disadvantage; the spiritual experience is a thing so personal with the author, that the reader can neither affirm nor refute. But to portray the association of sound with the spiritual sense; to co-mingle the natural with the supernatural; to analyse petal by petal that blossom of life called Love, and with so light a touch that its blush remains; to tread so softly the aisles of the inner sanctuary that no echo jars the reader's consciousness—this is Mr. Bourdillon's dangerous and difficult achievement.

In his introduction, and under the name of his narrator, Endymion Gerard, the author utters a few trenchant truths about the scepticism of to-day. And however loudly we may declare with his friends, the "less wise," that we do not believe in ghosts, we do in our hearts deplore that flaming sword of science which would close us from the young Eden of past beliefs. Faith is Love's first flower. It is before the unknown gods that our spirits bow, and mystery will forever remain the keynote of fascination. This adroit, preliminary touch upon the vein of superstition, which belongs to all imaginative souls, prepares the reader for the psychological events which follow. The story of *Nephelè* is no new one; "the desire of the moth for the star;" the portrayal of an elective affinity. But the main attraction of the book lies in the exquisitely artful treatment of this *motif*.

The spiritual recognition of two beings through a melody which is manifested to each, and which is ultimately recognised by Endymion Gerard as descriptive of his soul's love for its mate; the romantic result of this sub-consciousness; the discovery that his twin-soul is Nephelè De Lisle, the *fiancée* of his intimate friend, and the dramatic culmination, when the great sonata is performed in public by Gerard and Nephelè, all go to make up a story of interest.

As a narrative, pure and simple, *Nephelè* is perhaps more poetic, because of the true spirit of poesy underlying it, than if the author had attempted a more ambitious method. His diction is noticeably effortless. Portions of the book

recall *Charles Auchester*, but with less of rhapsody, its musical descriptions being not so impossible to the general reader. Indeed, Mr. Bourdillon's fine writing is neither ferment nor frenzy, but a natural and impassioned expression.

There is little attempt at character drawing, nor are the main figures strongly individualised by what they say; but here and there they are limned in a few strokes.

Of *Nephelé De Lisle* :

"There was that in her which drew true words from the lips, even when talk was lightest, as the magnet draws iron out of dust. . . ."

Again :

"The Southern beauty of dark eyes and dark hair is usually more mastering and impressive, while the Northern beauty of lighter hues is more artistically lovely. But now and then, rare as the centennial aloe-bloom, is seen a face, fair as the Orient dayspring, in golden hair and heaven-blue eyes, yet full also of the haunting wistfulness that usually looks out at us from the depths of dark-brown eyes. . . ."

In the consistent silence which forbids allusion to Gerard's own character there is a self-analysis which is particularly artistic. We feel instinctively that the hero, like Sappho, is "one with all great things forever."

No figure in the group is heavily touched upon; but *Nephelé*, the central light and inspiration, stands in the foreground, enshrined upon a distance of shadow. In telling the story of his love, Gerard admits that there are things far beyond the plumb-line of the metaphysician. This is felt in following the musical flight of that strange seventh sense. We listen with veiled gaze because it is the lover, who speaks, but so selfless a lover, that it is evident that he speaks at the soul's dictation, letting that "lamp which is one man's treasure be a light to lighten many."

There is no abrupt precipitation toward a climax, but the "good hour" approaches as a natural sequence. So far the atmosphere of the book is a sustained note—a true note of music, which is the embodiment of beauty. Because of this harmony in colour and tone, in mass, one would wish that the story had not been prolonged beyond its climax, and that the introduction of another and unexpected character—that of the priest—had been omitted. One regrets the further explanation and detail at the close respecting the heroine, *Nephelé*.

The spirit of beauty holds some things inviolate. There are flowers whose hearts are never unveiled to the day; only moonlight, alike white and intangible, reveals them. There are melodies which shall never be sung; only the wind and the sea suggest and interpret them. And the delicate, opaline hue of the book is in a degree dimmed toward the end. The romance is full of beauty, however—a beauty which should appeal to the music-lover. It is full, too, of high and noble feeling; that sense, finer than finite, which John Addington Symonds so exquisitely called "the fire of the soul which is crystallised forever."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE PAGET PAPERS.*

Sir Augustus Paget reminds us over and over again that his compilation is not a history. In his father's official correspondence there are gaps, and he has filled these with a brief narrative of affairs, and has prefaced the account of each diplomatic mission by a *précis* of the European situation at the moment. Mrs. J. R. Green has supplied notes which are extremely useful in saving constant reference to the general history of the period. We cannot complain that no more ambitious plan has been taken in regard to this very important correspondence; it would be impossible for any one of a younger generation to make it the basis of a history of Europe during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras without frequently playing the critic to the Ambassador's point of view; and this would be unintelligent treatment of the material, which, rightly regarded, is evidence, not exposition. At the same time the editor has contrived that a book with an unusual amount of interesting matter in it should be very hard and distracting reading. The arrangement of the correspondence is solely ruled by date, so that we have the letters to his chiefs (and theirs to him), to the ministers at home, to am-

* The Paget Papers: Diplomatic and other correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., 1794-1807. Arranged and edited by his son, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus B. Paget, G.C.B. With notes by Mrs. J. R. Green, 24 portraits, 2 volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$10.00 net.

bassadors at other courts, to his parents, his brothers, his private friends, these, severally, treating of the particular international difficulty of the moment, his general views on politics, court scandals, domestic affairs, love stories, and pleasure parties, all mixed in a fine confusion. No great harm this in many biographies, but here the main interest happens to be the under history of the European troubles of the time, and though some of the remainder we should be sorry to miss, a little classification would have done much for clearness and utility. And—though this is a book that is of real value to the students of a period that has had more students than any other—of course, there is no index. There are not even chapter headings much more informative than "Berlin, 1794-1795," or "Palermo, 1800-1801," so that should we want to read again his references to Talleyrand, or Gentz, or the Hamiltons, or any one else, we have to thumb and turn the pages till we find them. This is a reasonable grumble.

Sir Arthur Paget was ambassador for about twelve years, and it was a long time judged by what he had to go through. Diplomacy was a battlefield then, when one was sure to be wounded, and when the reward of conscious usefulness was rarely forthcoming. He had his full share of the rough and hopeless work at Berlin, striving to keep Prussia up to the alliance with England; at Munich in a nest of intrigues, and raging at the pusillanimity of the attitude toward Bonaparte; at Palermo, responsible in great measure for the English interests in the whole Mediterranean, working in an atmosphere of distrust, hindered on every side by incapacity and treachery; at Vienna, where he saw Bonaparte's power growing every day out of the timid weakness he had clamoured against, till the Campaign of Austerlitz made his presence in Austria a mockery; and at the Dardanelles, where he went on the thankless task of trying to induce the Turks to give up the French and make peace with Russia. At twenty-three we find him an eager, strenuous, enthusiastic, and very precocious diplomat, acting on his own initiative in weighty affairs, doing his best to prevent the marriage between the Prince of Wales and Princess Caroline, and hopeful of putting a little force and manhood into the de-

moralised state of Prussia, then feebly conducting a war by English subsidies. We never find the same tone again. Though his opinions grew and strengthened, and his energy did not cease, his later underthought is always Vanity, vanity! He was a stickler for English prestige, and outward respect he wrung from the sulkiest and the most alienated foreign monarchs and ministers—till he was sent to that quarter where the Dodger of Europe resides, who has so often, in his sleek, elusive, Oriental way, defeated the plans of mightier nations than his own. Paget had lived in the princeliest style; his country had always had at the foreign courts where he was representative a symbol of its greatness in him. But on his very last mission—to the Dardanelles—he had to live on board a wretched little frigate, which even in stress of weather would not have been allowed shelter in port, never an offer of hospitality having come to him, with a walk on an uninhabited island for an occasional recreation. He was an able, strong-willed man; but, save for a few rascals who cared first for their own interests, and who enjoyed the situation as a game, diplomacy was a poor profession for the time. There was no unity in any nation that set to make a bargain with another. Monarchs and courts and ministers had not made up their minds, and the ambassador had. Very likely he was not enough a son of his time to be successful. Every year brought him a deeper conviction of the cursedness of Bonaparte, who was always to him the Brigand. Napoleon's success never cast a glamour over this sturdy foe, whose soul was consumed with scorn for nations that would not resist him and his claims to the death. The diplomatic history of the time gives one a far more disquieting picture than the most sensational description of the campaigns. That Europe lived through it is a matter for wonderment and hope.

So far as the private, personal letters are concerned, far the most entertaining are those from the Prince of Wales. The first gentleman in Europe was in his youth a most effusively affectionate friend, and to "dearest Arthur" he writes in the most lover-like terms, sending him frequent news of the set of which Paget was a popular member, as that they were "still pretty *bobish*," and

that "the dinners at Carlton House never forgot drinking a bumper to Arthur." In an important matter the usual positions of prince and favourite were reversed; for George interested himself tremendously in his friend's love affairs, and was ready to take any pains to bring things to a right conclusion. He had no opinion of Paget's profession, calling him once "one of the sanctioned spies and hidden lamps of Lord Grenville," by way of weaning him back to England and the company of the gay dogs at Carlton House. Paget, indeed, retired from diplomacy very early, homesick for England, and disappointed at the result of his labours. After the stormy years, domesticity and farming and yachting must have been grateful to him. He had had a troublesome experience of foreign life, and no doubt he was quite ready to echo Lord Malmesbury's words of defiant patriotism :

"An Englishman who, after a long absence from England, returns to it with feelings and sentiments partial to other countries and adverse to his own, has no *real mind*, is without the powers of discernment and plain easy comparison, and has no title to enjoy the superior moral, political and local advantages to which he is born, but of which he is insensible and unworthy."

THE NEW YORK GHETTO.*

One feels a certain timidity in expressing an opinion of a work which has been unreservedly praised by the most eminent of American critics, and by others having less authority. And, without doubt, Mr. Cahan's book is really remarkable in certain respects. It is a presentation of an alien and comparatively unknown element of national life; its types are novel, its religious and social characteristics, its morals, manners, customs, and ideals are all distinctively foreign to the native point of view. From this fresh material the author, writing evidently out of intimate personal knowledge, has created a strange, striking, vivid picture of the New York Ghetto. The principal characters are curiously lifelike: Yekl—or "Jake," as he calls himself in America—with all his repulsiveness, his conceit, humility, simplicity, and cunning; and Gitl, his

un-Americanised wife, who awakens a perception of the dislocation that many poor souls must suffer on coming to this country which should teach us larger patience and charity. Mrs. Kavarsky, the meddlesome neighbour, with her cynicism, her parade of new-worldly wisdom, is a new figure in fiction; and the various young men and young women evolved by the atmosphere of the sweat-shops are not less real, although more familiar. But Jake and Gitl stand out from the rest, and the scene between them when they meet at Ellis Island for the first time since they had parted in Russia, years before, and see each other as if they now met for the first time—he, "shaved and dressed as only young workmen are" in the old country; she, with the grotesque peasant dress and the hideous black wig worn by Russian Jewesses of her station and orthodoxy—lingers in the memory. The alienation, arising mainly from this change in the husband, is true to a larger life than that of any Ghetto; and the author's manner of portraying it conveys a peculiar impression of reality which the absence of analysis accentuates. There is, in fact, a feeling that—extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice—he has simply described individuals and actual occurrences, not mere types and typical events.

But in conceding that this is realism in the narrowest sense of the term, there may fairly be question of the work's realism in a wider sense. Does Mr. Cahan wish us to believe that the types and phases of the life of the Ghetto thus presented by him are truly representative of his race? That it is as sordid, as selfish, as mean, as cruel, as degraded as he has here shown it to be? For from beginning to end throughout the work there is not a gleam of spirituality, unselfishness, or nobility. Gitl is the best, yet she surrenders her husband to another woman on the payment of a bribe; "indeed, at the bottom of her heart, she felt herself far from desolate, being conscious of the existence of a man who was to take care of her and of her child," and she went away from the rabbi's house, where the divorce had been granted, full of the thought of the store she and her "new man" were to open with the money paid her by Jake. It is a hideous showing, and repels the reader, who misses what Mr. Zangwill's

* Yekl. By A. Cahan. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00.

sympathetic portrayals have revealed—that dignity of faith which compels respect from Christians; that helpfulness of each other which shames the selfishness of the Gentile. Nor is there any of the kind, subtle humour that takes the sting out of his frank revelations of racial weaknesses. The character of Mrs. Kavarsky is essentially humorous, and there are touches of humour all through the work. But it is new, of an unpleasant kind; bitter and rough, it has somewhat the effect of accident, as though it had accompanied these photographs of the Ghetto without much perception of its presence on the part of the photographer.

If, then, these likenesses and these views are reproduced from life, was it wise to develop the pictures? Can it be true that we care much in fiction for what has so little interest in life? that we are attracted in literature by characters and scenes that we would shrink from in the flesh? Are such books ever worth while? Do they serve any purpose, even to amuse? Do they do any good? do they add anything to literature? above all, *are* they literature? The last question is asked with remembrances of the difficulties of writing in a foreign language, and with recognition of the ease and fluency of Mr. Cahan's English. This great ease and this notable fluency seem, indeed, to be among the rocks on which the work splits, through having too much journalistic familiarity and too little literary reserve. But this is, of course, merely the opinion of the writer of this review, there being distinguished authority to the contrary.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE WASHER OF THE FORD.*

The Scottish Highlander was never a complete convert to the Christian faith. Not that he had doubts after accepting it. Unlike his Lowland neighbour he has always been little of a theologian. He is not given to forming little sects. The wide fold of the Catholic Church has been good enough for him, or, if not that, then, in later days, strong undiluted Calvinism. The narrative of

the Christian story; the mysteries of the faith as distinguished from nice doctrinal subtleties; and the ritual of the Church have always appealed to him strongly from the first. Even Christian morality made its way with peculiar ease among the wild people on certain directions in compensation for its total want of success in others. But Christianity never uprooted the older faiths, had to settle down, in fact, side by side with them in the Highland mind, intermingling constantly, and with such confusion that only the priest, and maybe not even he, could disentangle the real thing. This is a truth constantly met with in all Celtic saint lore, in Highland folk-lore, and in the Highland mind to-day, when you reach it. It is the truth which Miss Fiona Macleod has illustrated by her "legendary moralities." These are neither pagan nor Christian; they are both, though more one than the other, and recognised maybe as both by the early imagination in which they grew. As she says, "The Washer of the Ford might well have appeared, to a single generation, now as a terrible and sombre pagan goddess of death, now as a symbolic figure in the new faith, foreshadowing spiritual salvation and the mystery of resurrection." Quite apart from the beauty of the legends, they are thus highly instructive as examples of the double working of the human mind.

Almost any of the stories here would illustrate this, but "Muime Chriosd" does it as well as any. The name signifies the foster mother of Christ, and was given to St. Bridget, of whom there are many legends, and bits of legends, in Scotland and Ireland. Possibly they will never be more faithfully told—the faithfulness touching the grotesque as well as the poetical side—than in Miss Macleod's version. Bridget passed a mysteriously holy girlhood in Iona, in the Druid days, before the coming of St. Colum. On a certain day she wandered far, and came to where the heather was ever more withered and parched, till it passed into reaches of desert sand with palm-trees. Then a voice reached her ear as out of a sleep, that of her father Dùvach talking in the good Gaelic of the drought and the sufferings of man and beast round the village of Bethlehem. He tells her he

* The Washer of the Ford. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

must set off from their home at the inn and journey to the quenchless well on the Mount of Olives. Meanwhile she must give away no drop of water nor accommodate any one in his absence. But when days had passed there came to the inn a tired man, and a woman soon to become a mother, riding on an ass. Joseph, a carpenter in Arimathea, and Mary his wife. They, too, spoke the sweet Gaelic of the Isles. And Bridget saw something in the woman's face that made her give them all the little water left in the house, and because they were weary she lodged them in the stable. Dúvach comes back, and full of curiosity about his guests, goes to the stable, which is like "a shell filled with the fires of sunrise." Pushing open the door, they see Mary with the Babe upon her knee. Then Bridget took Him in her arms, covering Him with her mantle. So is she known as St. Bride of the Mantle. She nursed Him all through the night, and so, too, she is known as Muime Chríosd, the foster-mother of Christ. When she woke the holy company were gone. But the power of miracle was on her; she did wonderful things. Going out of the city she followed in the moonlight the footprints of a woman and child. All night she walked, never weary, yet never seeing any figures, though the steps were newly made. At last they stopped, and she saw the lights of Jerusalem. But the wind stirring among the olives smelt of heather, and rustled in the bracken. The lights of the holy city faded. She was on Dun-I, "Iona lay green and gold, isled in her blue waters. From the sheiling of Dúvach, her father, rose a thin column of pale blue smoke." But this rough version cannot give a fair idea of one of the most mysteriously beautiful and bold renderings of the Christian story as dreamt by a people who, after their dreamy fashion, mingled the Mount of Olives with their own familiar hills and with the hills of Heaven.

The "Annir-Choille," on the other hand, is frankly pagan, a story of reaction against the Christian spirit of renunciation. With passages of striking beauty, it is, nevertheless, in form, at least, far less convincing. I feel sure, with the assurance of ignorance, that it has not the accent of its time. True to the general spirit of revolt it may be,

against a faith that despises the body's needs and joys, but the telling is after the fashion of the pagans of this decade, now just a trifle exaggerated, and again finely Swinburnian as in Cathal's song,

"For I see this thing, that the old gods are the gods that die not;
All else is a seeming, a dream, a madness, a tide ever ebbing."

I wish I had room to speak at length of other things in the book, of that wild tale of alternate madness, and terror, and exquisite peace, in which the whole of death is portrayed, "The Washer of the Ford," of The Shadow Seers (especially that one called "The Smoothing of the Hand"), and of the passage in "The Fisher of Men," which speaks of the signs of change that the soul knows before the coming of death, though pain have not spoken.

This book so far surpasses Miss Macleod's earlier efforts that any uncertainty one might have had about the best direction of her great talents is gone entirely. Its superiority, I feel sure, lies in the fact that here she is in the region of pure poetry. Her former books dealt more with the drama of common life, and I doubt if she realises how the people fed on such imaginative and spiritual food as make the substance of her legends would act and speak in the stress of living. There was a sweetness that cloyed in most of the earlier stories. But here, where it is the spirit and the dreams of the Highlanders more than their outward life that are her themes, she is on ground where few could come near her. She knows her way about, and with her certainty has come an enormous increase of artistic power.

Annie Macdonell.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. HORT.*

If on seeing these two considerable volumes the intending reader may not unreasonably ask whether this is not a

* Life and Letters of Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. By his son, Arthur Fenton Hort, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.50 net.

case in which the half would have been better than the whole, he can at any rate be in no doubt of the desirableness of having some biography of Dr. Hort. Of the great Cambridge Triumvirate, Dr. Lightfoot has passed away, leaving his monument in his works, Dr. Westcott is happily still living, and only in this *Life of Dr. Hort* can the public see the nature of their association. The work of Dr. Hort, too, was of such a kind as rather tended to the repression than to the manifestation of character; and those who day by day enjoy the fruit of his life-long toil naturally desire to come a little closer to the personality which lay behind it. That personality is abundantly revealed in the letters which form by far the larger part of these volumes. Addressed mainly to one or two intimate friends, they are full of personal touches, and become an unconsciously written autobiography. It will surprise many who have been accustomed to think of Dr. Hort as they think of a good lexicon, capable of yielding full and accurate information, but without human interests and emotions, to find that he was an exceptionally many-sided man, an eager and successful botanist, a writer of poetry and a landscape painter, a good musical critic and practitioner, an enthusiastic and bold mountaineer and founder of the Alpine Club, a warm and generous friend, and the delight of his children—vital throughout his whole nature, and carrying an indomitable energy into all his occupations.

But the characteristic which most prominently appears in this memoir is one that must be lamented. To commence great undertakings was easy to Dr. Hort, to finish them almost impossible. It is most tantalising to read these letters, and learn how many excellent schemes he initiated, worked at for a while, and then dropped. This was perhaps due, not only to his fastidiousness and conscientiousness, but to his being peremptorily called by circumstances to distracting work, and partly to the great loss of time entailed by imperfect health. Indeed, as one follows him through these letters the wonder grows, not that he did not achieve more, but that he was able to accomplish so much; not that his translation of Plato, and his revised Winer, and his *Commentary on the Epistles of James, Peter,*

and Jude, and his "great history" of the Church, never appeared, but that amid all distractions and disabling hindrances he should have produced, or aided in producing, a Greek Text of the New Testament, which, whether it approves itself or not, is at all events scientifically ascertained, and the result of firmly held principles. He was but twenty-three years of age when his attention was first turned to the Text, and two years after, in 1853, Westcott and he "came to a distinct and positive understanding about our Greek Text and the details thereof." But instead of occupying him for a year or two as at first he expected, he was more or less engaged upon this work for almost thirty years. Even after all this expenditure of time and toil, it must be matter of regret that the editors did not issue with the text a *complete* critical apparatus, and it will interest many to read (ii. 240) that "the *pieces justificatives* . . . will yet be made accessible." Certainly this would be a most welcome addition and buttress to Hort's great work.

It is difficult clearly to apprehend what Dr. Hort's position as a Churchman was. On the one hand, he professes himself "a staunch sacerdotalist," and speaks of Protestantism's "crazy horror of the idea of priesthood;" and in speaking of Baptism he betrays a misunderstanding of the Calvinistic or High Church Protestant, as distinguished from the High Church Anglican view. On the other hand, his sympathies seem to have been largely, though not wholly, with Maurice; and when he does explicitly express himself regarding Anglicanism it is not with unqualified approval. Indeed, in one letter (ii. 30, 31) he shows that he had at any rate once perceived the principle which absolutely explodes all that is implied and contained in sacerdotalism: "If we may take St. Paul's life and work for our guidance we may well be content to put up with comparative formlessness, for I know not how many generations, rather than go back to 'the elements of the world.'" But as Dr. Hort was, after all, rather a pioneer in investigation than a leader in theology, we are more concerned in arriving at a knowledge of his character than of his opinions.

Marcus Dods.

THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE.*

"That's a melancholy tale," says the merry-faced gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby*. "It's a tale of life, and life is made up of such sorrows," returned his neighbour. Which is as good an apology for reviewing a sad book as it is for writing one.

Yes, *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* is unmistakably a sad story, but it is a reminiscent sadness—the sadness that weighs upon you at sunset, or after a day of rain, or in walking at eventide by the seashore. In placing the setting and characters of the story far back in the eighteenth century the author has relieved it of that sense of nearness and actuality which would have given it poignancy and heart-rending pathos if the scenes had been laid in the present. There is no note of anguish in Miss Findlater's work; it does not inflict pain; it all happened so long ago that we can bear to listen to the narrative as to an old familiar strain that once had power to pierce the heart, but now moves us only to a sweet melancholy. Indeed, it is in the telling that the story charms—in the manner more than in the matter; for Miss Findlater weaves a spell as she writes that holds the reader captive. It matters little that you know the story; if you read the book once you will doubtless take it up again.

A widow with two daughters goes to a country parish in Scotland, and brings them up on her own plans. She entirely isolates them; shows them no affection; gives them no regular education, and, in fact, deprives them of all happiness save what they can find in one another. Dr. Cornelius Hallijohn, minister of the parish, takes the two girls in charge. Dr. Hallijohn is getting toward fifty, and is a tolerably hard drinker. He is a gentleman, good looking, good natured, without religion, and a bachelor. He teaches the two girls, and falls in love with the elder; though she is so much younger, she returns his affection and they become engaged. The younger girl, who was the more beautiful, is made love to by a stray military man from London. He jilts her, and she dies. One of the most pathetic parts of the book is the account of Lucie's visit to London, and the fine description of

her feelings when she comes in contact for the first and only time with the great, tumultuous tide of the city's life. The elder sister dies very soon after the younger, just on the eve of her marriage to Dr. Hallijohn. The mother, if possible, is more callous than ever; and it is difficult to believe that any one could be so near insanity and yet not be insane; nor is it easy to think that the two girls would have been quite so passive in her hands. Their characters, however, are drawn with great delicacy, tenderness, and insight. Dr. Hallijohn is also a fine figure, and in Miss Findlater's hands has proved a new character study in fiction.

But the promising thing about the book is that it shows Miss Findlater to be no mere echo; whether she can repeat this success (for success it is, and the book deserves to be popular) remains to be seen. It contains a great deal of closely packed thought, the ripe first-fruits of meditative leisure and seclusion from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife." *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* is not all fiction; there is a personal power in it which wins you to the theory that it is in part autobiographic in quality. Knowing what Miss Findlater's antecedents and surroundings have been up to the time of writing, it is more than likely that she has derived hints from experience which imagination has wrought into final form. But, after all, she cannot be denied the creative power which is felt in the atmosphere of the story more than in the characterisation. The mark of genius in a new writer—namely, the note of revolt—is apparent in her work. It is far away from the beaten track, from the broad way of fiction, and nestles in quiet sequestration with a Thoreau-like defiance of civilised conventions. Both in the original drawing of her characters and in the painting of the background is this strikingly shown; and impossible to us as seem the strange creatures of her creation and the malignant fate that overtakes them, we are convinced of their reality—a reality which, as we have indicated, would be unbearable but for the kind, intervening lapse of years. The story touches life at many points, and does not make its appeal to us in vain. We put down the book with a lingering regret for the tender grace of a day that is dead, but with a living remembrance of its throbbing memories.

* *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*. By Jane H. Findlater. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

"'Their graves have been green for ninety years and more,' said my grandmother, as she finished telling the tale. 'Don't tell me it's true,' I said—for my eyes were wet.' . . .

"Ah, Life, there are stranger things in you than were ever written!"

Yes, it's "a melancholy tale;" but "life is made up of such sorrows," and it eases our own pain to find its echo in another heart. It goes far to reconcile us to the "burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."

James MacArthur.

CINDER-PATH TALES.*

Mr. William Lindsey has sprung another delightful surprise on his readers in his *Cinder-Path Tales*: the first occurred when he made his literary *début* last Christmas as a poet in *Apples of Is-takhar*. And as in his verse we recognised an original vein of thought and feeling, so in his prose we still find him strikingly individual. Stories of the character of these are rare, and stories as good as these are not common in any branch of fiction. Indeed, the author has managed to give his work such an air of reality that he seems to be narrating actual events. Moreover, although the stories treat solely of "cinder-path" themes, wrestling, running, leaping, jumping, throwing, and all such things, they are so imbued with the knowledge and the feeling of life in its greatest and widest sense that they must appeal to a larger audience than the nature of the subjects would indicate. "The Hollow Hammer," for example, must find appreciation with all who scorn dishonesty; "How Kittie Queered the Mile" reveals the profoundest depths of a woman's heart; and "A Virginia Jumper" gives a curious insight into the lives and the ideals of the old fashioned, provincial Southerners. The letter of Mrs. Margaret Lee Fairfax, wherein she states that "running broad" was a traditional Virginia sport, and calls attention to the fact that Thackeray makes Harry Warrington cover twenty-one feet three inches against his English rivals, and says that Colonel George Washington could better this a foot, is charmingly characteristic. And, notwithstanding

* *Cinder-Path Tales*. By William Lindsey. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.00.

the sameness of his subject; the author has made some of his sketches as pathetic as others are humorous. "Ather-ton's last 'Half'" makes the heart ache with its infinite sadness, while it makes it thrill with recognition of splendid courage. "Paddy's Probation," on the other hand, is pure, innocent fun, a story that makes the reader—if he be blessed with a keen sense of humour—laugh till the tears come. And it is all so clean, too, and kind, and essentially refined; and aside from the entertainment afforded by the tales to those who have little interest and less knowledge of the sports of which they treat, the work must have a certain technical value. The author writes as one having authority, and in one of his paragraphs, in summing up the causes of the loss of a race by one of his heroes, he says:

"Indeed, I honestly believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the best man wins because he is the best man, and the rest of the field lose simply because they have not the legs, lungs, heart, or courage necessary to bring them in first. There is mighty little 'hocus-pocus' business in amateur athletics, and the atmosphere of the cinder-path is, after all is said, as pure as any on earth, not excepting that of politics and the legal profession."

George Preston.

MR. BUNNER'S POSTHUMOUS VOLUME.*

It is the great delight of Mr. Bunner's work that it combines the unflinching freshness, ease, and familiarity of journalism with such quality as journalism is often forced to surrender. The artistic sense of these last sketches from Mr. Bunner's pen is such as has always kept his work true, through all temptations to what was merely obvious and showy and cheap, to the sterling literary values. One has a good chance to compare this sketching of New York life with much writing of the sort in recent journalism and fiction. There has been little so true as this. Others may talk glibly of the place after a journalistic week; but Mr. Bunner tells us things such as only the thoughtful man can grasp of the drift of a great city. And he has lived his city a long while, from childhood up, and from its present history back afar into its beginnings. Reading such sketches as these of "Tieman's to Tubby Hook," "The

* *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. Urban and Suburban Sketches*. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Bowery and Bohemia," and "The Story of a Path," shows with what freedom from superficiality Bunner plied a literary trade that so easily lends itself to the superficial. He wrote to please his public, but quietly, at the same time, he wrote to please the artist in himself.

There is another way just now in which we are tempted to look at these sketches, so good, as is all their author's work, from the point of art. They are true to the man himself, and that man exerts such a charm in his work. It is the charm of straightforward address, of sympathetic, unpretentious manhood. There is a sentence which opens the tender sketch of "The Lost Child" that speaks loudly of Bunner. "The best of life in a great city is that it breeds a broad and tolerant catholicity of spirit; the best of country life is that it breeds the spirit of helpful, homely, kindly

neighbourliness." Mr. Bunner would have liked to think of himself as the ideal cosmopolite, we imagine, as the man of the world, capable of many enjoyments and freed from the provinciality of little standards. But he had what the man of the world too often loses, a simplicity and rectitude of nature. There is a quality of genius that Wordsworth has immortalised in those lines to the little boy, Hartley Coleridge, "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock." All that is tenderest and most winning in Bunner is summed up in this tribute to the childlikeness of the best virtue. For ourselves, we prefer "Jersey and Mulberry" to any of the sketches in this volume. It is at once most characteristic on all sides, and perhaps the most compact artistically.

E. B. B.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE TOUCH OF SORROW. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1 00.

A STUMBLER IN WIDE SHOES. By Edith Hamlet. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.

The first of the last two numbers of Messrs. Holt's Protean Series is a study of a single character, who may, perhaps, be indicated for the reader's benefit as a sort of terrestrial Undine whose career retains a flavour, not altogether agreeable, of *The Heavenly Twins*, or, perhaps, we should rather say, of *Anna Karénina*. "Stella's" peculiarity is a shrinking from sorrow, pain, or any sort of unpleasantness, so strong as almost to amount to mania; until the death of her child supplies the lacking element, and the book closes with the comfortable assurance that "Stella felt dimly that a new soul had come to her, and to those who stood about her its radiance was visible in her face." The story is rather prettily told, and there are many quotable passages; the sort of would-be epigram that one hears among people who, being rich and idle, try to make things pleasant for each other in the hope that they themselves may thereby find entertainment. This makes it readable, though there is practically no plot, and the minor characters are mere cloud-wreaths, only acquiring

shape when it is necessary to provide a background for "Stella." But it may not be amiss, even in connection with a book of such slight nature, to enter a protest against the obstetric novel. This protest is in the interest, not of Bowdlerism, but of art; we are no prude, and have no objection to the detailed treatment of any subject when such subserves truth; what we would humbly submit is that while certain aspects of disease and death are properly within the province of art, there are others which are best left in shadow, or to the treatment of the expert. Such a man as, let us say, Weissmann, might possibly, even in a novel, give us a new insight into the mysteries of life and birth; but in the average imitator of Tolstoy—not to say Tolstoy himself—any attempts along this line are empirical and worthless; and they therefore vulgarise and degrade not merely the subject, but the reader.

A Stumbler in Wide Shoes avoids at least the pitfall which we have indicated. It is a story of Amsterdam; and while there is less of Holland in it than satisfies us, after the *Kitwyck Stories*, it is not without local colour. In fact, the dreary fen country, with its whirling windmills standing sentinel over poor

Myrtle in her loneliness, is rather effectively used. The plot is highly conventional; the rescue of the heroine by the hero takes place in the very first chapter; there is a Jewish Delilah, a conventional Shylock of a father, a drunken tool for second villain, a conspiracy, and a noble, injured, and semi-forgiving wife to come to the rescue. Equally, of course, there is a second gentleman, whom the leading lady ought to have married for his moral worth instead of choosing the hero for his good looks; and he it is who finally reunites the long-severed pair after the faulty but attractive artist has shaken off his congenial weakness of character in rather a surprising manner, and has achieved a statue of the wife whom he believes to be dead, which entitles him, we are told, to "ask of Fame what you will, and here in Paris it will be given you."

It is rather a fad, since the star of Zangwill rose above the literary horizon, to be interested in the Jews; and accordingly, in her poverty, Myrtle's residence is fixed near the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam; but there is nothing distinctively Hebraic about any of the Jewish figures, though the usurer Leon just misses both tragedy and pathos as nearly as Caleb Prosser escapes a touch of sublime self-devotion.

THE KING'S REVENGE. By Claude Bray.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

The modern tendency of reaction toward idealism and the historical novel has inflicted upon us a multitude of books, of the making of which there seems indeed to be no end, and, indeed, no special purpose. The king, in the work before us, is Edward II. of England, who could hardly be forced into a very strong position in any novel except at the expense of truth and history; his revenge, which is the least important feature of the plot, is for the judicial murder of his favourite, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. What Gaveston had done to incur the anger of the earls or the "lord's ordainers" beyond nick-naming them in rather a rude fashion, we are left to our own historical knowledge to learn; the reader unlearned in the annals of those times is only saved from estimating the nobles of King Edward as petulant boys, unable to take a joke, by a shrewd suspicion that the commonalty would have needed a much

blacker offence before they so hated Sir Piers as the national enemy. But the author gives us no assistance in coming to a conclusion. It is a boon, unquestionably, that the masters of modern historical fiction have set the example of a modest hero; otherwise, as the story is invariably told in the first person, the situation would be unbearably strained; but we submit that even autobiography does not require such a very modern note, as a constant shameless changing of sides on any provocation or none. There must surely be some other means of making the reader acquainted with both sides of the historical situation, especially as the present method does not seem always to show us even one side; and there are really such old-fashioned virtues in existence as faithfulness and loyalty, though "Sir Aubrey de Mauleverer" does not seem to have been aware of them.

A HUMBLE ENTERPRISE. By Ada Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

In opening a volume by Ada Cambridge one rather expects a protest against something, usually marriage; it is a pleasant surprise, in the present instance, to find a very pretty little idyll of love in Australia. To be sure, Australia has very little to do with it; it might quite as well, *mutatis mutandis*, be London or New York; about the only valuable touch of local colour is the Philistinism of the average British colonist, who "cares nothing for the beautiful scenery at his doors, and does not go into the ranges from year's end to year's end." Further than this, we have the usual father getting himself killed on the first page, the heroic daughter undertaking to make the family fortune by opening a tea-room, and the arrival of a big red-bearded wealthy young man from England; after which opening the discerning reader can finish the story for himself—or, rather, herself. But while the love making is very pretty, and the story is as immaculately proper as the tea-room itself, it is curious to note the author's estimate of men as rather poor property after all, yet at the same time one which we cannot exactly do without. An unmarried woman she considers is merely a grown-up child; "even an unlucky marriage, which is a living martyrdom, is better than none," and "without beating her

or keeping her short of pocket money, the husband necessarily makes his wife feel that the earth is her habitation and the clouds of heaven many miles away." Truly, Ada Cambridge has degenerated since the days in which she wrote *The Three Miss Kings* and *Not all in Vain!*

DR. VERMONT'S FANTASY. By Hannah Lynch. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.25.

Such presentations of the sweet and simple side of French provincial life as this, from an English point of view, are only too rare. All the studies composing the volume are exquisitely tinted in local colour, and drawn with real French surety and fineness, for the author has evidently studied French literary models as well as French manners and types and customs. The influence of Maupassant appears in the first and longest story, which gives the title to the book, and also in the last, which makes the most powerful appeal. The last is the simple story of a child, "The Little Marquis;" but a brief quotation from it will give an idea of the quiet, tender beauty of the whole work. The child

"was at once the biggest and the smallest landlord of Calvados, the most important personage of that department, and the most insignificant and powerless. Into his cradle the fairies had dropped all the gifts of fortune but those two without which the others taste as ashes—love and happiness. His life was uncoloured by the affections of home, and his days, like his rugged little visage and his dull personality, were vague with the vagueness of negative misery. Of his nurse he was meekly afraid, and his relations with the other servants were of the most distantly polite and official nature. He understood that they were there to do his bidding nominally and compel him actually to do theirs, pending his authority. With a broken sigh he envied the happiness that he rootedly believed to accompany the more cheerful proportions of the cottagers' experience, of which he occasionally caught glimpses in his daily walks, remembering the chill solitude of his own big, empty castle. . . . He was not, it must be owned, an engaging child, though soft-hearted and timidly attracted by animals, whose susceptibilities he would have feared to offend by any uninvited demonstration of affection. He had heard himself described as plain and dull, and thought it his duty to refrain as much as possible from inflicting his presence upon others, preferring loneliness to adverse criticism. But he had one friend who had found him out and taken him to her equally unhappy and tender heart."

And this is all the story: the love between the desolate child and the heart-broken woman. But it is enough—it is art, it is life.

DOCTOR NIKOLA. By Guy Boothby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

The novel of mystery seems to have passed. There are not many latter-day readers who will follow the long and rather aimless wanderings of this antiquated romance with patience, much less with pleasure, for the plot is as broad as a church-door, though not as deep as a well. The story travels from the Occident to the Orient and back again in a dragging, inconsequent way, all on account of a little black stick.

"It was a commonplace little affair, deep black in colour, and covered with Chinese hieroglyphics in dead gold. Attached to it at one end was a piece of frayed gold ribbon, much tarnished, showing evident signs of having passed through many hands."

This stick is assumed to possess marvellous powers; to be in, in short, a sort of magic wand. But just what may be done by means of it, or why Doctor Nikola and the rest are so eager to own it that they seek it from England to China, is never made convincingly clear to the reader's mind, so as to give him interest in the story. In truth, the handling of the occult requires a subtler touch than the author has shown himself capable of, and the occultism of the mysterious East eludes a less solid grasp than Mr. Guy Boothby's.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND: THE ROMANCE OF A BLIND LAWYER. By James R. Cocke, M.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

Among the lessons of import inculcated by the good modern novel, that form of fiction which has a tendency to ameliorate human suffering, or contributes most light to the sum of human knowledge, will ever and invariably attract the higher mind. In this category must be placed *Blind Leaders of the Blind*.

Dr. Cocke has certainly gone about his task in a most sympathetic yet business-like way, and the result of his labour is apparent on every page. The work furnishes a very general yet concise survey of those human instincts which peculiarly dominate modern society. While not attempting to point the way to a final disposition of certain philosophical questions, it vividly portrays not a few of the hindrances that block the way, and arouses our keenest

sympathies in the cause of right. There is no shifting from or avoiding the issues hinted at, and the evilly disposed are supplied with abundant and wholesome food for reflection.

The tale opens with a few simple incidents at Catawba, Ala., which are interwoven with the life of a blind though intellectual boy, who has been adopted by an uncle, himself a self-made man. Around this blind hero we have grouped through life those ever-shifting yet rectifying forces which, in the contemplative mind of Robert Netherland, serve only the highest purposes, as the rankest manure associated with sunlight indirectly aids the flower to reflect its divinest hues, and distils from the rose its sweetest odour. Of the numerous characters in the book, each contributes unsparingly to the ethical design of the author, and though the contrast between the birth and life surroundings that mould the Italian murderer, Saracchi, and those which fashion and touch into life the impulses of the blind lawyer, Netherland, is, indeed, great, yet the picture-lesson is timely, and society is again distinctly reminded of its duty to the individual. The character of Elisha Steele, at once peddler and plutocrat, constitutes no uncommon entity in certain quarters, while Schneip, the German chemist and victim of unkind circumstances, though intellectually gifted, is seen to expire without solving the insoluble, the prevalence of evil co-existent with infinite goodness. The ideal marriage of the hero, who has come to see through another's eyes, closes a strong story, admirably told.

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS. By Joseph Conrad. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

An Outcast of the Islands is a book as terrible in its analysis of a man's moral progress to damnation as Mr. Frederic's recent novel. In the brief space of a note one cannot give the outline of the story. It is sufficient to say that it shows us a man first fallen by greed and robbery from a wife and position to which he had struggled from low birth, then cast on a barbaric island and caught in the toils of a barbaric passion which leaves him in a loathing. Mr. Conrad has already proved his fitness to portray Malay life. The same power that he showed in *Almayer's Folly* has served

him here. He feels the tropics in all their thirsty intensity, their gloom, their alluring beauty, their poison for the Northern nature. He feels especially this tragedy of the two civilisations, East and West, brought face to face, mingling strange instincts with alternate throes of fascination and repulsion. As he pictures the fatal love of the tropics, fatal to decoy, fatal to cling, fatal to kill at last the treachery that has betrayed it, and yet to love the betrayer, and brings it in contrast with the sickly passion of the white that dies in disgust, he again asserts the contrast between the Eastern character of the Malay and the type of Westerner that is bred in contact with it—not, certainly, to the credit of the latter.

Mr. Conrad's chief power is psychological. It is a terrible psychology, realised with as awful an imagination as we can remember in present fiction excepting Stevenson.

"One of those minutes when the voice is silenced, while the thoughts flutter in the head, like captive birds inside a cage, in rushes desperate, exhausting and vain."

This is only one of a series of psychological moments that the author has seized. They have a relentless hold on the memory, and, taken in succession, make a narrative of terror from which the imagination shrinks. This is power; but it is perhaps the literary weakness of such a book as *An Outcast of the Islands* that its strain is too intense, too prolonged, too unmitigated for artistic harmony or truth to life.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Vachell writes of that which he knows well—of the vicissitudes, the romance, and the sharp contrasts of life in California. This distinctively American theme seems to be especially acceptable to English readers, for it is on the other side of the Atlantic that his stories have hitherto found most favour with public and publishers.

The Quicksands of Pactolus deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of a wealthy family in San Francisco, and it illustrates the dangers of selfish ambition and the power of unselfish love. Rufus Barrington, by untiring ambition, shrewdness, and good fortune, has made himself a multimillionaire, and at

sixty-five we see him a marvel of good health, proud of his success and of his power over his fellow-men. Strong in intellect as in body, he has instilled into the minds of his family his own cynicism and materialistic philosophy, and not until that seed bears him some very bitter fruit does he learn his mistake. In the character of this rugged old millionaire the author has given us a very solid and life like figure, and he stands out in bold relief against the background of minor characters who have their parts to play in this society drama. Next in importance, and decidedly the most lovable member of the Barrington family, is the younger son, Dick, who is kept busy sacrificing his own pleasure and interests to help the others out of their troubles. We have a great admiration for Dick; and when, in that exciting episode, the run on the Barrington Bank, he saves by his courage and sagacity both the honour and the fortunes of the Barringtons, we feel quite as proud of him as does his father. At the end there is every indication that he is at last about to enjoy the happiness that he deserves, and with this cheering prospect we leave him.

The interest of the story is well sustained; and Mr. Vachell marches us briskly along the highway of incident without any waste of time by excursions into the side paths of reflection or description.

THE DREAM-CHARLOTTE. By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The French Revolution is losing its romance under the prying gaze of inquiring historians and speculative politicians, who say it really amounted to very little, or that it was far wrong, and that it was not bliss in that hour to be alive at all. But it has not lost its romance for Miss Betham-Edwards. In *A Romance of Dijon* she hails the dawn of political liberty, and especially of religious liberty as exhibited in a tolerance of Protestantism, with fine, hearty enthusiasm, not with mere vague rhetoric, but with chapter and verse, and with pictures out of the time before the Bastille fell and the serf was still a reality. The Dijon story was the better novel; but there is a particularly attractive idea at the bottom of this one, and the account of how liberty came to dwellers in remote country places turns over new

pages of history for us. Two girls, a rich bourgeoisie and her peasant foster-sister, leave the convent at Caen together, and hardly see each other again. But Airelle bears away great love and reverence for her clever, stimulating, great-souled friend, Charlotte, who is a Dream-Charlotte to her ever after, and whose influence on her opinions and modes of thought, never weakens. The peasant is a missionary in her far-away home in Le Rosel in the Bessin, speaking for liberty and tolerance, defending the new lights, always with gentle discretion, feeling all the while she is humbly imitating her friend. That friend we hardly see save through the mind of her little peasant school-mate, till suddenly we meet her on her way to Paris to avenge the wrongs of France by the death of Marat. It is a very clever and a very sympathetic way of introducing Charlotte Corday to us that Miss Betham-Edwards has chosen; and the story, with all its painful scenes, its records of hopes dashed and broken, remains beautiful by reason of the idea on which it is raised. But though it has a love interest and all the other things that an orthodox novel demands, strictly speaking it is not a novel at all, but a good story, made by a very fresh, untired mind, a trifle too instructive—with youth, indeed, in its seriousness as well as in the quality of its enthusiasm.

THE OLD INFANT AND SIMILAR STORIES.

By Will Carleton. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

These stories are not literature; they are more like the thing we call journalism. There is no vigil, no artistry at work in them at all; but an easy, slapdash method. There is much vulgarity in the method, which does not stop at such expressions as "make an exhibit of himself" and "pretty middling well frightened." There is often vulgarity in the tone. "A Business Flirtation" is particularly objectionable. Still the stories are readable, as Will Carleton has always been readable, crude as his product is. His humour is his strong point; and there is much of it at which the best of us may laugh. We recommend the opening description of the school-room in "The Old Infant;" Miss Jareds, the New England chaperone in "Lost—Two Young Ladies," who had "more rectitude to the ounce than all

the foreigners in the world ;" and the whole of "The One-Ring Circus" to those readers who want the best of it.

A WOMAN'S COURIER. By William Joseph Yeoman. New York : Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

This book calls for a little dissertation on the adventure novel rather than a detailed discussion of itself. How long, O syndicates and makers of the literary fashion-plates, are writers to trick themselves with no trouble at all in the literary gear of Mr. Stanley Weyman? For the make-up of such a book as the present one and many others of its sort but one equipment seems necessary—Mr. Stanley Weyman, minus his clear-cut art, his delightful ingenuity, his felicity in character study. There are the proofs of a vigorous creative mind at work on its material; but without such a creative stamp, what is the rest of the adventure novel worth? One and twenty personal encounters lightly disposed of, one kidnap, one royal plot, a little external description of old London or old Paris (as it may happen), and one or two pretty girls to be rescued and serve for the introduction of some easily contrived sentiment. Well, what is the adventure novel for? To stir our blood or to put us to sleep? For books which call for so little exertion in the make-up are soporific. We only wish that all prospective writers of the adventure story would go hunting bears or join a fire brigade. Then we believe that their heroes would have fewer adventures to the duodecimo page, and that what adventures they should have would be more convincing.

ALL EXPENSES PAID. New York : Stone & Kimball. \$1.00.

All Expenses Paid renews the pathos of a situation which the literary world has been too conscious of these last years when it has been hunting up a laureate. *All Expenses Paid* is about the minor poet as he has issued to us of late from "Bodley Heads." A liberal-minded butcher, ambitious to patronise poetry, decides to send all these gentlemen (including three ladies) to Mount Parnassus, there to drink inspiration for eternal things in art. The expedition is started under the leadership of Mr. William Butler Yeats and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, with Mr. William Watson

and Mr. John Davidson for advance climbers up the sacred mount. But it so happens that the pilgrims are called up higher than their intention—to the Golden House of the Immortal Dead, where they are summoned before the tribunal of Shakespeare, Shelley, and, worst of all, the parodying harp of Apollo. What follows, perhaps for the sake of the minor poets, we won't let go any farther than the skit. The anonymous author of it hopes that none of them will be offended by his frolic. We sincerely hope that this will be the case. There is probably no doubt that he has furnished amusement for the literary set who knows all the gossip of "Bodley Head." But for reaching them a private circulation of his book would have seemed sufficient.

THE VANISHED EMPEROR. By Percy Andree. Chicago and New York : Rand, McNally & Company. \$1.00.

It seems scarcely necessary for the author to explain, as he does in the preface, that the "Emperor Willibald" of his romance is the Emperor William of Germany; that "Prince Ottomarck" is Prince Otto von Bismarck, and so on. A casual acquaintance with the names and the events of the Kaiser's reign must have made the identification; and there are few newspaper readers who would not have recognised in the strained relations between the Emperor Willibald and his sister, the Princess Margaret, which furnishes the central motive of the story, an imperial quarrel that has long been a public scandal in Berlin.

But, notwithstanding its basis on fact, and the spicy nature of the truth upon which it is built, the story is dull, unreal, and far-fetched. Its people—even the Emperor William the Sudden, whom it is difficult to hold down to the level of the commonplace, either in life or in fiction—are tiresome puppets, and its manner is so antiquated, so remote from the literary ideals and methods of to-day, that it might have been modelled on Miss Mühlbach. We should judge from the promise in the author's capital first story, *Stanhope of Chester*, that he can do far better work than this. *The Vanished Emperor* is altogether unworthy of Mr. Andree, and we hope he will soon make another effort to redeem his reputation as a good story-teller.

CHECKERS: A HARD-LUCK STORY. By Henry M. Blossom. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.

Checkers has the positive disadvantage of being written, for the most part, in a dialect which, to this reviewer, is a tongue, unknown and unknowable. We have overvalued our powers, perhaps, in this matter of dialect, and have taken a sinful pride in reading alike the Creole *patois* of Cable, the Scotch of MacLaren, and the Lancashire of Mrs. Burnett with our feet on the fender; but the racing slang of Chicago, as "Checkers" himself would say, "knocks us silly." But in spite of this drawback, and the further demerit that he is not the immortal Mr. Jack Hamlin, "Checkers" is a not unattractive personality; and the record of his adventures, though nowhere touching a very high literary level, is quite readable.

A LOVER IN HOMESPUN. By F. Clifford Smith. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 75 cts.

Two things go to the manufacture of the successful short story—a strong *motif* and an adequate grasp and treatment of the same by the story-teller. The tales in the volume under consideration, which are located chiefly in Canada, have the first of these requisites, in some cases to a very marked degree; no artist need desire a better subject than is found in "The Faith that Removes Mountains" or "Le Loup-Garou." The last named is perhaps the best story in the volume, though the conclusion is paltry; but the other subject is mishandled to a very exasperating degree. There is, however, a note of youthfulness in the dedication that inspires one with hope that the author may do better next time.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY. By M. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revel Company. \$2.00.

Anything new about China seems particularly acceptable just at this time, and Dr. Martin's work comes informed with unusual authority, on account of his superior knowledge of the country and the people. As the president of the Imperial Tungwen College, Peking, he has enjoyed opportunities of observation such as are possible only to one in high official position in China; and he has written the result of this intimate acquaintance in a most agreeable manner. Odd, out-of-the-way things and incidents revealing the inner life of the natives, to which foreigners rarely have access, make up the unique charm of the book, and comprise, in fact, the larger part of it; but great national events, like the Taiping Rebellion and the "Arrow" War, are also fully and interestingly treated. The author relates, indeed, several personal experiences of his own in connection with the rebellion that do more to realise the situation than any amount of mere description. "My attempt," says Dr. Martin, "to reach the rebel headquar-

ters was certainly foolhardy, and well it was that it failed. There are few men who have not reason, if they but knew it, to thank God for failure as well as for success." As has been said, however, the bulk of the work is the narration of those things in which the author was most closely concerned, especially such matters as related to missions in China, and affairs touching the college. Yet there is nothing sectarian or dry, and the simplicity and freedom with which the author rambles from one theme to another, unconsciously revealing much shrewdness of observation and a large fund of kindly humour, render the work eminently readable. It should be added that the book is artistically bound, having the cycle of Cathay on the cover in brilliant colours; that the paper and print are fine, and that there are many handsome illustrations, which enhance the attractiveness of the volume.

FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN FRONTIER. By H. D. Traill. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.50.

It is rather surprising that the articles comprising this book originally ap-

peared in a newspaper, for the work apparently lacks every element of journalistic requirement. It is almost always in the abstract and never in the concrete, and it sees everything vaguely, from a far-off point of view. And this seems to be mainly the cause of the feeling of dissatisfaction that the book creates. The readers of works of travel usually want facts—as freshly and as entertainingly presented as possible, but still facts, clear, distinct, and precise—not hazy generalities. There are facts enough in this work, and some of them will be comparatively new to American readers, as in the author's description of that "Wonderful Ditch," the Suez Canal; but when, on the heels of some interesting information, he says something about "Charon pulling a boat-load of strengthless shades," fact and fancy become somewhat mixed, and the whole work assumes an aspect of unreality. The last part of the book, especially that which describes "A Khedivial Progress," is more direct and forcible than perhaps any other, and the portrayal of the vast, silent multitude through which the Khedive rides is a vivid bit of descriptive writing that takes hold on the imagination. It should be said that there is much grace in the style of the work, and a good deal of freshness throughout.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE CAUCASUS.
By Douglas W. Freshfield, with illustrations by Vittorio Sella. London and New York: Edward Arnold. Two volumes. Price, \$20.00.

There has been a number of interesting and valuable volumes written by explorers and travellers who have visited the great range of mountains known as the Caucasus, but the present stupendous work overtops them all. We can easily believe that, in spite of its high price, there has been quite a run on the book, and the edition sent to America has proved all too inadequate for the demand which set in for it as soon as it was published. But to speak of it as being high priced is to use a relative term, for it needs but a glance at the work to satisfy the most *dilettante* with its appetising narrative and great profusion of illustrations. The illustrations are the main feature of the work. We understand that Mr. Freshfield, who was lately president of the Alpine Club

and formerly honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, felt so dissatisfied with the reproduction of pictures usually published in such books that he spared no expense or labour in order to achieve the best possible execution in the reproduction and printing of his photographs. The result is one of the most beautiful and perfectly astonishing set of illustrations which has ever been presented to the public in a work of this character. Beside the illustrations in the text and the maps there are seventy six full-page illustrations done in photogravure. The book is handsomely bound and printed on fine paper with deckel edges. There is also a large-paper edition published in England; but the demand there has been so great that it has been impossible as yet to secure any copies for America. Mr. Freshfield has produced a work which will undoubtedly be classic in its field, and Mr. Arnold, the publisher, deserves his due meed for the triumph of book-making which he has attained.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF VENICE. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

An article printed in the July *Harper's* has now been enlarged and published as the present volume. Mr. Hutton tells us that he finds Venice particularly poor in guide-books, and especially in guide-books which give the traveller the literary landmarks of the place. He says:

"They give us no hint as to where Sir Walter Scott lodged or where Rogers breakfasted, or what was done here by the many English-speaking men of letters who have made Venice known to us, and properly understood. Upon these chiefly it is my purpose to dwell."

After this it is a little disappointing to find out that Mr. Hutton himself cannot tell us where Sir Walter lodged. To say truly there is a good deal of negative information in this book, which tells us, like the artist's substitution for "Goethe wohnte hier" (a story here quoted), "Goethe weren't here." But that is only because Mr. Hutton is veracious, and will have a scientific guide-book. When he cannot tell us where authors lodged in Venice, he at least tells us what they said about Venice, and enlivens dreary guide-book literature with pleasant pieces of humour. What he tells us of a little private chapel

in the Rezzonico Palace, restored by Browning and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Browning, is very provoking to the curiosity.

"It is plainly visible from the larger and the smaller canal; but it was not intended for the world to see, and what is its nature, and what its contents, I have no right yet, and no wish here, to disclose."

If any one has a literary shrine to visit in Venice, we recommend him to Mr. Hutton's trustworthy little volume.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By Carolus Ager. San Francisco: William Doxey. \$1.50.

In turning the leaves of this little volume, tastefully bound in green and silver, one feels as though he were reading impromptu lines written by one friend to another, without thought of outsiders or fear of the critics. There is something disarming in the very look of the work aside from the introductory verses:

"This little book may perhaps be dear
To some who tenderly recall
The Stanford grapes and the Mayfield beer,
And the girls of Roble Hall."

Thus making no claim beyond the appeal to the student's love for his college, the work is just what it purports to be, a collection of rhymes from the publications of Stanford University. Most of the verses are therefore such as the average schoolboy writes:

"We'll go down the road to the little Vendome,
When the stars are shining bright,
And we'll fill up our glasses and never go home
Through all the livelong night;
We'll drink, drink, drink, with laughter free,
A toast to our University."

But there are touches here and there of a finer literary and lyrical quality, as in the poem beginning:

"I opened my window at sunset,
And close to the sill I stood,
In the shadowy grass each poppy
Had put on a pointed hood,
And over me far I saw the star
That comes with the sleep of things;
The last bird dreamed in her hidden nest,
Yet I heard the sound of wings."

Among the more notable verses are those to Leland Stanford, ending:

"More than a granite tomb the monument
That ever stands to thee,
The gratitude of our great continent
Thine immortality."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Three books of travel and research come to us from the press of Mr. Edward Arnold, of London and New York. *Persia Revisited* (1895) is so recent as to include two chapters on the assassination of the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, and on the present situation in Persia. The author, General Sir Thomas E. Gordon, sets down clearly and succinctly the results of his observations and experience, gathered from two journeys which he made to Tehran, the last in 1895. Most of the illustrations are from native photographs. (Price, \$3.00.) *Through the Sub-Arctic Forest*, by Warburton Pike (price, \$4.00), will appeal more to the sportsman and man of the woods. It is a rough but graphic and quietly interesting description of a canoe journey through the little-known tracts of country adjacent to the northern waterways of the Dominion of Canada. It contains a number of illustrations and maps. In *The Cruise of the Antarctic*, by H. J. Bull, we have the narrative of a voyage to the southern polar regions in 1894-95, which is readable and not seldom entertaining. It is also illustrated. (Price, \$1.50.) Messrs. John D. Wattles and Company, of Philadelphia, have made a book out of the very interesting and valuable series of articles on *Recent Research in Bible Lands*, which were contributed by leading specialists to the pages of the *Sunday-School Times*. The work is intended to fill a serious gap in the literature of the subject, and both in the matter of illustration and text the editor, Mr. H. V. Hilprecht, has spared no pains in conjunction with the publishers to make it complete and thorough in its resources for the student and the layman alike. For example, "Research in Egypt" is from the pen of the eminent Egyptologist, Professor A. H. Sayce; "Explorations in Babylonia" is the fruit of the editor's long and careful observation and research; and "New Light on the Book of the Acts" comes from no less a biblical scholar than Professor W. M. Ramsay, whose recent book on *Paul the Traveller* vouches for his authority in this particular field.

We welcome a popular edition of the sea yarns of Herman Melville, now issuing from the press of the American Publishers' Corporation. Already *Typee* and

Omoo, a sequel to *Typee*, have made their appearance (price, in cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents; illustrated), and his other stories, comprising *Moby Dick* and *The White Jacket*, will be out when this is before our readers. No more famous romancer of the southern seas ever spun a yarn; not even Louis Becke has done anything better than *Typee* and *Omoo*. Herman Melville led a wandering, nomadic life; now before the mast, now among savages, and again in the mazes of the forest, until he was captured by the daughter of a chief justice in Boston, and became domesticated. Here, however, the habits of a lifetime asserted themselves, and had to find vent in some form of action. It was then he began to put those marvellous adventures of his into print, and the world is the richer for his stories, classic in their field. Books appear with such rapidity that the best of romancers are apt to be forgotten, "charm they never so wisely;" but Herman Melville deserves a better fate, and the reader of his tales will thank us for calling their attention to "Melville *redivivus*." The same firm have issued a number of books for light summer reading, some of them reprints of stories, all good in their way—namely, *The Duchess of Powsyland*, by Grant Allen; *A Debt of Honour*, by Mabel Collins; *Sunset Pass*, by Captain Charles King; *As the Wind Blows*, by Eleanor Merion; and *Eunice Quince*, by Dave Conyngham.

Several interesting additions have been made to the various excellent series which the Macmillan Company have in hand. Captain Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy* makes the fourth volume of that famous story-teller included in their Illustrated Standard Novels. It would seem as if there was an increased interest in Marryat lately; certainly he does not suffer for lack of enterprise on the part of the publishers. *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, as Mr. Hannay tells us in his amiable introduction, is the most gay of Marryat's stories. For pure fun and merriment it would be hard to match it. Certain of his stories are already on the way to oblivion; but *Mr. Midshipman Easy* has always been a favourite, and will be read for a long time to come because of its fun, its characters, whom we do not readily forget, and its excellent scenes of war and adventure. (Price, \$1.50.) Two more volumes of

Balzac make their appearance in the Dent edition which the Macmillan company are issuing here; the titles are *The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau* and *Modeste Mignon*. Mr. George Saintsbury sustains his reputation as a sane and sapient editor of the series, and his unflinching good sense and geniality do much to give the reader an impetus, if he need one, toward the book in hand. (Price, \$1.50 per volume.) In the very dainty and beautiful authorised edition of Alphonse Daudet's works being issued by this firm, the delightful *Thirty Years of Paris* and the *Recollections of a Literary Man* have just been issued. Lovers of Daudet will do well to invest in these books. They are prettily gotten up, and the numerous illustrations by French artists add to their artistic beauty. (Price, \$1.00 per volume.) The perennial charm of Chaucer for men of letters is being constantly evinced in the number of books appearing under his name. *The Riches of Chaucer* (price, \$2.00), by Charles Cowden Clarke, has just been reissued in a fourth edition by the Macmillan Company. This is especially a capital volume to put into the hands of young readers, to whom it is chiefly addressed. To quote the title-page in this book, "his impurities have been expunged, his spelling modernised, his rhythm accentuated, and his obsolete terms explained." Notes are added, a new memoir of the poet is given, and a finely engraved portrait of Chaucer serves as a frontispiece.

The little library of *Stories by English Authors* being published by the Messrs. Scribner has received a further contribution of two volumes, one a selection of stories about "the sea," in which we are surprised not to find "Q" represented; and the other labelled "Germany, etc.," in which we are delighted to find Miss Beatrice Harraden's "The Bird on its Journey." (Price, 75 cents per volume.)—At the present time, when the varied phenomena of electricity are absorbing so much inquiry and investigation, such a popular exposition as Professor Trowbridge has given in his lectures, published under the title *What is Electricity?* must be regarded as of great educational value. The book is issued in the Messrs. Appleton's International Science Series, which is primarily addressed to the needs of the general reader. The present work in

every way sustains the high reputation which the volumes of this series have gained, in the main, for thoroughness of execution, original research, based on scientific methods and popular presentation in their treatment of the special subjects under investigation. (Price, \$1.50.)—A very good translation of Maurus Jókai's strange and mystic work of fiction, *Black Diamonds*, by Frances A. Gerard, is the latest volume to be published in the Messrs. Harper's Odd Number Series. (Price, \$1.50.)—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company add a new volume of biography to their series of American Statesmen, the subject being *William Henry Seward* (1801-72), by Thornton Kirkland Lathrop. The series is admirably edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., and the present volume forms an able essay on the life of the famous statesman and a worthy contribution to this library of biography. (Price, \$1.25.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have brought their excellent subscription edition of Charles Lever's novels to a close with the following works: *Sir Brook Fosbrooke*; *Paul Goslett's Confessions in Love, Law, and Physic*; *The Bramleights of Bishop's Folly*; *That Boy of Norcott's*; *A Rent in the Cloud*, and *Lord Kilgobbin: A Tale of Ireland in Our own Time*. It has been a creditable

undertaking, and one that will strengthen the reputation which this reliable Boston house has long held for producing the works of standard authors in a substantial and handsome form fit to grace any library, public or private. (Price, \$2.50 per volume.) The beautiful edition of Captain Marryat's novels which the same firm is publishing has been further augmented by the issue of *The King's Own* and *The Pirate* in two volumes. (Price, \$3.50 per volume.) *The King's Own* was Henry Kingsley's favourite—"his noblest novel," he called it. A pathetic interest is attached to it from the fact that the hero was partially drawn from Marryat's second and favourite son, William, who died at the age of seven; and the description of his appearance in the second chapter is believed to be very exact. The foregoing collocation of the names of the two chief naval and military novelists of England calls to mind what George Saintsbury has said of them. "If affection and frequent reading count for anything," he says, "it is not certain that some technically much greater names might not shine with less lustre than those of Marryat and Lever." And especially of Marryat, he avers that "the spirit and humour of the best of his books throughout, and the best parts of the others, are unmistakable and unsurpassed."

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1896.

Business for the past month has, on the whole, been light, but normal, August being considered the duller month in the year in the book trade. Quite a number of the early buyers for the autumn season have been in the city, especially from the Southern States; their purchases compare favourably with those of previous years.

The leading features so far offered are the various lines of sixteenmos and twelvemos. These are unusually attractive in binding and general finish, and are marvels of cheapness. There is also a large assortment of juvenile board and colour books, and the customary stocks of cheap sets, booklets, and calendars. The more substantial and expensive works are not yet ready, but will be shown shortly.

During the latter part of the month the sales of text-books began, although the season is unusually

late. The early orders are mostly confined to books of a primary character, the demand for higher grades not being received until the opening of the colleges in the latter part of September.

The call for books and pamphlets on the silver question continues unabated, and in this connection may be mentioned the preparation and distribution to the trade of the bulletins of The Baker and Taylor Company and Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, containing the titles of a large number of publications on both sides of the issue. The most popular works relating to the money question continue to be *Coin's Financial School*, by W. H. Harvey; *Money and Banking*, by Horace White; and *International Bimetallism*, by Francis A. Walker.

Fiction, of course, sustains its importance in the sales of the month. There has been an increased demand for *Tom Grogan* and *A Singular Life*, while *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is steadily called for. The stories of Marie Corelli, especially *Barabbas*, are still among the leaders.

The principal publications of the month include *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic; *Black Diamonds*, a translation from Maurus Jokai, and *Without Sin*, by M. J. Pritchard, the last mentioned being especially in demand.

A number of new cloth-bound juveniles have already made their appearance, including such authors as Hezekiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, and Thomas W. Knox, and cheaper editions have also been made of the last author's ever-popular *The Boys of '76* and *Building the Nation*.

By September 1st the summer trade in paper-bound books is practically over. This year's business in this commodity has been unusually light, partly on account of the lack of good titles and because of the numerous sixteenmo cloth books at prices very little in advance of paper ones.

The announcements of early autumn publications are now being made, and are exceedingly attractive and inviting. Reports of dull trade still continue, and for the present buyers are using considerable caution and limiting their orders. The attractive lists of the publishers and the efforts they are making to push them should, however, insure a good business when trade becomes more settled after the election. The popular books of the month, as indicated by their sales, are as follows:

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

Money and Banking. By Horace White. \$1.50.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

The Truth-Tellers. By John Strange Winter. Paper, 50 cts.

International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. \$1.25.

Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. \$1.50.

Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. \$1.25.

Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. \$1.25.

Checkers. By H. M. Blossoms, Jr. \$1.25.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1896.

Business is still quiet, and the near approach of the opening of the autumn season is not, as is usually the case, heralded with signs of increasing activity. A lack of confidence and a feeling of apprehension are painfully apparent among business men everywhere, and until it is demonstrated beyond doubt which way the election will turn, it seems useless to hope for a better state of things. Judging from the present outlook it appears practically certain that trade will be slow until the political atmosphere clears somewhat. It is more than likely that we shall have a good holiday trade.

In one way the bookseller is deriving not a

little benefit from these times, and that is in the sale of literature dealing with the disputed questions which are disturbing men's minds to-day. Probably never before in the history of the country has such a heavy demand been encountered for political books. The call for works on the money question alone is simply enormous, and both publishers and booksellers find it well-nigh impossible to keep up with it, an ordinary edition of a standard book being exhausted almost as soon as it is off the presses.

The last two or three years have given us several different editions of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, all of which were successful in their sales, so popular has the work become. There appears to be room for others, however, for two or three more are promised for the autumn, and we have just received what appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of editions, so far as text is concerned, in the work just issued in two volumes by the Joseph Knight Co. It will assuredly find a ready sale.

Publishers are not now issuing much, and August was marked by a dearth of good new books, scarcely anything appearing that is likely to take a leading place among the popular books of the day. *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic, is about the only work that is meeting with a demand worth speaking of, and even that is starting off so slowly that it is evident the sale will fall a long way short of that which is being accorded to his popular *Damnation of Theron Ware*.

The season's announcements are unusually rich in important novels. Nearly every one of the fashionable writers have one or more on the lists, and with new books by Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Du Maurier, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and many others too numerous to mention, the trade will have no reason to complain of lack of material to do business with.

Although so many of the best selling books of the day are written by foreign authors, and most of the phenomenal successes of the past year have come to us from abroad, it is gratifying to learn from recent statistics that the consumption of the home product so to speak is increasing all the time, and the leading American authors speak to a larger audience with each successive book. A striking point of difference between the sales and quality of a fashionable foreign author's books, and those of a similarly favoured native, is apparent; while the former usually achieves favour immediately, owing to the success, oftentimes unexpected, of previous works, and then gradually, as other works appear, recedes into mediocrity, the latter usually meets with but moderate success at first, and improves his position as time goes on. In other words, the one seems to start at the bottom of the ladder of success and climbs up, while the other starts at the top and climbs down.

The new edition of Gibson's *Sharp Eyes* and F. S. Mathews' *Familiar Trees and their Leaves* are welcome additions to the class of literature they represent. The demand is growing all the time for books of this kind.

Apart from the call for financial literature, the month was almost without a feature, the popular novels, such as *A Singular Life*, *An Army Wife*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *Tom Grogan*, *Summer in Arcady*, etc., sold fairly well, while a more than

average call was made for the successful books in other lines, such as *Menticulture*, *Holmes' Life and Letters*, *The Mind of the Master*, and *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*.

The following books sold best during the month:

- A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.
 A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.
 An Army Wife. By Captain King. \$1.25.
 Money and Banking. By Horace White. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cts.
 A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. \$1.50.
 Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.
 International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. \$1.25.
 Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
 Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.
 The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. \$1.50.
 Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.
 A Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. \$1.25.
 The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. \$1.00.
 The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 20 to August 22, 1896.

The period indicated above, always a quiet one, has this year proved no exception. It is scarcely to be expected that the public will devote itself to anything approaching serious reading, with unbroken sunshine to woo them out of doors. The 6s. novels have proved the booksellers' friend at this juncture, as they have been selling very well indeed. Trade with foreign countries and the Colonies has been satisfactory.

Miss Braddon has joined the ranks of the 6s. novelists and announces her new work, *London Pride*, for publication in this form in October. A colonial edition is also to be issued. The cheap edition of this popular author's *Sons of Fire* has been and still is in great favour.

Bicycling literature is well to the fore, especially works dealing with cycling for ladies.

The various branches of natural history, such as butterfly and egg collecting, are being ardently studied, to judge from the demand for such books as Kearton's *Birds' Eggs*, Gordon's *Our Country's Birds and Our Country's Butterflies and Moths*, and similar publications. With "all the world" holiday-making, the sale of Murray's, Baedeker's, and Black's Guides can easily be understood. There is also considerable enquiry for guides locally published.

Among magazines, the reduction of *Pall Mall Magazine* to 1s. net (the original price was 1s. 6d.) is noticeable. How this publication, as well as

Pearson's and the *Strand Magazine*, can be produced at their respective prices is a wonder indeed. *Chambers' Journal* is as much appreciated as ever, all rivals notwithstanding. *Harper's* and the *New Review* are also very popular.

Considerable interest is still shown in works dealing with South Africa, both its products and its history. A large number of copies of the *Downfall of Prempeh* have been sold.

Short stories are again in favour to some extent. Several well known authors, including Marie Corelli and S. Baring Gould, have contributed a volume of this nature.

There has been quite a run on Williams' *Made in Germany*, a book dealing with the serious side of the question. It is obviously a work which is of interest to almost everybody in the country.

Technical works on nautical subjects, noticeably the volumes of Griffin's *Nautical Handbooks*, are meeting with a good sale.

The 6s. novel still reigns supreme. Henry Seton Merriman appears to be the favourite writer of fiction at the moment of writing.

The list appended gives a fair idea of the public taste of the moment. It shows variety and also continued appreciation of the leading works of fiction, which have already figured in this category. The order of the titles is of no significance.

- The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
 Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
 Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
 The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
 An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
 Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
 Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
 Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
 His Honor and a Lady. By S. J. Duncan. 6s.
 Her Point of View. By G. M. Robins. 6s.
 The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
 Kokoro. By L. Hearn. 5s.
 The Ascent of Woman. By R. Devereux. 3s. 6d. net.
 W. V.: Her Book and Various Verses. By W. Canton. 3s. 6d. net.
 In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
 Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
 The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
 Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s. 6d.
 Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
 March Hares. By G. Forth. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
 Li Lung Chang. By R. R. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
 The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
 Know your Own Ship. By T. Walton.
 Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
 Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
 Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
 The Downfall of Prempeh. By R. B. Powell. 10s. 6d.
 The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1 and September 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Denounced. By Burton. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Joan of Arc. By Twain. \$2.50. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. 'Twiixt Cupid and Cæsus. By Didier. \$1.50. (American News Co.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. By Post. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. Heather from the Brae. By Lyall. 75 cts. (Revell.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Wise Woman. By Burham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Unclassed. By Gissing. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Yankees of the East. By Curtiss. 2 vols., \$4.00. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Babe, B. A. By Benson. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. An Outcast of the Islands. By Conrad. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Without Sin. By Pritchard. \$1.25. (Stone.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. An Army Wife. By Captain King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
4. Menticulture. By Fletcher. \$1.00. (McClurg.)
5. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner)
6. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. and \$1.50. (Ginn.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Etdorhpa. By Lloyd. \$2.00. (Clarke.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Cinderella. By Davis. \$1.00. Scribner.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Facts about Money. By Laughlin. 50 cts. (Weeks.)
5. Money and Banking. By White. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cts. (Ginn & Co.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. \$1.50. (Harper.)
3. The Cavaliers. By Keightley. \$1.50. (Harper.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Silk of the Kine. By McManus. \$1.00. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. Rome. By Zola. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 25 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Babe. By Benson. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Cameos. By Corelli. \$1.00. (Hutchinson.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. A. J. Gordon. By Gordon. \$1.50. (Revell.)
5. The King's Revenge. By Bray. \$1.25. (Clark.)
6. The Christ of To-day. By Gordon. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
3. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Coin Catechism. By Upton. 25 cts. (Werner.)
5. Titus. By Kingsley. 5 cts. (Cook.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Cavaliers. By Keightley. \$1.50. (Harper.)
2. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. \$1.50. (Harper.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
6. Joan of Arc. By Twain. \$2.50. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Holmes's Life and Letters. By Morse. \$4.00. (Houghton.)
4. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
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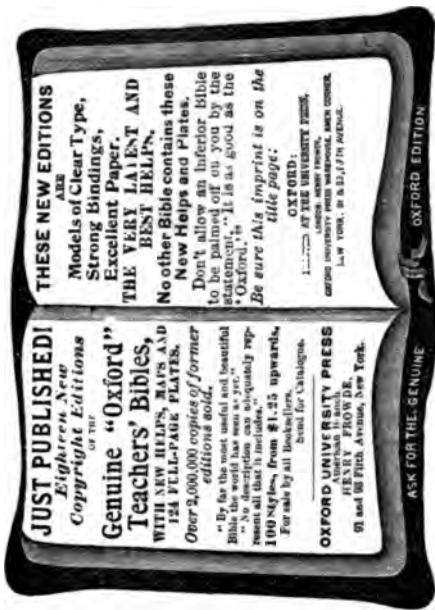
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not, and to this rule no exception will be made.

The following letter was written by George Du Maurier to Shirley Brooks when he was editor of *Punch*, in which he mentions the artists Frith, Calderon, and Destoches, Edmund Yates, and Bellew, the fashionable preacher of the day.

Give our love to Mrs. S. B

*W. Croxey newsw
interroo*

K du Maurier

I ALBION PLACE, RAMSGATE.
Wednesday.

DEAR SHIRLEY: Ave! I have been a long time answering the last, but for the first few days I felt seedy and out of sorts, the usual effect of the first week of the seaside on me.

We are having a very jolly time with Frith, Calderon, Destoches *et quibusdam aliis*; and the sooner (the) Shirleys come the better; there are to be Yates and *elle*, and Bellew shall be hot i' the mouth, too. You and I will leave the giddy throng and retire to some solitary place where we can see the bathers; I have no doubt Frith will join us and Bellew (with an opera glass, which he will keep all to himself, with the usual selfishness of his cloth).

I congratulate you on your lines about Faraday. I am going to devote the rest of my leisure here to a black edge poem about myself, and if you like I will put in a word for you.

I suppose that this will find you somewhere in Cornwall. Give my kind regards to the Cuddleips if you are with them. I am much afraid that your arrival here will be after our departure, from what Mr. Frith said. We stay here W. P. and D. V. for another fortnight.

I have been working hard all day and am more than usually idiotic, or I should write you a longer letter and paint the fascination of Ramsgate more glowingly.

Then follow the contents of the third page, which is here reproduced.



P. H. C., E. O. D., & G. D. M.
Looking at the bathers

Mr. Du Maurier's sudden death on October 8th, though foreshadowed in the reports of his condition that had been already sent from England, came as a shock to every one. His name has been so long familiar in every household that there is everywhere a sense of personal loss. His career was quite unique, having been marked by a great popular success in two entirely distinct lines of effort. It is a little early to judge of each success with accuracy; but we think that his reputation will be longest felt in art, for his drawings are so typical in their social characterisations as to make them an abiding part of the history of manners in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His indirect influence upon at least the superficial thought of the time was by no means small. He elevated the æsthetic fad to the position of a genuine craze even in satirising it, and in a way made possible not only the broad burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's *Patience*, but a widespread interest in the erratic productions of *The Yellow Book* school.

§

It is, however, of course with *Trilby* that Mr. Du Maurier's name is at the present moment most closely linked, because of the almost incomprehensible vogue to which that picturesque story attained. The causes of this unique success—a success won by a man without any technical literary training—have been variously defined, but we think that the most powerful cause of all has hardly received adequate attention. It is true that much of the charm of *Trilby* is found in its perfect naturalness and spontaneity. The book is, in fact, one of the best examples of the new style of narrative, which discards form and substitutes the cheery vivacity of the club smoking-room for the polished periods of the professional writer's study. It is true, also, that the sympathetic and broad humanity of its spirit imparts a certain geniality to its pages of which few can resist the charm. But something more than these things is to be found and noted, though it is perhaps a little difficult to explain. It is pretty generally true that books of a really immoral tendency, and filled with characters and scenes of an evil type are never really popular. They often cause a sensational sort of flurry and sell on the strength of it in large numbers, as

did *A Green Carnation* and *Jude the Obscure* and the cynical novels of John Oliver Hobbes; but they leave a bad taste in the mouth and soon sink into oblivion. For they really appeal only to persons of vicious tastes, and persons of vicious tastes are fortunately in a small minority. On the other hand, the good and the virtuous, perhaps in proportion to their goodness and virtue, love dearly to get an occasional glimpse of a side of life that is not theirs—to be pleasantly horrified, in fact. The naughty *Trilby* and the frisky *Zou Zou* typified this life without unduly shocking the observer; and, moreover, *Trilby*, who really went over the line, was so repentant and so full of soft sweetness and undeserved unhappiness as to mollify even the sternest reader. One's characters indeed may sin a good deal in a book as in life, if only they are sufficiently sorry afterward, and especially if they expiate their sins in a picturesquely satisfactory manner. We all know that to many worthy persons a reformed drunkard is a much more interesting person than an individual who has never been a drunkard at all; and while we all abhor a murderer when he is on the rampage, no sooner is he securely caged and sentenced to a merited death than women begin filling his cell with flowers. Now *Trilby* was really a pretty bad lot, but she was so adorably penitent and so cruelly punished besides, that every one's heart went out to her in a gush of sympathy. They were pleasantly shocked by her sins and virtuously satisfied by her punishment, and having enjoyed a little glimpse into a discreetly revealed Bohemia, they felt that they had been most delightfully entertained. And this, we think, is why *Trilby* was so successful.

§

The newspaper accounts of Mr. Du Maurier's end all relate that he himself ascribed it in part to the annoyance brought upon him by the extraordinary popularity of his novel; and one sheet headed its cable dispatches with the announcement, "Killed by *Trilby*!" Now we do not think that Mr. Du Maurier could really have meant this, as it would have been a perfectly ridiculous bit of affectation. When an author sets out to write a book, and makes contracts with publishers, does he do so with the hope and expectation

that the book will be a failure? We trow not! And if Mr. Du Maurier was so vexed over the annoyance brought upon him by authorship, would he have straightway set to work upon another novel? Again, we respectfully decline to believe it. A published interview with one of his friends describes his latter days as troubled by "cheques raining down upon him, which with his heart complications brought about his death." Well, all we can say is that if we had to select our own form of death, we think that we, too, should like to perish in a rain of cheques.



Mr. Phil May, who will undoubtedly take the late Mr. Du Maurier's place as chief among *Punch's* artists, accepted a seat at *Punch's* table in February, 1895. To draw for *Punch* is a very different and far less notable thing than joining the *Punch* tabl; the former privilege has come to many artists, the latter honour is reserved for the few. Mr. Harry Furniss, for instance, drew for a long time prior to being invited to the famous weekly dinners. Very few outsiders have penetrated into the charmed circle. It was the *London Sketch* which first gave Phil May a large canvas for his excellent work, which had before that been cramped by over-reduction to fit smaller pages. The poignant wit and genius of this clever artist have an individuality which is distinctly his own. The Macmillan Company are about to bring out a book of his, entitled *Gutter-Snipes*, in which the text as well as the illustrations have been supplied by the artist. Mr. May's experiences with the models for his well-known pictures of street-boy life furnished a striking attraction in one of the monthly magazines some time ago, which appeared among a series of illustrated interviews with several book illustrators, so that in this volume we may expect to see him at his best. We are permitted through the courtesy of his publishers to reproduce one of the pictures from *Gutter-Snipes* as an example of Mr. Phil May's art.



To the hybrid literary brood of miscellaneous journalism being collected between book-covers with an alarming increase lately, another publication must be added. Mr. L. F. Austin has gath-



PHIL MAY.

DRAWN BY FRANK W. RICHARDS.
From the *London Sketch*.



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A SWELL

FROM "GUTTER-SNIPES." BY PHIL MAY.

ered some of his brilliant *causeries* which appear every week in the *London Sketch*. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company will be his publishers, and the title of the volume, *At Random*, is taken from the caption of his *causerie* in the *Sketch*. The versatility of the writer and the variety of his themes may be indicated by the motto which he uses there :

"We'll e'en to 't, like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Austin is one of the most accomplished of the younger journalists in London, and during the temporary absence of Mr. Henry Norman has been acting as Mr. Massingham's assistant editor on the *Daily Chronicle*.

®

One of the prettiest posters we have seen this season is that which has been made for Mabel Osgood Wright's *Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts*. Judged by the inspiration which the artist has



received from *Tommy-Anne* for this poster, we should expect that Mrs. Wright's nature story would be one of the most attractive books for children. Mrs. Wright is already well known as the author of *Birdcraft*. *Tommy-Anne* is illustrated by Albert D. Blashfield. The cover design is quite unique, being a mosaic of bird and beast life.

⊗

Mr. Bliss Carman, who, as the "Modern Athenian," is conducting certain literary discussions with himself in the columns of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, lets the mood of a verb in the September BOOKMAN furnish him with two columns of protestant argument. This is the sentence of his text: "As an admirer of Stevenson, Mr. Doxey is, of course, no disciple of decadence." Perhaps we should have said: "As an admirer of Stevenson, Mr. Doxey ought not, of course, to be a disciple of decadence." And by this proposition THE BOOKMAN would stand without once grounding arms.

⊗

The most irritating of all experiences to the lover of Stevenson, who admires him as the whole man and as the complete artist, is to find him identified with the clique of literary dilettantes. Mr.

Bliss Carman wonders what we think "decadence" means. That is of little importance. What the public means by "decadence" is the amateurish and the eccentric in current literature, the wilful departure from normal standards. Stevenson should not be classed by the public who do not know him in the category of dilettantes just because certain young men, who think that art is all made up of having a good time, claim Stevenson, the son of joy, as their prophet. His art is made of sterner stuff. The pressure of suffering was on him from the first, and gave his gaiety its strongest appeal. But those who could not discover the thinking man and the wrestling man in those first smiling essays and buoyant travels, have *Weir of Hermiston* to silence them. Stevenson's whole art had been advancing toward that goal, away from mere virtuosity to exigent life, with its moral struggle and its moral tragedy.

⊗

As for associating Stevenson with the "eccentrics," well, Stevenson is the champion of classicism in prose, and always of the normal in art. And in criticism he has been the great apostle of conservatism, so far as the conservative is the vital. By no means are the discrimi-

nating admirers of Stevenson the disciples of decadence. if decadence mean anything at all And if it mean nothing, are THE BOOKMAN editors responsible for using it in a " loose journalistic sense" ?



In the course of the discussion on the proposed memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, it was suggested that he was not a true patriot, and in particular that he had no love for Edinburgh, and in the *Critic* for September 26th the suggestion gained currency on this side. Besides the internal evidence in his work, we are able to extract from a private letter of his, dated from Boulogne-sur-Mer, September 4th, 1872, the following sentences, which ought to be decisive on this point :

" After all, new countries, sun, music, and all the rest, can never take down our gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city out of the first place that it has been making for itself in the bottom of my soul by all pleasant and hard things that have befallen me for the past twenty years or so. My heart is buried there—say in Advocate's Close !"



Mr. John Lane, who has been in New York during October establishing a branch of the Bodley Head in this city, celebrated the re-christening of Sir Thomas Bodley " of the Bodley Head, London, and now of New York, Knight," by giving a dinner to his friends on the evening of Friday, October 9th, at the Everett House. Among those present were Ian Maclaren, Richard Watson Gilder, Will H. Bradley, Robert Bridges, and Edwin Penfield. Mr. Lane's list will not be very large this season, but it has some good names. For example, he has a novel by Richard Le Gallienne and one by G. S. Street, the author of *The Autobiography of a Boy*; a book of child's verse by Gabriel Setoun; also books from Alice Meynell, Evelyn Sharp, John Davidson, Ella D'Arcy, and others. Besides these Mr. Lane has had transferred to him through the courtesy of several American firms certain books of his which have been published recently by them, notably *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame, and *Galloping Dick*, by H. B. Marriott Watson. *The Studio* and *The Yellow Book* will also be issued in future from Mr. Lane's office in New York.



Mr. Lane will publish Mr. F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett* in England short-

ly after Christmas. Mr. Lane is not the only English publisher who has been interested in Mr. Stimson's novel, and certain English critics are enthusiastic in their praise of the book. *King Noanett* bids fair to be the novel of the season.



Recently, on the occasion of Mrs. Stowe's death, our readers had a taste of one of those admirable papers which Mrs. Fields has contributed from time to time on Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and other New England authors, and which are to be collected in a book entitled *Authors and Friends*. This book, which should have been published this month, has had to be postponed until later in the year because of Mrs. Fields's anxiety to make it as complete and finished in its contents as possible. We expect to have something of more than ordinary interest to say about Mrs. Fields and her book in our next number. By the way, the publication of *Some Memories of Hawthorne*, by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, which has also been announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company to appear this autumn, has been postponed until next year.



The Literary World (London) suggests that the title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, *The Seven Seas*, has probably been taken from Omar Khayyám's fine lines.

" When you and I behind the Veil have passed,
O, but the long, long while the World will last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas might heed a pebble-cast."



Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just published a second series of *The World Beautiful*, by Lilian Whiting. We are not surprised to learn, when we remember the large popularity which the first series has enjoyed, that before the second series was formally published already two editions had been exhausted, which consisted of four thousand copies. The same firm has also recently issued a volume entitled *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. We regret that our last report from London of Mrs. Moulton's health is not at all encouraging.



Mr. Edward Arnold has in the press a new novel, entitled *Life the Accuser*,

by Miss Emma Brooke, the anonymous author of *A Superfluous Woman* and *Transition*. Those who read *A Superfluous Woman* will remember distinctly the hero of the story, in the fashioning of whom Miss Brooke showed a real understanding of character. It was no ordinary bungling hand that made Colin. It took a power little short of greatness to grasp the meaning of his inarticulateness, the quiet that came to the poetic Highlander from his hills. *Transition* would have succeeded better had it not been shadowed by *Marcella*. We understand that in *Life the Accuser* Miss Brooke has out-distanced both her former books.

The Mighty Atom

Chapter I

A heavy storm had raged all day on the north coast of Devon. Summer had worn the garb of winter in a freakish fit of mockery and masquerade; and even among the sheltered orchards of the deeply-embowered valley of Combmartin, many a tough and guarded branch of many a sturdy apple-tree laden with reddening fruit, had been beaten to the ground by the fury of the blast and the sweeping gusts of rain. But now, towards late afternoon, were the sullen skies beginning to clear. The sea still lashed the rocks with angry thuds of passion, but the strength of the wind was gradually sinking into a mere breeze, and a warm saffron light in the west showed where the sun, obscured for so many hours, was about to hide his glowing face altogether for the night behind the black vizor of our upward-mooving

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS. OF "THE MIGHTY ATOM."

and children, mostly of noble birth or connections, belonging to the late Victorian era; besides some other interest-

We don't think very much of Marie Corelli, as the more acute of our readers may possibly have been able dimly to infer. But she has her good points. She sends her novels to the printers in the most beautifully legible manuscript, thereby setting a noble example to all literary persons. We give a specimen page herewith, hoping that any intending contributors to *THE BOOKMAN* who may see it will take it as a model.

Yours faithfully
Marie Corelli.

MARIE CORELLI'S AUTOGRAPH.

Mr. George D. Sproul, of this city, is bringing out, in connection with an English house, a very sumptuous gift-book, entitled *The Book of Beauty*, containing portraits of beautiful women

ing bits in the way of fac-similes of manuscripts, autographs, etc. It is to be in two volumes to sell for \$100.

An amusing "break" is to be found



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From a pencil sketch made by G. Stewart Newton, given to the late Rt. Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe by the artist's sister in 1832.

in the October number of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, which purports to give an elaborate picture of the Washington Arch, in this city. At the top is a perfectly legible inscription in Latin to the Roman emperor, Septimius Severus!

⊗

Running over a list of Spanish translations of well-known English and American novels published by the Messrs. Appleton, we are amused at the way in which some of our old friends disguise themselves in Castilian. Thus Señor Roberto Luis Stevenson is down for *El Caso Extraño del Dr. Jekyll*, and also for *Plagiado*, in which not every one will recognise *Kidnapped*. Señor Fargeon fathers *Pan, Queso y Besos*, and el Señor Dr. Doyle *La Guardia Blanca*. Particularly good is *El Caballero Don Juan Jalifax*, by la Señorita Mulock; and best of all, *Margarita de la Ó*, by

Señor Carlos Reade, whose immortal Peg would never know herself under such a title.

⊗

Here is an able Frenchman giving us a hitherto unsuspected bit of information about our civilisation and social customs. M. Gabriel Tarde, in his highly scientific work, *Les Lois de l'Imitation* (1895), gravely sets forth the interesting fact that "all American women chew," and that hence the spittoon is an ornament of every American home! We suspect that a prowling Gaul at some time or other has come upon the local habit of "dipping," and told some one about it, who in turn told some one else, who with variations repeated it to M. Tarde. And thus do nations come to judge each other's ways.

⊗

Sir Edwin Arnold, late candidate for the office of Poet Laureate of England, has now come down to selling poems to advertisers, who use them to promote the sale of Bovril and patent medicines. After all, there is something to be thankful for in the selection of Mr. Alfred Austin. He may not be much of a poet, but he is also most certainly not a literary Cheap Jack.

⊗

In a sprightly sheet published at Santa Barbara, Cal., we find a Latin mask fitted upon another old acquaintance, no less a person than the worthy John Gilpin. We give one verse for our classical readers:

"Iohannes Gilpin civis fuit,
Fama et bono nomine,
Centurio praetorius
Famosae urbis Londini."

⊗

Mr. Lang's *Life of J. G. Lockhart* and a book recently published in England called *The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love* recall a passage which was written by a reviewer in *Tait's Magazine* in 1837, when Lockhart's *Life* was first published. "A mystery is for the first time," wrote this reviewer, "made of a matter that has been the current gossip in Scotland for more than forty years," adding, "Tens of thousands in Scotland have the power of filling the hiatus." The name of the lady to which this mystery referred was soon made known as Willamina Belches Stuart, afterward known as Lady Forbes. That Scott at the age

of eighteen first held converse with the young lady under a sheltering umbrella one rainy Sunday in Greyfriar's Churchyard is well known; so is his long courtship of seven years at Edinburgh and at Inverman. Scott was finally jilted, however, for a more lucky suitor, a friend of his own, William Forbes, son of Sir William Forbes, the great banker. Thirty years after, Lady Jane, the mother of Miss Stuart, wrote to Sir Walter: "Were I to lay open my heart (of which you knew little indeed), you would find how it is and ever shall be warm toward you. My age encourages me, and I have now to tell you that the mother who bore you followed you not more anxiously (though secretly) with her blessing than I. Age has its tales to tell and sorrows to unfold." They had not met for thirty years, but Scott now went to see the mother of his first love, fully softened himself, and afterward wrote in his diary: "What a romance to tell—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be caricatured, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."



LADY FORBES.

Sir Walter Scott's First Love.

Two new editions of the Waverley Novels are at present on the market; an edition in forty-eight volumes, published by Edward Arnold, which is a facsimile reprint of the favourite Cadell Edition (1829) of Sir Walter Scott, and the Standard Edition, in twenty-five volumes, made by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and published in this country by the Macmillan Company.

The Bureau of Education at Washington has compiled some very interesting statistics showing the number of students following each of the principal courses of study in the high schools and the private schools respectively, and thus giving some clue to the intellectual tastes and the forms of culture that will dominate the next generation of American men and women. Thus of 252,931 high-school pupils, 133,177 are studying Algebra, 60,570 Geometry, 54,219 Physics, and 23,285 Chemistry. In languages, Latin leads with 100,319, followed at a

distance by German with 27,760 students, French with 14,959, and Greek with only 7922. History is pursued by 78,917.

Of the 86,147 scholars in the private schools of the country, Algebra attracts 41,106; Geometry, 19,587; Physics, 18,998; and Chemistry, 9554. Latin again leads among the languages with 37,715; French here slightly passes German with 17,756 as against 15,025; while Greek again brings up the rear with 8278. History is studied by 31,212. We are interested to see the general proportion so nearly alike in both classes of schools, and in especial are agreeably surprised to see a classical language (Latin) not only leading in the linguistic courses, but standing second in the number of its students in the whole range of subjects. The comparatively small number of those who choose the natural sciences is also somewhat remarkable in this age of utilitarian aims.

The schoolmaster is abroad again, and this time in the South. A large educa-



Yours very truly,
 Almond Goodwin

tional publishing house of this city has received a letter from which we cull the following sentences as exercises in English as she is sometimes written :

"The accepting of present position as Principal of the ——— Institute which under separate cover I send paper containing announcement of organisation, etc., and as it is an institution of some celebrity among the mountains of ——— it is predicted that in the fulness of time that the introduction of bright modern books is prerequisite to substantial advancement. Our previous relations priorly so pleasant only being hampered by antiquated patronage, it is presumed that the present environment will be more progressive.

"As the school is but nominal in numbers and unpronounced as to advancement, it is suggested to introduce of such elementary works that will inspire the pupil and encourage the parent or Guardian. Will thank you with a view of introduction and it meets with your approval to please send for examination the following named books under the restrictions governing such mailing."

It may have been noticed by observant readers that Mrs. Goodwin's *White*

Aprons, which was published in the spring, has been appearing with increasing frequency on our "Lists of the Best Six Selling Books," which is an evidence of its growing popularity. *White Aprons*, now in its third edition, deserves the favour which the reading public is showing it. Her previous romance of colonial Virginia, entitled *The Head of a Hundred*, has passed through several editions. Mrs. Almond Goodwin's latest book was her *Life of Dolly Madison*, contributed to the Scribner's series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, the publishers of Mrs. Goodwin's work in fiction, have just issued a new historical romance by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of the famous *With Fire and Sword* series. This latest book, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, has been pronounced by several critics who are conversant with the work of Sienkiewicz, to be the author's greatest achievement. "*Quo Vadis*," as it is called, deals with Rome in the days of Nero, and many of the strange exciting scenes which blaze across the dark pages of Nero's reign enter into the fabric of the work. Among other historical characters familiar to us during that period, those of St. Peter and St. Paul figure prominently in the story. A review of the novel appears on another page.

In the list of books by Mr. Quiller-Couch, which we furnished in these columns last month, there was one omission, *The Splendid Spur*, which was published in 1889, London and New York. The reason for this oversight arose from the fact that the novel was published anonymously. There has also been published during the month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company *Fairy Tales Far and Near*, retold by "Q" and illustrated by H. R. Millar.

The appearance of Mrs. Alice Meynell's sonnet, "Renouncement," in the August BOOKMAN has been the occasion of several interesting letters, which we now gratefully acknowledge. One of these correspondents, who is herself a poet and has contributed to our pages, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, has recalled to us a similar sonnet entitled "Compensation," which appeared in a

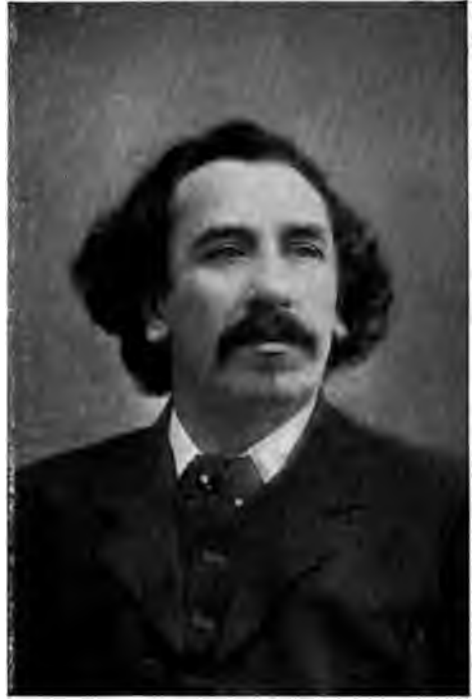
little book of verse entitled *A Handful of Lavender*, published some five years ago, by Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese. The concept in both sonnets is the same, but we still feel that Mrs. Meynell's is the finer and more poignant in expression. For those of our readers who might like to read this sonnet we quote it herewith :

" All day I bar you from my slightest thought ;
 Make myself clear of you or any mark
 Of our wrecked dawn and the uprising lark ;
 Am stern and strong, and do the thing I ought.
 Yet ever are there moments with you fraught :
 I hear you like some glad sound in the dark ;
 You wait like bloom outside my branches
 stark ;
 I dare not heed ; else were my fight unfought.
 But when the clamour and the heat are done,
 And spent with both I come unto that door
 Sleep opens for me every setting sun,
 The bitter lies behind, the sweet before.
 We that are twain by day, at night are one.
 A dream can bring me to your arms once
 more."

Miss Cloud, in writing of *A Handful of Lavender*, says : " I think you will find this poetry full of nice reserves, which are of themselves a powerful expression. She is more potent than spontaneous, and her strong point is not characterisation. But her natural description holds the human element." It needed not the dedication to Sidney Lanier to convince us of the influence of this poet on Miss Reese's thought and art. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, who published this volume, have a new book of poems by her, entitled *A Quiet Road*, almost ready for publication. Miss Reese has the gift of waiting, writes rarely, and lets nothing pass without the most exacting judgment. Her work bears the stamp of distinction, and deserves the genuine favour which has been shown it by the best critics. A poem by Miss Reese appears on another page.

⊗

Mr. W. J. Dawson, of whom our London correspondent writes as a marked man, has just published, through Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, a new book entitled *The Story of Hannah*. The tale is largely the result of Mr. Dawson's studies which produced his *London Idylls*. *The Story of Hannah* retains the idyllic note, but the scene is removed to a remote village, and the theme is the life of a girl in a Nonconformist manse thirty years ago. In spite of the depreciation of Hazlitt, Mr.



W. J. DAWSON.

Dawson believes that there must be ample material in English life for a true idyll of Dissent, and that there are English villages which can furnish very fair analogues to " Thrums " and " Drumtochty." Mr. Dawson has already, for a young man, had an honourable career as a clergyman, and as the author of several works in poetry, criticism, practical religion, and fiction. His first effort in fiction, called *The Redemption of Edward Strahan*, written about five years ago, convinced him that his equipment for novel writing was not yet complete, and he wrote his next book, *London Idylls*, which attracted a great deal of attention, as a preparatory study for a larger work and as a training for the story which is now published.

⊗

There is a strong historical foundation for *The Gray Man*, Mr. Crockett's new book, just issued by the Messrs. Harper. The striking and terrible story of Sawny Bean is an extensive and venerable legend, and the chap-book in which it is to be found is the oldest on record. Mr. Crockett has a copy of about 1680, and in these records of the people the

tale is laid between 1580 and 1603. We understand that in England the phenomenally large first edition of thirty-five thousand copies of *The Gray Man* was all subscribed, and that the publishers had to go to press with the book again before the date of publication. Mr. Crockett has finished *Lochimvar*, the sequel to *The Men of the Moss Hags*, which will first be published serially in America by the McClure Syndicate. He is now engaged on another story, to be entitled *The Red Axe*, the scene of which is laid in Pomerania. He is also preparing a book for boys and a series of love stories, which will probably go under the general title of *Lad's Love*.

⊗

The lamentable ignorance or indifference that exists in the minds of certain people regarding art and literature, illustrated by the story in our last number of the bookseller who believed Lowell was the editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, because his name is on the cover, is further emphasised by the following recital of two actual occurrences. "Sitting on the seat on the Loughrigg Terrace," writes a correspondent, "known to visitors as 'rest-and-be-thankful,' and commanding perhaps the most magnificent view in the English Lakeland, we were joined by three tourists, all of them in the full prime of life, and, apparently, of the middle class and intelligent. Judge of our horror when one of them remarked to his companions, 'I suppose Wordsworth has left these parts now and gone to live in London?' We looked at the speaker's face, expecting to find that he was joking. But no; he was in earnest. And this is fame, thought we! But comfort came to us in a moment, when one of his companions replied in quiet, decided tones, in which conviction rang out sharp and clear, 'Wordsworth will never leave these parts.' Think of that!" The second incident was a friend's experience a few years ago. He was in the Doré Gallery, and standing in front of the picture "Christ leaving the Prætorium," when a gentleman said to him, "Can you tell me if this"—indicating the picture—"took place in Rome or in Jerusalem?" "In Jerusalem." "Before or after the Crucifixion?"

⊗

W. V. : Her Book and Various Verses,

which was reviewed in our July number from advance sheets, has only now made its appearance in public. The book is so important a contribution to child literature that we are constrained to bring it before the attention of our readers again. "The most brilliant among our younger critics wrote me lately," says Claudius Clear, "that he was making a book out of his articles, and that among all the volumes he had reviewed, two stood out pre-eminently as striking a note of their own. One of these was Mr. Canton's previous work, *The Invisible Playmate*. I think his new book will set its seal even more strongly and deeply on the minds of all lovers of children and of lovers of poetry itself. It is to my mind the most likely to survive of any new book I have read this year, and in the literature of children it will take a high and permanent place." We may say that Messrs. Stone and Kimball, who are the publishers of Mr. Canton's new book, have also secured the American rights of *The Invisible Playmate*, which was first published in this country by Messrs. J. Selwyn Tait and Sons, and will issue it shortly in uniform style with *W. V. : Her Book*. The publishers explain the delay in preparing the latter for publication through the great difficulty they encountered in reproducing in this country so delicate a design as is used on the cover of the book, and which caused the postponement of its publication from day to day until now. The artist who made this cover design is Mr. John Twachtman, who has already made a reputation as a painter, and whose first attempt at designing was exhibited in the well-known poster for *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. A portrait of Mr. William Canton appeared in our August number.

⊗

Mr. James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady*, although published in the early summer, has already passed through several editions, and is to be issued this month in England by the Messrs. Dent. Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Company have also recently published *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, by the same author, in one volume. We notice, however, that they have reprinted the former story as it appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. This is a pity, as Mr. Allen, like Mr. Barrie, always retouches and polishes his



FROM "OHÉ! LES DIRIGEANTS." BY "GYP."

work to the last degree before giving it final shape in book form.

⊗

The Wheels of Chance, Mr. H. G. Wells's new story, and a much pleasanter one, we are happy to say, than his last gruesome tale, is also published in England by the Messrs. Dent and in America by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Wells is regarded by many literary people as the best of the young writers, and *The Wheels of Chance*, by several critics who have read it, as his best performance. Mr. Barrie has a great admiration for him. It was his *When a Man's Single*, it will be remembered, which gave Mr. Wells his first literary inspiration, and wooed him away from the laboratory. *The Wheels of Chance* is likely to gain him the same popularity in America which his previous books have won for him in England. Another story by him entitled *The War of the Worlds*, in which the inhabitants of Mars are brought into conflict with the denizens of our mundane sphere, will be published in the autumn of 1897 by Mr. Edward Arnold, after running as a serial in *The Cosmopolitan*.

About the most decadent form that art has recently assumed is to be seen in the latest books of "Gyp" (Mme. la Comtesse de Martel). This lively lady has paused in her production of society novels to plunge into an anti-Semitic crusade. In *Gens Chics* and *Ohé! les Dirigeants* she assails the Jews with a vigour fully equal to that of M. Drumont himself. It is the illustrations, however, that startle one. They are drawn in the general style of a school-boy's first attempts on a slate, and are coloured in gaudy reds, yellows, and other primary hues. We reproduce one of them from *Ohé! les Dirigeants* for the edification of our readers. It is not, in some respects, one of the most characteristic, but it is one that will, at any rate, give some notion of this curious freak in book-illustrating, and will also be void of offence. It may be added that in many of these seeming scrawls there are indications that an artist of real talent is the author.

⊗

The critics in London are making a mystery of the authorship of *The Statement of Stella Maberly*, while the book has been published for a month on this



Faithfully yours
Harold Frederic

side with Mr. F. Anstey's name plain as a pike-staff on the title-page. Of this story Mr. Zangwill says: "The madman's story in *Pickwick* is not more powerful and certainly not so subtle."

⊗

In answer to the question, "What American writer is being the most widely read in England at present?" put to Ian Maclaren by the interviewers on his arrival in this country, he replied invariably without hesitation, "Harold Frederic; we consider his latest book, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, or *Illumination*, as we know it, the strongest book of the year." It is a singular fact, only to be explained, we suppose, by the law of contrast, that the genial, sympathetic, optimistic preacher should be so strongly attracted by a work that is decidedly depressing and pessimistic in tone, and belonging in its treatment of realism to the literature of disillusion. But all the same, *Theron Ware* is a book

full of ideas, of fine observation, and strongly drawn characters. Sister Soulsby, let us say in passing, is inimitable. We surmise that we have not heard the last of Ware. He had a bad fall, but he was not the kind of man to die of it. "'Talk is what tells these days,'" he says when he has somewhat recovered, "'who knows! I may turn up in Washington a full-blown senator before I am forty.'" But whether we have seen the last of Ware or not, we still count on many notable things from his creator. There has been a number of portraits of Mr. Harold Frederic of late which all seem to belie one another; we are pleased therefore to be able to present our readers with one which is trustworthy, having been photographed by Mr. Frederic himself for *THE BOOKMAN*. Since the one was taken which was reproduced in our May number, Mr. Frederic has shaved his beard.

⊗

When asked what was considered the best novel published in England this year, Dr. Watson named *The Sowers*, by Henry Seton Merriman. Mr. Merriman's novel still continues to be the best selling book on the other side, and there are signs of an awakening interest in the book on this side also. Mr. Arthur Waugh, in his London Letter to the *Critic* of September 19th, writes: "It seems that even the managers of circulating libraries have at last been obliged to recognise the merits of *The Sowers*, and the country villages to whom the author has hitherto been practically unknown have begun to make inquiries for his new book. Every one who is interested in literature will be glad that Mr. Merriman has arrived at this satisfaction, not because a large circulation is of the least literary value of itself, but simply for the fact that a great many people will now for the first time enjoy the great flavour of his work."

We spoke some time ago of Mr. Harold Frederic's having, on the whole, been able to keep his English undefiled by what Professor Brander Matthews calls Briticisms. Bret Harte has been equally successful, yet once in a while, like Mr. Frederic, he stumbles a little. In his *Hollow of the Hills* (p. 127) he has, for instance, the following :

" Since the recent robberies, the local express companies and bankers have refused to receive it *except* the owners were known and identified."

Mr. Henry James, too, in his serial now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* (September number) speaks of "an hotel," showing the effect of his continued contact with a nation of h-droppers. By way of compensation, we have discovered Mr. George Meredith, in the very first chapter of his *Lord Ormond*, using the unqualified Americanism "right away" for "immediately."



The publication in book form of *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*, by Frank R. Stockton, which has been appearing serially in *The Cosmopolitan*, gives us an occasion to present our readers with a new portrait of this very popular author. Mr. Stockton's popularity is not confined, as is the case with many of his American contemporaries, to this country, but is perhaps as great in England as it is here. The book which has won him an international reputation is undoubtedly his most characteristic work, *Rudder Grange*. Pomona, the servant-girl of the story, is a unique creation, and has passed into the traditions of the people, though Mr. Stockton in the later stories in which she appears has made her into an intolerable bore. Then his *Lady or the Tiger* excited much comment and discussion on both sides of



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

the Atlantic, and helped to extend his reputation as a story-teller. Those who read *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, published last year, will remember the familiar figure of Mrs. Cliff; and her further adventures in the present story, which have furnished a sequel to the previous one, will not come to them altogether unexpectedly. For ourselves, we are glad to see Mr. Stockton in his own field again, for *Captain Horn*, although a clever piece of work and well done, taken as a departure for Mr. Stockton, was foreign to his *genre*, and the only character in the book which bore the marks of Mr. Stockton's familiar touch was Mrs. Cliff. Mr. Stockton is a Philadelphian, and was born in 1834. He has travelled about a good



Faithfully Yours,
 Kate Douglas Wiggin

After a Crayon Portrait by Charles Akers.

deal, having spent much time in Virginia, Florida, and Europe. For some years his settled home has been on a rising mound at Convent, near Morristown, overlooking one of the most picturesque valleys in the northern part of New Jersey.

⊛

Mrs. Wiggin's new long story, *Marm Lisa*, which is concluded in the November *Atlantic*, shows a decided development in constructive ability. We are familiar with the idyllic quality of her mind in the very popular stories which

for a long time have endeared her to thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but she has never before discovered that constructive faculty which is necessary to the making of a novel. *Marm Lisa*, therefore, suggests greater possibilities in the future for Mrs. Wiggin. She is herself very modest about her powers, and claims that her ambition does not soar beyond her performances so far, but this makes us all the more hopeful. Mrs. Wiggin's remarkable insight into child life, more remarkable in her work than in that of any living American writer, has again been tested in this new story; for *Marm Lisa* is a fresh study of childhood, and the story follows the development of Lisa's clouded and burdened life until her pathetic faithfulness rebounds in the climax into heroism. Nor has Mrs. Wiggin forgotten that love is the potent factor in the life of a child, as well as in the world of men and women. The story will be published in book form shortly.

⊛

Besides another book of an educational nature, in which she has collaborated with her sister, Mrs. Wiggin will also be responsible this season for a song album entitled *Nine Love-Songs and a Carol*. Mrs. Wiggin has set to music songs by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Amélie Rives, Édward Rowland Sill, Jean Glover, and others. The book will be handsomely printed and bound in a flexible cover of Japanese green crêpe, with gold and white lettering from a design by Mrs. Henry Whitman. The dedication runs: "To the charming girls who sing these 'prentice songs of mine I dedicate the book."



QUILLCOTE—"THE HOME OF A PEN-WOMAN."

Mrs. Wiggin carries on a most voluminous correspondence, as she feels conscientiously constrained to answer every letter that she receives. It is touching to hear of some of the letters which have been sent to her from remote parts of the globe by those who have read her books. As she does not use a type-writer, and does all her own writing, one can see how severely Mrs. Wiggin's vitality is taxed in this self-imposed service. But, no doubt, in this way Mrs. Wiggin's influence is as extensive as it has been through her books. Although her abode is in New York, she does all her writing at her country

home, which stands on the Saco, about sixteen miles from Portland, Me. "Quillcote," as she calls the place, is the nearest she could get to "the home of a pen-woman." Much of her writing is done during the summer months in the open air under the gnarled branches of the "dear old apple-tree," to which, it will be remembered, she dedicated her *Village Watch-Tower*. The photographs from

which these views have been taken were made by Mrs. Neil Straw to accompany an article which she has written to be called, "Scenes of Mrs. Wiggin's Stories of New England Village Life."



MRS. WIGGIN'S "DEAR OLD APPLE-TREE."

Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, Mr. Barrie's new novel, which has been appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, will have been published in book form. We have had the pleasure of reading the book in its entirety from advance sheets, and have followed Tommy's career to the end of his boyhood. All doubt as to the reality of Mr. Barrie's genius will certainly vanish with the publication of *Sentimental Tommy*. One of his most discriminating critics, and one of the earliest to recognise the power of genius in his work and to point out its faults, told the writer about three years ago, while Mr. Barrie was writing this story, that *Sentimental Tommy* would be one of the most original books in English fiction, and that although the plot interest, as in his former work, would be slight, in spite of this little fear might be entertained of its taking a foremost place. With the exception of several plays and a few trifles for the press, *Sentimental Tommy* is Mr. Barrie's first work of fiction since the publication of *The Little Minister*.

Mr. Barrie, who is at present in this country, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the Editor of the English BOOKMAN, gives one the impression of being very shy and retiring. In stature he is boyishly slight and small, and does not look robust, but in his quiet, wistful face there are the power and spirituality manifest in his work. As a critic he is pleasant to listen to, and his judgments would seem austere, if one did not recall the great humanity of his writings. In his early reviewing days he was much enamoured of Mr. George W. Cable's work, and has an especially pleasant recollection of his *Old Creole Days*. Of the modern novelists, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith are his favourites. And here we would say that it is with these masters in fiction that Mr. Barrie must be compared, and not with his imitators and followers, included in what is called the new school of Scottish fiction. For, as Ian Maclaren himself says, "Mr. Barrie stands by himself, unapproachable and inimitable." Indeed, it is usual for the best critics to speak of Barrie and Hardy and Meredith as the three great modern novelists now left to us.

At the funeral of M. Edmond de Gon-

court, an *éloge* over the grave was delivered by M. Emile Zola, who concluded with the following sentence, which was greatly admired in France :

"One day in his [M. de Goncourt's] *Journal*, that document so ill-understood and of so poignant an interest, he uttered the sublime cry of all his life devoted to letters, the cry of distress that the earth will one day crumble, and that his works will be no longer read."

Upon which the London *Spectator* very sensibly remarks :

"We can imagine no cry less sublime. Literature, even of the highest kind, is at best but a poor image of the best parts of human life, and a good deal of it is but a poor image of the worst parts ; and if the earth is to crumble and man to disappear, it adds nothing to the horror of the catastrophe that the reflected image in the mirror would disappear with him."

Messrs. Copeland and Day have a new book by Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn, entitled *Meg McIntyre's Raffle*, in the press. Unlike Mr. Sanborn's first book, *Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches*, which consisted, as he said himself, of mere transcripts from life, his forthcoming book has more pretensions to literary ends, and he has wrought his material into fiction. Another book of fiction which the same firm will publish shortly will be received with favour by those who remember Miss Edith Robinson's *Penhallow*, which appeared, if we mistake not, in *The Century* two or three years ago, and attracted a great deal of attention at the time. Miss Robinson's book will bear the title of *Penhallow Tales*.

M. Léon de la Brière has compiled a little volume entitled *Montaigne Chrétien*, composed entirely of extracts from the writings of that sceptical gentleman, with the object of showing how much devout and exemplary doctrine lies concealed amid his epicurean meditations. Some one has suggested that M. de la Brière should next prepare on the same plan a volume to be entitled *Voltaire Jésuite*, which would certainly be no less piquant.

It is curious to what an extent the subject of literary criticism seems to be agitating the minds of our contemporaries, in other countries no less than in our own. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's disparaging and discouraging analysis in the July and August numbers of *Harper's Monthly* has been responsible for

a good deal of comment on the present conditions of literary criticism in America, the latest that we have seen being a contribution from Professor Brander Matthews to the *Chap-Book* for October 1st on "American Criticism To-day." Professor Matthews says that

"here in America to-day the need of competent criticism is felt more sharply than ever before, and here, as in other countries and in other centuries, the supply is quite inadequate to the demand. But there has been no decadence, no decline, no falling off. On the contrary, every student of the history of American literature cannot but acknowledge that there are more honest and capable critics in the United States to-day than there were in any period of the past."

Professor Matthews is in favour of signed reviews, and remarks that

"although only authors of experience know the immense superiority of the signed to the unsigned book review, the general public seems to have the same preference. The New York correspondent of the *London Author*, noting that the American BOOKMAN in less than a year after it was started had attained to a circulation larger than those of the *Nation* and the *Critic* combined, suggested that perhaps this success was due to the fact that most of the book reviews of THE BOOKMAN bear the names of their writers."

There are some aspects of the question which, so far as we are aware, none of these writers who have taken Mr. Warner's essays as a text for their own remarks has commented upon, or at least emphasised duly, and within the limits of these columns we can no more than touch suggestively upon them.



Is it possible at the present time for a writer of real power to miss recognition? It is still very possible that a manuscript of high merit may be rejected. We are tired of hearing—even from Mr. Andrew Lang—that *Jane Eyre* went the round of the publishers, for, as a matter of fact, it was written by the request of its publishers, and was never in other hands than theirs. But it is true that the living authors who command the largest circulation for their books have, with very few exceptions, had their manuscripts declined by one firm at least—possibly by many, although we believe that good writers are often sensitive, and take a rebuff too much to heart. In this way it is very likely that many who might have done great things in literature have been reduced to silence. The literary faculty does not necessarily go along

with culture and practice; there are authors not a few who, like Mr. Du Maurier, have begun to write late in life, and who almost by accident have at once taken the public ear. Besides, the first work even of genius is often disfigured by crudities, and its rejection should not be accepted as final. We have no doubt it often is. But it is surely almost impossible that any published book with genuine force should not sooner or later win its way. Perhaps not immediately; the stories of Miss Wilkins had been published some considerable time before they were discovered. James Lane Allen has been writing for some years, and is only now coming into his own, and the merits of "Mark Rutherford" are slowly although steadily arresting general attention.



Human nature, however, by no means ceases to be human nature when it deals with literary subjects, and in consequence over-estimates and under-estimates abound. Of over-estimates the most irritating is the temporary popularity of inferior writers, whose vogue is due to some passing vulgarity. As a rule, these writers speedily and miserably decline, and unless they lift their horn very high, they should be let alone. Lord Macaulay did well to expose Robert Montgomery in the *Edinburgh Review*, but not well in reprinting the criticism; still less well in keeping Montgomery in the pillory after he petitioned to be let out. As it is, Montgomery is past suffering, and it is Macaulay who is harmed by the criticism, which no one reads nowadays without irritation and disgust. Newly discovered authors are often over-estimated. It has been truly said that there are so many people anxious to discover rising genius that they will not give it time to rise. Instead of being nipped in the bud, it is put into a forcing-house. We are morbidly afraid of again bidding a young Keats "back to his gallipots," and we take credit for discovering the pearl where others only saw the decaying oyster. Hence we are told discoverers make their geese swans, and disgust the public by incessantly chanting their praises. It may be so; but the discoverer has done his work when his author gains a hearing. Then it is prudent for him to retire, and not attempt to

spoil his genius by urging him to attempt a new sensation every month.



Another class of over-estimates, for which much may be said, is those that err on the side of chivalry. It may happen—may it not?—that a man may almost owe his own soul to a writer whom in maturer years he sees he over-rated. The very faults of that author—his exaggerations, his rhetoric—may have brought round him disciples whom he sent past himself and nearer wisdom. What if those disciples make the name and fame of the dead master their peculiar care? The picture in the "Chaldee Manuscript" of Dr. M'Crie guarding the grave of Knox has an element of grandeur, and there are few who will not understand the sentiment of Joaquin Miller's lines :

" I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun,
Sinner or saint or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause ;
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame ;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
By him, and so shall to the end.

* * * * *
" Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide,
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak."

" Logrolling," as it is called, means something, but not perhaps very much. It is true there are cliques of literary men who express their real opinion of one another only in private. But when we come to the criticism of friends, it is natural rather to speak of under-estimates.



Mr. James Payn has admirably described "the critic on the hearth" as often the most ignorant and the most unfair of all critics. The same thing applies less or more to a man's friends and acquaintances. He is on the whole much more likely to get justice from those who do not know him than from those who do. His associates mean well, but they think he is in danger of having his head turned, and they must be candid. Especially is this true when men living in an isolated circle begin to be known to the great public. Their fate is then a source of distressing anxiety to a number of excellent people.

Such critics may be sure that the way to literary success—the smallest, the latest, the most broken—is for all their friends a very difficult one—that must be fought for step by step under watchful and jealous eyes. They may be sure that whatever their comrade gets of recognition has been thoroughly earned. We distinguish, of course. There are candid friends who are really friends. They have the gift of wide appreciation, which traverses the whole field, does full justice to all that is bright and noble, and therefore can point out in the truest kindness whatever seems little or weak or mean. No man should condemn a friend because he refuses to fence his eyes with blinkers, or to interpose between his vision and its objects a medium of universal rose pink. Yet he may love best those whom in hours of depression he fancies guilty of such crimes.



There are critics of the baser sort—the least blamable being those who have no appreciation of genius, who hate and dread it as Jeffrey did. There are those "candid friends" who are deadly enemies, who are stirred to envy, hatred, and malice by their brother's fame, which will not permit them to use one generous word. There are desperate periodicals that try to live by malignant abuse. There are those who fear for their craft, and there are those who have real or fancied wrongs to avenge. Of such the wise man will take no heed so long as they do not impugn his honour. Perhaps in the end we shall not be sorry if we have always looked first in a man's book for what is worthy ; if we have acknowledged ungrudgingly all that is excellent in persons and writings ; if we have feared the guilt of habitual contemptuousness and unworthy carping ; if we have fought against the strong and stood by the defenceless and the unknown ; if we have never feared to err on the side of generous admiration ; if we have oftentimes said : " There are many who will point out the evil ; let one at least try to point out the good."



In the May number of THE BOOKMAN we reproduced, as our readers will remember, some very remarkable illustrations by Miss Mélanie Elisabeth Norton,

whose weirdly imaginative power as an illustrator and designer has already in a short time secured for her a most flattering recognition. She has now turned to a somewhat new *genre*, and has drawn a series of twelve illustrations for a child's book which is to be issued among the Christmas publications of a leading house in this city. These new drawings of Miss Norton's, which we have been permitted to see, are marked by all the boldness and originality of her other work, while exhibiting a touch of humour that makes them very charming. In our Christmas number we shall reproduce several of them by permission, and give our readers a chance to see something that in its way is absolutely unique.



Some time ago we quoted from our old friend, the *Evening Post* of this city, a sentence which we characterised as the worst specimen of English style that we had ever seen. But a writer in the London *Spectator* has now surpassed it in the following, which we take from its issue of September 12th :

"Another cat which was watching sparrows slipped behind a row of paving stones recently taken up as soon as it saw the writer approaching and secured one driven over its head."

A cat catching paving-stones must be an inspiring sight.



Mr. Joris Karl Huysmans, whose remarkable novel, *En Route*, is reviewed on another page, is a Frenchman of Flemish descent, who was born in 1848, and received a legal education, subsequently occupying an official position in one of the governmental departments. Gradually devoting more and more of his time to literature, he finally made it his profession, and has cultivated it ever since in the production of novels and short stories. In his very earliest novels he ranged himself with the naturalistic school of Zola, whose methods he pushed to an extreme of physiological brutality hardly to be paralleled in the works of the more outspoken of his contemporaries. His earliest novels were *Le Drageoir aux Épices*, which appeared in 1874, and *Marthe*, two years later, followed by *Les Sœurs Vatard*, *En Ménage*, and *À Vau l'Eau*. The climax of his tendency is seen in *À Rebours*, published in 1885, which is probably the most typical work of decadent literature, ancient or mod-



JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

ern. Later productions are *Là Bas* and *En Rade*. It is understood that the novel which we review in this number is the first of a trilogy. The titles of the two that are to come have been already announced by the author as *La Cathédrale* and *L'Oblat*. Huysmans has hitherto been known to the general English-speaking public by his short story entitled "Sac au Dos," contributed to *Les Soirées de Médan*, a collection of tales by various disciples of M. Zola. By the will of the late Edmond de Goncourt, M. Huysmans was named as one of the eight members of the Académie Goncourt.



We have received the first three numbers of a new journal published in Minneapolis with the delectable title *What to Eat*. It is safe to say that no other periodical of which we have any knowledge appeals to so large a constituency. As every human being must eat, and as every one who eats ought to know what to eat, it logically follows that every

human being who can read ought to subscribe for our new and appetising contemporary. Its editor has an opportunity such as is vouchsafed to few writers, and we envy him his opportunities. If he wants to take a vacation at any time, we hope that he will send for us to take his place during his absence, for we are full of ideas that ought to be set forth in some such attractive medium.

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When he calls us in as his *locum tenens* we shall at once start a new department in the magazine under the heading "What Not to Eat," which, as being the negative side of the question, is almost equal in importance to its affirmative phase. We think that we should begin by a general crusade against the vile and demoralising American habit of frying pretty nearly every species of food. To our way of thinking, the frying-pan is the curse of our civilisation, and is responsible for more ill health, uncharitableness, immorality, bigotry, financial heresy, anarchism, and complicated devilry than any other ten causes put together, including drink. Its use ought to be forbidden by law, and an annual celebration like Guy Fawkes's Day instituted for its especial banning. How we should like to expatiate in our contemporary's columns upon the advantages of broiling over frying! What pictures we should draw of delicious viands marked with the dainty brown imparted by the gridiron's ardent kiss, as against the sodden messes that come reeking with grease from the oozy frying-pan! How convincingly we should set forth the arguments for grilling those articles of food that are to-day even in enlightened households the inevitable prey of this evil instrument—how broiled potatoes and broiled oysters are infinitely more succulent than those that are fried. Very clearly we should distinguish between the deadly frying-pan and the estimable griddle, so that no one need think that we were barring out the noble buckwheat and the modest flap-jack; and, in fact, in this sphere, Science has to-day become the handmaid of Art, and has pressed into culinary service that useful material, aluminium, whose surface is such that when made into griddles it requires no touch of the greasy rag or of any other sebaceous material. Indeed, almost the only editor that would have to be discarded

under our *régime* are doughnuts and crullers; and these would be no great loss, because not one cook in a thousand ever makes them as they should be made if they are to be eaten and not used for missiles.

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We should also throw out a suggestion to restaurateurs who are casting about for new ideas that will bring them fame and incidental money. We think that there should be in each of our large cities whose population is to any extent a cosmopolitan one, a restaurant in which the bill of fare, instead of containing the usual list that is so utterly *banal*, would be made up of typical and characteristically national dishes, two or three from each of the principal countries of the world, and each one cooked with absolute perfection. Even to read the *menu* of such an establishment would impart the elements of a liberal education. There would be, for instance, from England the whitebait and the muffin; from Scotland, the bannock, the scone, the haggis, and the cockie-leekie; from Ireland, the delectable fadge (how many of our readers have ever eaten fadge?); from Germany, bier soup and various kinds of *wurst*; from Italy, certain dishes of *maccaroni*; from Hungary, the goulash and sundry preparations redolent of *paprikà*; from Morocco, the *kooskoosoo*; from Spain, the *olla podrida*, and so on. It would be interesting in such a list to see whether France or the United States would lead in its contribution of indigenous *plats*. We think, however, that our own country would be able to do more than hold its own with an array of comestibles ranging from terrapin and canvas-backs and planked shad, down to clams and buckwheat cakes and corn pones and Philadelphia scrapple. But we must desist, for this is only a literary journal, and we must not be lured away from literature by our love of profound and abstract thought. Our only reason for this little divagation is the example of the editor of *What to Eat*, who has, on one of his pages, descended to purely literary effort in giving some specimens of quatrains composed by him for the *menus* of political banquets. Considering the difficulties of the subject, he has acquitted himself nobly, though it pains us to see him attempting to make "McKinley" rhyme with "singly."

LIVING CRITICS.

X.—MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

It has often been remarked, and history proves the wisdom of the suggestion, that the man who is to exercise the functions of the critic satisfactorily must at some period of his career have essayed creative work. That he should have succeeded is not essential. Mr. Edmund Gosse has been doubly fortunate in this respect ; for not only has he exercised his pen in several departments of creative literature, but he has done so with conspicuous success. As a biographer, he has perhaps no living rival ; his poetry is of high thought and graceful utterance all compact ; he has even ventured into the garden of romance with a nosegay of a rich and old-world savour that reminds one of Madame Darmesteter's lilac-tree, " that will not grow in cities." Moreover, his poetry has many notes : the poet, therefore, has many sympathies.

But, while one is saying that Mr. Gosse's interests have been various, one is reminded at the outset that they have been also strictly limited. Very few writers in the present pressure of journalism have confined themselves more rigidly to the claims of literature pure and simple. Professor Saintsbury has dallied with politics ; Mr. Andrew Lang is the laureate of the bat and rod ; but Mr. Gosse is content with his library and his bookmen. Whatever is good in literature finds a welcome from him, and he has done much to combat the provincialism and insular exclusiveness of current criticism ; but with literature his interest begins and ends. And indeed he has found the field wide enough, as a cursory glance at his career will show us.

The first editor to give him something like a free hand was Froude, who was then conducting *Fraser's Magazine*, and one of the earliest essays from Mr. Gosse's pen which attracted attention was the admirable paper on Webster, subsequently reprinted in his *Seventeenth Century Studies*. In this article, as readers will remember, Mr. Gosse set foot upon that field of literature which, among contemporaries, he has made peculiarly his own : the combination of

biography and criticism. Since he has gained so much reputation from the felicity with which he moulds these elements together, it is not uninteresting to notice the influence under which he first essayed them. Mr. Gosse has always been a close student of Matthew Arnold, and Arnold, of course, modelled his criticism upon that of Sainte-Beuve. In the same way, Mr. Gosse turned to Sainte-Beuve ; but, instead of taking from him, as Arnold did, main views and arguments, he studied rather his methods and architectonics, with the result that his essays are marked by a sense of construction and orderly development rare enough in these days of slipshod, haphazard composition. And to the inexpert it would be incredible how much the force and impression of a paper depends upon its arrangement, and upon the fashion in which its points are marshalled. Much of the persuasiveness of Mr. Gosse's work is due to this early influence of Sainte-Beuve.

Like most of the young men of his time, Mr. Gosse passed under the sway of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and was attracted by the peculiar genius of Mr. Swinburne. Indeed, he was more exposed to its influence than the majority of them, seeing that he was a constant companion of the author of *Atalanta*, and had the continual advantage of discussing literary matters in his company. In Mr. Gosse's earlier verse this is manifestly apparent ; and, without inquiring too curiously, one may trace it still, in a modified form, in certain aspects of his prose. A not infrequent luxuriance or audacity of expression, to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter, is directly referable, I think, to those long and animated conversations, and to the mannerism which is inevitably caught from the study of any very individual writer. With Mr. Gosse, however, the tendency has been fortunately tempered by other associations. For, though he was much younger than Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Lang, and John Addington Symonds, Mr. Gosse began writing so early that he is, in a literary sense, their contemporary ; and



EDMUND GOSSE.

with each of them he has been, at some period or other in his career, closely associated. He has thus been thrown among men of very different calibre; and it would be worth while, had we space or opportunity, to observe the various ways in which their tendencies have interacted upon one another. It must suffice here to note the relationship, since it was certainly not without influence upon Mr. Gosse's attitude to literature.

We pass, however, to what is most individual in his criticism, and to his own particular contributions to literary interests in England. In one respect, I think, the value of his labours can scarcely be overestimated. When Mr. Gosse first began to write, very little notice was taken, among men of letters, of exotic literature. There was a strong

tendency to British insularity in current criticism; Matthew Arnold had done much to break through the prejudice, but he stood alone, and his efforts were directed mainly toward the claims of one or two writers, and those the greatest. Mr. Gosse, being an accomplished linguist, was continually following the course of Continental literature; his eye was attracted by contemporary movements, and he saw at once their importance and their possible value in this country. As early as 1871 he began to press the claims of Henrik Ibsen, a writer at that time absolutely unknown in this country. The publication of *Northern Studies* in 1879 marked something like an epoch in English letters; it was largely read, and was the first introduction of the English public to the Scandinavian author whose influence is now so generally apparent not only in our drama, but even in our fiction and our poetry. Two years previously Mr. Gosse had contributed to the pages

of the *Cornhill*, then under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, his striking paper, "A Plea for Certain Forms of Exotic Verse," which first made clear to English experimentalists the rules of the rondeau, villanelle, chant-royal, and other French metres, and which was followed by a stream of exercises in those pleasing forms, the best of which still survive in the volumes of Mr. Austin Dobson and of Mr. Gosse himself. At the same time, English readers began to widen the sphere of their interests; and the ground then cultivated has borne fruit an hundredfold. Nor has Mr. Gosse been content to rest upon his initiative. From time to time he has kept up the good work; and the International Library which he has edited for Mr. Heinemann has done a very great deal toward familiarising the Eng-

lish novel-reading public with sentiments and environment alien to their experience. The ordinary library-subscriber would have known nothing of Björnson, of Jonas Lie, of the Dutch "Sensitivists," or of the beginnings of literature in Bulgaria, without Mr. Gosse's helpful aid. The scheme once started, others have followed suit; and the advantage has been considerable. Were this his only claim upon our gratitude, he would deserve the thanks of all who have a care for literature.

But the work which first gave Mr. Gosse a definite and assured position was concerned with nothing exotic nor unfamiliar. It would scarcely be possible to name a poet more purely English than Thomas Gray; and it was the excellent *Life* of that author contributed to Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters* which first attracted public attention to Mr. Gosse's peculiar talent for biography. Its publication was followed by one concert of eulogy, and deservedly so; for it is a perfect model of the short biography. Two years later Mr. Gosse edited the *Works of Gray* in four scholarly volumes, which, one may safely say, will remain the standard edition. The credit which these performances carried with them was immediately proved by the sequel. In 1885 Mr. Gosse was elected to the Clark Lectureship at Trinity College, Cambridge, a post which had been held for one year by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Gosse made no application for the chair; but his claims were urged, in private letters to the Master, by the three leading men of letters—Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. It would scarcely be possible for any *testamur* to be more richly endorsed; and Mr. Gosse may well be proud of the eulogies which they bestowed upon him.

Three years later he published, what is perhaps the most widely read of his works, his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, in which he has most happily succeeded in infusing the charm of literature into the form of a text-book. In 1891 he published *Gossip in a Library*, that fascinating companion of all bookmen; in 1893 *Questions at Issue*, a collection of his more polemical essays in criticism; and in the opening of the present year *Critical Kit-Kats*, in which he has resumed his early fellowship with Sainte-Beuve, and given us a series

of pen-portraits, sympathetic but frankly free from indulgence, which show his talent at its happiest. Mention should also be made (though the work is not one of criticism) of the *Life* of his father, Philip Henry Gosse (1890), which many competent critics have declared to be the best piece of biography written during the last twenty years.

Such is the muster-roll of Mr. Gosse's critical publications; it remains to consider briefly a few of their leading characteristics. We have already noticed the breadth of his sympathies; they extend through almost every field of literature. It would not be too much to say that very few of the younger school of writers have failed to win a word of encouragement from him, for he is always on the outlook for promise. Good workmanship is especially attractive to him, and there have been many instances in which, while he has objected violently to the subject-matter, he has reserved the warmest praise for the manner of its presentment. For that kind of literature which can never be popularly acceptable—for scholarly essays and well-wrought verse—he is full of encouragement. Indeed, the form is paramount with him, receives his first attention. The inevitable result is that he is not always just to the more popular kinds of literature. He grows impatient of clumsy expression, and is not always careful to look below it, for the thought. Moreover, he is too much inclined to wage war against the popular novelist.

It is true that we hear a great deal nowadays of the successful story-writer, of his gains and his editions. Mr. Gosse, with the interests of literature at heart, grows periodically annoyed with these things, and allows them, perhaps, to obscure his appreciation of an author's work. One can recall more than one passage in which he has done scant justice to a popular writer from an exasperated sense of that writer's publicity. It is a pity, perhaps; but it is the direct outcome of Mr. Gosse's abundant sympathy with all the good and sincere work which gets stamped out in the traffic of the mart. And, after all, the popular writer gets a plentiful reward elsewhere. What is so especially stimulating in Mr. Gosse's criticism is his capacity for measuring his judgment, for seeing what is bad in work that he

admires, for seeing what is good in work that he deprecates. In all these instances there is needed, for his approbation, the saving graces of distinction, of method, of style; given these, he can pardon much. And his enthusiasm, once kindled, is infectious; he has carried many a young author into success by the generous impulse of his approval.

His eye is always upon the style. It follows then that he is himself a stylist. Indeed, there are very few living writers who, using their pen with so ready a fluency, leave so few sentences upon the paper with flaw or disfigurement. Mr. Gosse has at his command a graceful, melodious method, a rich vocabulary, and a singular wealth of imagery. Almost everything he sees suggests to him a parallel, and his pages are full of luminous and suggestive metaphors and likenesses. It is in the indulgence of this felicity that his danger lies—a danger already alluded to in this article. At moments his fancy becomes too exuberant, too luxuriant; he sets down a half-defined impression, an incomplete metaphor, which, failing to strike home, gives the reader a sense of violence. The thought becomes a little tortured; the likeness overwrought. This, however, is but seldom; and here again it is the penalty of his talent which attends him. Among so many fortunate phrases, there must needs be one that halts. What should astonish us is the frequency and directness with which his vivid fancy hits the mark.

With the charm of style, and the advantage of subject-matter continually changed and novel, it is not surprising

that Mr. Gosse has had considerable influence in contemporary literature. How far the man-in-the-street is content to follow his lead I do not know; possibly, with his tendency to break the popular idol upon the wheel of judgment, Mr. Gosse is a little too literary, too much of the *dilettante* for the taste that is supplied from the shelves of Messrs. Mudie's library. But among those who are sincerely interested in literature, he is always heard with respect, always read with pleasure and with profit. Occasionally his enthusiasm may have flashed up prematurely. He may have hailed the first book of an untried author with prophecy that the second has failed to fulfil, but the attractions of novelty are always dangerous. And the really strong men whom he has been the first to welcome are legion. It must be no little pleasure to him, when he takes down volume after volume from those library shelves round which he has conducted so many a reader with entertaining gossip—it must be no little pleasure to turn to the fly leaves and read the grateful inscriptions by men of varying ages and strangely varying tastes whom his encouragement and advice have made his friends. It will scarcely trouble him then to remember that, of all that number, where "so many give promise of running well, so few reach the goal, so few are chosen." He, at least, has reached his own goal, and the wisdom of his encouragement has helped many others in that race whose difficulty is its glory.

Arthur Waugh.

SOME NOTES ON POLITICAL ORATORY.

I.

The recent presidential nomination by one of the great political parties of a comparatively unknown man because of the impression produced upon the nominating Convention by a bit of fervid oratory has, naturally enough, led to an immense amount of discussion as to the present condition and the future possibilities of political eloquence. For quite a number of years it has been taken for granted that the age of oratory has

gone by forever; that the time when a brilliant speaker could dominate the minds of a great assemblage will never return; and that the remarkable masters of eloquence whose forensic efforts are as familiar as their names have left behind them no successors whatsoever. Even Professor Sears, in his admirable history of oratory, which we noticed in these pages not very long ago, speaks of the race of orators as to day extinct.

The only difference of opinion that has been manifested has shown itself in



an attempt to explain just why great speeches are no longer made. One theory attributes it to a general decline of intellectual ability in our public men, to the tendencies that force into other fields than that of statesmanship the keenest and most brilliant minds of the rising generation, and to a universal drift toward the commonplace and conventional that is depriving modern life, both public and private, of its colour and its old-time picturesqueness. The other hypothesis finds the cause in an assumed change that has come over the whole body of our people. We are told that men are more highly trained to-day than in the past; that they are intellectually more self-restrained and less impulsive; that they read more and think more for themselves; and that they are almost universally touched with a certain cynicism and sceptical indifference that renders them far less susceptible than formerly to any appeal to their emotions. Hence, it is said, such oratory as survives is in reality little more than business talk, mere logical exposition in which there is no place for the passion and the fire that flamed in the words of a Patrick Henry or a Webster; so that, in our great national forum, senators and representatives alike stand up and read their speeches, or are contented even with the customary "leave to print."

We cannot but think that both these explanations are altogether wrong. They utterly ignore the simpler and more natural solution to be found in the remarkable change that has taken place in the nature of the questions that have now, for the past two decades, been most prominent in the sphere of American politics. For the first time in our national history the popular thought is centred wholly upon issues that are absolutely economic and in no sense sentimental.

In the later colonial period, at which time the history of American oratory in reality begins, although the question that divided the colonies from the mother country was ostensibly a question of taxation, the underlying principle was more profoundly fundamental and more vital than one of constitutional relations. The thirteen colonies were just beginning to thrill with the half unconscious stirrings of national life. Men dimly saw within their grasp the symbols and the splen-

dour of sovereignty; they felt the strong creative impulse that is always present in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon; they were rousing themselves to a recognition of the magnificence of their future, to the fact that they were no longer mere colonials, provincials, subjects of a foreign king, but free men in a free State, with a heritage of unlimited promise and with the power to claim it and defend it, if necessary, by force of arms. Therefore, when Patrick Henry and when Samuel Adams spoke, their words appealed to no sordid sentiment in those who heard them; but they voiced the aspirations of an entire people moved to its very heart by a prophetic consciousness of its own high destiny.

Again, after independence had been achieved and had finally ceased to be a theme for anything more than occasional oratory, there arose another issue that involved the strongest possible appeal to sentiment. The question of slavery in some of its innumerable phases often appeared to be nothing but a problem of political economy or of constitutional interpretation. For years the leading statesmen of both parties strove to make it such, to throw it into the background by compromise and concession, and to lock the door upon the national skeleton. But because it was at base a question of sentiment appealing to man's sense of justice and mercy and righteousness, it would not down; and when it had at last become indissolubly linked with still another and even greater issue—the maintenance of our national unity and the very life of the Republic—it stirred the profoundest depths of the nation's heart. No more momentous issue was ever yet evoked in the history of man; for it involved far more than the existence of a single nation; it concerned the success or failure of republican government and the fate of free institutions. No wonder, then, that it inspired oratory to which the annals of recorded eloquence can find no parallel. The day when Webster rose in the Senate of the United States to deliver, amid a silence like that of death, his marvellous reply to Hayne, may well be thought the most memorable and momentous in the whole history of the American Republic. And the speech of Webster was in every word and every line fully up to the sublime level of the

issues it discussed. It is no exaggeration to say that it overtops any other effort of human eloquence that the world has known. Its only rival is the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, and this, we think, holding strictly to the attitude of dispassionate criticism, must take the second place. In patriotic fervour, in sincerity, in absolute mastery of the resources of rhetoric, and in intellectual power, the two great orators were equal ; but from the standpoint of historical importance and, above all, in the vastness of the ultimate consequences, the Greek must yield to the American. For in the case of Demosthenes the issue was immediately personal ; in the case of Webster the issue was distinctly national. Demosthenes was defending and extenuating a political failure ; Webster was pointing the way to a national triumph. The greatness upon which Demosthenes so fondly dwelt was retrospective ; the greatness that Webster limned before his breathless hearers lay in the living present and the future. One statesman appealed to a proud and melancholy memory ; the other to a splendid aspiration. One was pronouncing a stately funeral oration ; the other was sounding a great trumpet-call to victory. And in the actual results achieved there can be no comparison. Athenian liberty was already dead, and no words, however eloquent, could bring it back to life ; but American nationality was just feeling its first vigorous, vital impulse. The words of Demosthenes could, at the best, awaken in the mind of an Athenian nothing more than a sombre stirring of humiliation and regret for a past forever gone ; the words of Webster, committed to memory and declaimed by generations of American children, sank down into the hearts of his countrymen until his closing sentence became the very watchword of the Republic, and until the great principle for which he spoke had been learned so thoroughly that when the years of storm and stress arrived, a million men stood ready to pour out their blood like water, and a million mothers sent forth their sons with gladness to die in its defence. And the oration itself—what a wonderful thing it is ! Its dignified and graceful exordium, its stately sentences moving on with an ever-growing impetus and instinct with a joyous consciousness of irresistible power, its passion and pathos, its majestic

rhythm and cadenced harmonies rising and sinking like a grand organ-roll or the thunder of the sea, and finally the magnificent sunburst of gorgeous imagery with which it ends ! Even now, after more than sixty years have passed, and after the issues that inspired it have been laid at rest forever, no American who deserves the name can read over those tremendous sentences without feeling his pulses quicken and his heart thrill with an exultant emotion so keen as to be almost pain.

As for Cicero, it would be absurd to compare him as an orator with either of the others. The fatal insincerity of character that taints his utterances makes some of his most elaborate orations, in spite of their rhetorical perfection, seem cheap and thin when set beside the massive eloquence of Demosthenes and Webster ; his impassioned declamation too often suggests the actor's rant ; his invective and his pathos at times come perilously near to the neurotic caterwauling of an hysterical woman.

Oratory naturally found a powerful stimulus in the Civil War and in the questions immediately arising from it ; and for many years thereafter it was always possible for the political speaker to stir his hearers by calling up once more the memories and the passions of that gigantic conflict. But as a new generation came upon the scene and as other issues gradually forced their way to the front, eloquence was tamed. When the phrase, " waving the bloody shirt," was once coined, it marked the end of the oratory that fed upon martial themes. Since 1880 the minds of the people have been fixed with more and more persistence upon the economic and financial policy of the country ; and in this sphere there is little food for forensic eloquence. The schedules of a tariff are not inspiring to a popular orator ; barbed wire and jute and cotton ties, and the relative merits of *ad valorem* and specific duties, cannot possibly be worked up into rhetorical material even by the most ingenious pleader. Not is the financial question much more promising. There are persons, indeed, who have dwelt with harrowing detail upon the wrongs and sufferings of silver, and who have depicted in tones of horror the cowardice and the malevolence of gold ; but the oratorical effect has not been striking. It is very difficult to draw

tears from a hard-headed American crowd over the injuries and sorrows of a metal; nor will many persons rage together because of the depravity of something that can be represented by a chemical symbol. It is only when a more direct and personal turn can be given to the theme that an orator has any chance of real success. This is pretty well illustrated in Mr. Bryan's now memorable speech at Chicago in July. Had he dwelt, as did the opposing speakers, upon the purely economic side of the question, he would have left the Convention as cold as they did. He therefore deliberately chose to make the issue a sectional one; to pit the West against the East; to describe in impassioned language the honest farmer in his peaceful home, ground down by malevolent oppressors at whom the orator flung a fierce defiance. In other words, he turned a question of finance into a question of pure sentiment. As to the justice or the wisdom or the patriotism of this device, we are not here concerned; but from the oratorical point of view it was very shrewd, and showed that Mr. Bryan possessed the oratorical instinct. Its success was, indeed, its justification; for as the sole aim of the orator is to master his audience and play upon their feelings until he can bend them to his will, oratory is the one thing of which the only criterion is success. The same remark applies to the substance of this speech which has been criticised as tawdry, stilted, and even blasphemous; but which (ethical considerations apart) was, in fact, rhetorically perfect as being exactly suited to the state of mind of those who heard it and were mastered by it.

It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the present lack of oratory of a startling and dramatic kind is due neither to any decline in oratorical ability on the part of our public speakers, nor to any loss of impressibility on the part of the American people—certainly not to the latter, for there is ample evidence that as a nation we are becoming more rather than less emotional, more nervous, more excitable. But when the themes of oratory are not those that feed popular passion, the born orator pitches his utterances in a low key and subdues his whole discourse to the natural level of his subject. In fact, it is in this very thing that his real genius is best seen; for precisely in proportion to his great-

ness will an unerring instinct teach him to shun any attempt to elevate by purely rhetorical devices a theme that is in itself essentially commonplace. Hence it is that the ablest of our speakers to-day are just the ones who never force the note, but wisely prefer to leave upon their hearers the impression embodied in the fine Horatian description

urbani parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consulto;

and those who neglect this precept often come perilously near the line where declamation passes into rant.

It is in this respect that the public speakers of the South are so curiously defective. As a class, they seem to think that any subject whatsoever can be made impressive provided it be plastered thick with a multiplicity of gaudy adjectives, bedizened with innumerable metaphors, and daubed all over with the rattle of rhetorical rouge. These men sow with the sack and not with the hand, and believe that they have hit upon an infallible formula for producing "eloquence" to order. We have in mind the Chief Executive of one of the oldest and state-liest of the Southern States, whose speeches are the *reductio ad absurdum* of this barbaric style. Whether he is delivering an inaugural address, or whether he is speaking over the pumpkins at a county fair, his verbal pyrotechnics are such that if we were to set down one of his passages in cold type our readers would suspect that we had invented it in a spirit of the wildest and most farcical burlesque. We do not know just how such oratory is generally regarded in the South. If it is taken seriously and viewed with admiration, the fact is a lamentable indication of the condition of public taste and of the lack of any widespread æsthetic cultivation; for were such a speaker to dress in a manner to harmonize with his oratorical style, he would appear before his audiences arrayed in a nose-ring and an inch of vermilion paint.

It must be confessed, however, that the South has no monopoly of this half-savage sort of pow-wow. All the national conventions held this year provided choice specimens of it in nominating speeches that fairly knocked the bottom out of the vocabulary of eulogy, when some backwoods lawyer, unknown even to many of the delegates from his own

State, would be described as "the peerless jurist, the profound scholar, the magnificent and electrifying orator, the world's greatest statesman and thinker!" At such utterances as these, pronounced before deliberative bodies that are supposed to shape the nation's policy and select its rulers, the self-respecting American can only blush for the credit of the Republic.

It is, indeed, in the subtle instinct that tells just how the discourse is to be attuned to the mood of the moment that the true orator is ultimately to be distinguished from the mere rhetorician. Nice judgment, perfect tact, and an innate sense of what is possible to be accomplished in a given situation have often done far more for a reputation than the actual arts of eloquence. A contemporary illustration may be found in Mr. Bryan's address at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, in reply to the Committee of Notification, which is an excellent case in point. His passionate harangue at Chicago and its remarkable effect on his immediate hearers had led every one to expect an equally fiery oration in New York; yet when he appeared before the great assembly that had gathered to receive him, he simply read a written essay with no attempt at eloquence whatever. His political opponents at once raised a howl of derision, and even many of his own supporters were for the moment much chagrined. Yet this was in reality one of the cleverest things that he had ever done; and the reason for this opinion is perfectly obvious. In the interval between his Chicago speech and the time set for his New York address, public expectation had been worked up to so extravagant a pitch that had he been Demosthenes and Cicero rolled into one he could not possibly have satisfied it. He therefore very wisely declined to attempt what, from the conditions, was foredoomed to failure—declined, in fact, to compete against himself. To be sure, by reading an essay instead of delivering an oration, he disappointed his auditors, and he was gibed by the opposition press; but he kept his reputation as an orator, and this seeming fiasco made an admirable background for any brilliant and effective speeches that he might subsequently deliver.

Political orations in general may be classified under three heads. First come

those great efforts that are overwhelming in their effect at the time of their delivery and that stand the test of time so well as even now to be read with genuine pleasure and admiration. Next come the speeches that produce no great effect upon their immediate hearers, but that subsequently, by reason of their literary merit, take high rank among the classics of the language in which they are composed. Finally, there are the orations that serve their purpose at the time, or that win a temporary renown by reason of the occasion on which they were delivered, or because of the personal charm and impressiveness of the orator, but which are afterwards of little interest except as affording material for the historian. To the first class belong the greatest speeches of Demosthenes, of Webster, of Cicero, and perhaps of Lincoln. Of the second class a type may be found in the parliamentary orations of Burke, who always emptied the House of Commons when he spoke, but whose loftiness of thought and splendour of diction have won for him a lasting place in the annals of political eloquence. To the third class belong the great mass of political orations in all ages and all countries. Such are the speeches of Henry Clay, in reading which one marvels at the effect which we know to have been produced by them; of Hayne and Benton and Everett and Legaré, of J. P. Hale and Sumner and Stevens, and, in fact, of pretty nearly all the American orators of the past fifty years.

In this country the public estimate of living orators is seldom accurate, because it is so warped and biased by partisan prejudice. It is, moreover, largely influenced by the newspapers, which usually carry their criticism of the substance into condemnation of the form. Seldom, indeed, does a Democratic journal see anything to admire in the oratory of a Republican statesman; and in estimating the merit of a Democratic speaker, the Republican critics almost invariably (to use the time-honoured expression) "dismiss it with a smile." Consequently, it is not until death has blunted the sharpness of political acrimony that anything like a truthful estimate is ever formed, and even then it may be many years before the exaggerations of both partisan panegyric

and partisan depreciation have fully passed away.

It is probable, for instance, that among all the orators of the past two decades, public opinion at the present time would ascribe a marked supremacy to Mr. Blaine. Yet it is certain that it was not primarily as an orator that Mr. Blaine secured and kept his remarkable influence over the host of those who followed so loyally his personal and political fortunes. Mr. Blaine had, to be sure, the orator's temperament. He was mentally alert, quick to seize upon an effective point, impetuous, and in his early career full of fire. He had an unusual command of the resources of language, and unflinching tact and taste. Yet the fact remains that it was not through oratory that he won the commanding position which he held in his party's counsels, nor did he rely upon it to any great extent in carrying out his political ambitions. The reason is not far to seek. It is found in the fact that very early in his career he set before himself the Presidency as the goal of his ambition, and with this always in mind he purposely modified and restrained his natural bent in many ways. Now Mr. Blaine was by nature an exceedingly impulsive man, one whose temperament led him to form decisions with lightning-like rapidity, and to act upon them with unchecked and unreflecting impetuosity. In this quality of mind lay at once his strength and his weakness, and to it his greatest successes and his greatest mistakes are alike directly traceable. Had he been content to limit his ambition to anything short of the highest office in the nation's gift, he would undoubtedly have let his oratorical talent have full play, and would have deserved the reputation for eloquence that is now, we think, unreasonably given him. It was, to be sure, by a spirited and brilliant speech that he won his first great national distinction, while still a member of the House of Representatives. The occasion was a debate upon the question of granting a complete political amnesty to Jefferson Davis, in spite of the fact that Mr. Davis himself had never asked for it. Mr. Blaine opposed the measure, and Mr. Hill, of Georgia, one of the very ablest of the Southern leaders, stood forth as its champion and defender. In the spirited debate that followed, Mr. Blaine

gave full play to his impetuosity. With no preparation and no premeditation, he flung himself into the forensic combat, and in a burst of vivid oratory fanned again the fires of sectional feeling which had begun to smoulder, but which at his words once more flamed up as fiercely as in the days of the Civil War. The whole North thrilled at his passionate appeal, and in an hour his name was in all men's mouths. It was the victory of a partisan, but it was magnificent nevertheless; and the memory of it led Colonel Ingersoll a few years later, in an almost equally celebrated speech, to style him "the plumed knight," a title that presently became hackneyed in the vocabulary of the stump. Yet never again did Mr. Blaine fully give way to an oratorical impulse such as this. Experience and keen self-analysis taught him the danger that lay in his own impetuosity, and from the moment when he first formed a definite ambition to be President he set a bridle on his tongue. His speeches thereafter were able, ingenious, and adequate, but to the present writer at least, there seemed always to run through them a certain tone of calculation, of conscious design half veiling upon craft, that robbed them of their spontaneity and greatly marred their psychological effect. The speaker seemed always to be keeping something back, to withhold a part of his confidence, to be playing with his audience as a cat plays with a mouse, and to be very far indeed from the perfect self-abandonment that marks the inspired orator.

Mr. Blaine's great influence as a party leader sprang, in fact, from a deeper source than verbal eloquence. Men early began to speak of his "magnetism," and the word speedily entered into the slang of our politics. It was, in consequence, so harped upon and burlesqued as to become a mere vulgarity of party speech; yet, for want of a better word, it must still be used to express the secret of his power. Its real meaning, however, is not so often understood. The popular conception of a "magnetic" leader is of one who wins adherents by a jovial bearing, by a sort of hail-fellow-well-met jollity of which few statesmen were ever more guiltless than Mr. Blaine—a model of personal dignity in all his relations with his friends and followers. By his "mag-

netism" we should rather understand a certain power that he exercised, through those immediately in contact with him, upon great masses of men who had never seen him, so that they, too, became irresistibly convinced of his incomparable fitness for command. The manifestation of this power is a curious psychological study, and may be illustrated in a statement made to the present writer by an official of the State Department at the time when Mr. Blaine was Secretary. This gentleman, who was politically opposed to Mr. Blaine, said that every morning the various officials of the Department would be at work at their usual tasks, going through them in the leisurely way that is traditional in this particular division of the public service, chatting amicably together, yawning, pausing to scan the morning paper, and in general accomplishing a minimum of work in a maximum of time. Suddenly, for no reason that any one could explain, a sort of impulse comparable to an electric shock would run through the assemblage. Conversation would cease; newspapers would be laid aside; pens would fly over the paper; the whole work of the Department would all at once proceed with intense celerity. No one had been heard to enter the next room; not a word of warning had been spoken; yet every one in the place knew by an inexplicable instinct that Mr. Blaine was in his office.

This strange power is probably a natural attribute of the born leader of men. It was possessed in a large degree by General Grant, a man who in temperament, training, and mental processes was the very antithesis of Mr. Blaine. Old army officers often tell of their experiences in 1863, when the newly promoted soldier was put in command of the troops who were ultimately to operate against Vicksburg. Previous attempts against the Confederate stronghold had failed disastrously, and soldiers and officers alike were thoroughly disheartened. There was a general inefficiency in the staff and a general lack of system, order, and discipline throughout the army. Plans were made and unmade, regiments were marched aimlessly backwards and forwards, supplies went to the wrong place; everything, in fact, was at sixes and sevens. This was the state of things when it was announced that General Grant had been put in com-

mand. Old officers shrugged their shoulders. Here was more experimenting. A new general meant to them only a new element of confusion. On a certain day Grant assumed command, but not immediately at general headquarters. No one had yet seen him when, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, in some indefinable way a curious change came over the whole army. An invisible power made itself felt in every department. Definite purpose began to appear in every move. Supplies appeared when they were wanted. The troops were swung into intelligible combinations. Everywhere precision, order, discipline reigned where before there had been only confusion, chaos, insubordination. And when things were seen to be actually *done*, the most inveterate grumbler on the staff stood up in the midst of his fellow-officers, and slapping his leg, roared out with a sort of Homeric joy, "At last! At last! By Heavens, at last they have given us a MAN!"

Therefore, it is by no means correct to lay too much stress on Mr. Blaine's oratory as the chief factor in his political supremacy. It was rather his resourcefulness, his tact, his constructive power, his "magnetism," that secured to him his unquestioned leadership. Not but what his speeches were admirable efforts, from the purely political addresses that he made in the campaign of 1876 and 1880 to the elaborate and dignified oration pronounced by him before the President, the houses of Congress, and the Diplomatic Corps on the death of President Garfield. The brief addresses, too, that he made in his own canvass for the Presidency in 1884 were admirable in their point and tact and persuasiveness; though it was this campaign that extinguished his oratory altogether. The extraordinary labour that he took upon himself, the excitement and fatigue, and more than all else, perhaps, his exasperating defeat by a few hundred votes in a single State, quenched the fire of his ambition, and left him a disappointed and almost broken man. He spoke again in the campaign of 1888, but while his intellect was as active as before, his physical strength had been sapped, so that his every sentence seemed to involve an obvious and painful effort. The orator, like the actor, needs, above all else, to

overflow with an abundant and vigorous vitality, because, like the actor, the impression that he makes is in no small degree a physical impression. Yet it was not merely in bodily force that Mr. Blaine's great defeat impaired his power. There was a marked deterioration in manner and in temper perceptible during his last few years that can, perhaps, be most clearly seen in some of his state papers, and notably in his diplomatic controversy with Lord Salisbury concerning the American claim to jurisdiction in Bering Sea. The traditions of diplomacy require the tone of all formal communications to be ceremonious and courtly to the last degree. The question at issue may be of the most burning kind, the controversy may be even of the sort that inevitably ends in war, yet nevertheless the diplomatic duellists must everywhere observe the most punctilious etiquette, and never in word or phrase overstep the limits of a stately self-restraint. These traditions Lord Salisbury, on his side, observed to the full. His immensely able argument was couched throughout in terms of the finest courtesy, suggesting in every line the urbanity and the graceful deference that mark the intercourse of high-bred gentlemen. But Mr. Blaine's despatches, whatever be their plausibility and force, are very painful reading. There is observable in them here and there a certain swagger, a half-rowdy tone of lurking insolence, an offensive assumption that his opponent's argument is one of conscious duplicity and falsehood. It is not likely that our diplomatic records contain another correspondence such as this. Some may advance against this view and in defence of Mr. Blaine the once famous Hülsemann Letter, written to the Austrian Minister by Daniel Webster when Secretary of State, and resenting the attempted protest of Austria against our Government's very obvious sympathies with the Hungarian insurgents. But this letter, in which many persons, in total disregard of chronology, have seen

the original suggestion of the "Pogram Defiance" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, while it was, to be sure, rather startlingly unconventional, and, on the whole, rather bumptious in its manner, contained not a word that could give the slightest personal offence to its recipient.

There is something of the irony of fate in the circumstance that after years of studied discretion in word and act, the careless speech of a stranger should have been so largely instrumental in marring the one great ambition of Mr. Blaine's career. There is something almost tragic, too, in the thought of all that long-continued effort, all that eager hope, all that fertility of resource, and all those brilliant gifts just failing of supreme success. The present writer saw Mr. Blaine four days before the election that was to set the seal of failure on his remarkable career. It was at the very end of the campaign, and he was on his way to some small city in Connecticut to make one last address. He sat by the open window of the railway carriage waiting for the train to start. His head was bent forward, and the sunken eyes, the face blanched to an ashen pallor, and the pinched and jaded features all told the tale of mental weariness and physical exhaustion. A knot of a dozen or twenty men, who had gathered on the platform, stared curiously at him; and now and then, as one or another of them approached and offered to shake hands, Mr. Blaine would thrust three fingers through the window and force a wan, mechanical smile. It reminded one of nothing half so much as of some hunted animal driven to its hole and turning feebly to eye its unfeeling persecutors. Could the very bitterest of his enemies have beheld him then, and could they have foreseen the impending wreck of his life's one great ambition, they must have felt some stirrings of pity, and it may be even of remorse; for the sight was infinitely pathetic, and one to haunt the memory for many days.

Harry Thurston Peck.



KELMSCOTT PRESS WORK AND OTHER RECENT PRINTING.

The widespread interest in the work of the Kelmscott Press and the rapid and apparently steady increase in the prices fetched by Mr. Morris's issues must have some other foundation than mere book madness or the magic of a name. The accessories of the Kelmscott books are, of course, attractive—their limited issue, vellum covers, silk strings, pretty name; but book novelties are now so numerous that queerness cannot charm without some integral excellence. Other private presses, from the Strawberry Hill to the Daniel, have addressed the public of fastidious book-buyers; but no other has made a sincere attempt to produce or reproduce a typography which shall carry us back to the pristine glory of early printing, and even link presswork with manuscript production. The Morris-Jenson types have for their purpose to address the eye by forms at once beautiful, reasonable, and legible; and when this type is made up in pages of symmetrical proportion and painstakingly impressed by hand upon hand-made paper, with red-and-black decorations, both serious and pleasing, the product is certainly an entity sufficiently respectable to be worth the book-lover's study as well as his dollars.

But the Kelmscott work is met at once by the question, "Is it readable?" a question which three readers out of four will answer in the negative. What will be the use of all this costly glory of the book for which we have so eagerly waited, the "indescribable Chaucer," if it cannot be read as easily as the dingy page of a penny daily printed by linotype on wood-pulp paper? Mr. Morris replies, it is understood, that our eyes have become so accustomed to the bad that they know not the good, and must accordingly be trained to better things. That this statement is no special or futile plea may be proved by any one who will take a Kelmscott book and read it through. Some time ago, after a careful examination of all accessible issues, I selected *Shakespeare's Poems* as the best volume, on the whole, that had been sent forth from Upper Mall, Hammer-smith, and re-read the old sonnets in their new dress. At first the eye re-

belled at the overblackness of the long and too solid lines; but before it reached the last page it had attained a sense of rest and refreshment that was worth something in these days of glazed paper and electric lights. As for the Chaucer, I cannot speak in detail, as my own copy is still in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's hands; but a half-hour's turning of its pages certainly leaves the impression that the book is unsurpassed by any printed predecessor. And I certainly intend, notwithstanding the *Nation* correspondent's recent assertions of its illegibility, to read *The Canterbury Tales* more than once in its lordly pages.

What constitutes good printing? The selection of a clear type, not over-fine, the making up of that type in effective masses well related to a symmetrical page, and the uniform impressing of it with honest black ink upon firm, unglazed linen paper. Every one of these qualifications is shown in the Kelmscott work. In one respect it surpasses the best products of Caxton, the Elzevirs, the London folio printers of the seventeenth century, Pickering, or Jouaust, namely, that one may take a magnifying glass, follow the type, line by line, and scarcely find a weak or broken letter, or any irregularity or unevenness of inking. In this regard even the most ardent lover of old typography must admit that the machine-made hand-presses of the nineteenth century have given our printers a *possible* advantage—usually thrown away—over their early or late predecessors. Indeed, if we limit ourselves strictly to this test of firm and almost absolute evenness of honest impression, I am inclined to think the Kelmscott Press page the best that the world has yet been able to show.

Another debt we owe to Mr. Morris is the indication that, after all, a "large paper" copy is less sensible—that is to say, less artistic, than one in which the margins bear a rational proportion to the printed text. That he has printed some copies on vellum—a greasy, warping substance which in every respect save the Philistine boast of cost ought to rank below honest linen-rag paper—

may be ascribed to the gentle influences of hereditary mediævalism in taste.

As partial offsets to the pleasures of the Kelmscott page may be mentioned the wearisomeness of the long lines in the larger books. No printed line should be so long that the eye cannot, by an easy and natural jump, hit the beginning of the line next following. This error is magnified by the absence of leads or their equivalent of space between the lines. Another demerit is the essentially unreasonable carrying of overrunning lines in poetry back to the extreme left of the next lines—a clumsy and irritating device that has neither tradition nor good judgment in its favor.

The Kelmscott successes have naturally been followed by all sorts of faddish imitations. One might say that

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Kelmscott-Jenson type, more or less accurately reproduced, has spread from Portland to San Francisco, and seems especially dear to the heart of advertisers of bicycles and malt extracts. In its smaller sizes, when carelessly printed, it becomes dingily and disagreeably unreadable. Now and then, too, in this or other type, American printers have given us lines longer than Mr. Morris's longest, without the redeeming qualities of the original. More praiseworthy, and in a certain degree interesting and successful, is the Cambridge (Massachusetts) University Press edition (issued by Copeland and Day) of Rossetti's *House of Life*, closely patterned, though with a difference, upon Kelmscott lines. But "all that flams is not flamboyant;" Kelmscott followers should remember that absolute Ruskin-like honesty in the smallest details is the first thing to seek. One takes little satisfaction in weakly impressed process-work reproductions as compared with sharply cut type made from a matrix and set up and printed. Would-be artistic typography should be at least as clear as that of the *Evening Post*, and its proof-reading as accurate as that of the *Tribune*.

When one thinks of Kelmscott and of

questions typographic, he is forced to conclude—even if he be, as I am, sufficiently patriotic to buy and praise an American thing, as such, wherever possible—that our presswork is not, on the whole, as good as that which comes to us from England and France, and not as good as it used to be a generation ago. I am ashamed to say that the recent English books copyrighted in this country, and therefore printed here, are usually inferior, and sometimes shabbily inferior, to the current work of R. and R. Clark, the Oxford University Press, Ballantyne, etc., which they replace. The American edition of Purcell's life of Manning, for instance, is small credit to anybody. At the other extreme stands the English Classics Series, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley. Of all recently published "library editions," this solidly and reticently beautiful set best deserves praise, and confirms one's impression that the Constables, of the Edinburgh University Press, are, save Mr. Morris, at the head of the printing art in Britain. If anybody wishes an easy object lesson in book-making let him contrast Southey's *English Seamen* (issued in this library in America, but not in England, and not printed by the Constables) with its seven companions in the brown buckram row. As regards distinctly American work, even where the hurry of reissue does not enter into the question, it would be hard to point to any recent books equalling the Ticknor's Prescott of 1864, the rubricated King's Chapel Prayer-book of 1865, or Mr. Norton's *New Life* of 1867, all printed by Welch, Bigelow and Company in the palmy days of that firm. But Mr. Welch's successors can at least show the externals of the new Stedman-Woodberry Poe (which, by the way, is in its editing the most thorough setting-forth of the works of any classic in American literature); while the book of *Roman and Italic Printing Types in the Printing House of Theodore L. DeVinne and Company* (1891) is the one American volume that best endures the magnifying-glass test already mentioned.

Charles F. Richardson.



KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.



HE Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This

calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how

he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution, when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretences;" how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dogcart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through the rain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because although he had obeyed his conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age, for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could only have stooped at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not

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been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighbourhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporised fold in the minister's top-coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service of the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbour—in whom for the native humour that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pig sty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed shop.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaeins hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half-a-dozen county birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honouables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye're sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"Ma word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it 'ill be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half pay and a few pounds frae a fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin', shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deevilry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a 'peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarrelling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma lady whuppit oot o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a mak-up the story about Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply, "she wes threatenin' tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na, na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as onybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye said a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives . . . Ye 'ill come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an' . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any highmindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart

that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was 'a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he touched the point there—receiving Doctor Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but. . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I

am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fey rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It iss not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the

Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his Bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

" 'Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month,' I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentlemen, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate has gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochtly woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a visit to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochtly. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he was daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.



"AY, HE'S IN, BUT YE CANNA SEE HIM."

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've enuech without ony fyke (delicate work) a' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the wauflies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude enuech for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so command-

ing that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be," raising her voice to rally her heart, "at wud take chairge o' a strainger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochtly Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hiz-zies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favourite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My fiend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Dr. Saunderson, Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missa-bib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and

spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochtly . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed and wrapped round his shoulders the old grey plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom, immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it."

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochtly, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the

Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochtly. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spoke aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Doctor Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here also I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . ."

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you, . . . nothing left here

. . . but you . . . —my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand. . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'll send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both . . ." He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of—"

"I know, Rabbi," and kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and to cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear:

" Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him " He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—" Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said in a clear voice full of joy, " My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, " Rabbi, Rabbi."

CHAPTER XXII.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.



DOCTOR DAVIDSON allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the

Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterward remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

" The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, " that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochtly, and under this long green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days, when men fought not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love, and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honour is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindness, so that now when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

" Fower letters the day, Doctor, ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glasgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' about it. Twa circulars an' the *Caledonian* maks up the hale hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen, but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By-and-by, when the labour of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would

make for his favourite seat beside the white rose tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the *Muirtown Advertiser*. It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its rousps, reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centres. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sully forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts' great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper like the minister might be supposed independent of Posty's precis, but even Doctor Davidson, with that day's *Caledonian* in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Glaisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, an' noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent fouk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of those swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hardheaded up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld fouk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by

which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coalpit explosion in Lanarkshire or a loss of fishing boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humour to assign one fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid," appeared in various subscription lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy aich, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighbouring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he



"TO PUT FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE."

would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practise many little economies, who travelled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him. Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what

may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Doctor Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this forenoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A' Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre,"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and the General fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall

have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window.

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'ill be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochtly Lodge."

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochtly, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place—nothing left but our graves."

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere, and wherever it be, the 'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you—" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge when we were getting it to our mind; but we 'ill have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. *Voilà, mon père.*"

When the two Drumtochtly men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs.

There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbours, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stockbroker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia, which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighbourhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from

whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentlemen, it appears to me as if under a natural provocation and suffering we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that at any rate those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something which cannot be taken from us by any fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honour."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang, but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—

all men of the old Scots breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sound of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, travelling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the *Caledonian* that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's lies a sair fecht tae keep straight in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honouring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dogcart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Nethererton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph, and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted, but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the hand-shake of the Drumtochty men.

(To be concluded.)

ALEXANDER KIELLAND.

Alexander Kielland is the least Norwegian of all the Norwegian writers, not only among his contemporaries, like Bjørnson and Jonas Lie, but among the newer men of the subsequent generation, like Gabriel Finne, Knut Hamsun, and Vilhelm Krag, whose names we Americans have hardly yet learned to know. I mean this, however, less in regard to his matter than to his manner. Although several of his short stories are French in their setting and others are Danish, the greater part of his work and all of his important novels and plays act and have their being in Norway. Kielland's attitude towards his material, on the other hand, is new to Norwegian literature. For the first time in his pages, among both his forbears and his contemporaries, we meet with the point of view of a man of the world. Bjørnson and Jonas Lie have always a sort of homely provincialism, inherent and characteristic, that is part and parcel of their literary personality, whose absence would be felt under the circumstances as a lack of necessary vigour. Kielland, on the contrary, as inherently, has throughout unmistakably an air of *savoir vivre*, in the long run much surer in its appeal to us outside of Norway because of its more general intelligibility. Bjørnson and Jonas Lie in this way have secured places in literature in no small part because of their characteristic Norwegianism; Kielland to some little extent has secured his place because of the want of it. Ibsen is here left out of the discussion. He is quite *sui generis*, and apart from the mere choice of environment for his work could belong anywhere.

If it is sought still further to distinguish the grounds of difference between Kielland and the other Norwegians, it will be found that besides this always inherent dissimilarity of attitude there is also in his writings a strikingly different use of language. It may be more than suspected that the two are in a sense convertible terms, that the language is only the outward and visible sign of the other. At any rate, Kielland writes Norwegian, heavy and plodding, and withal, let it be added, honest, as it is in the other writers of Norway past and present, as nobody else has been



Alexander A. Kielland

able to write it. There is an epigrammatic capacity in it that has otherwise been left to lie fallow, a sparkle hitherto unsuspected beneath its sombre surface. It is all done by fair means. Just where he has caught the trick it is impossible to say, but the staid Northern tongue is all at once filled with the vivacity of the South, and its new airs and graces, moreover, are felt to become it. His

use of Norwegian reminds one of Henry James's use of English at his happiest, only there is the difference that Kielland is a pioneer in this respect in his literature, while Henry James is, after all, but one of many.

Kielland's career as an author dates from 1878. He was born in 1849 in Stavanger, where his father was a ship-owner and merchant, rich and patrician, as the family had been for generations before him. At the university he studied jurisprudence, and duly took his examination, but he never practised his profession. Instead, he presently bought a brick and tile factory at Malk, near Stavanger, which he managed until 1881, when it was disposed of to a stock company. Although at the first sight there might appear to be the grounds of a natural incompatibility in the synchronal production of bricks and literature, our author did not vitally feel them, for his first literary work was done under these conditions. These first writings were several short stories that appeared anonymously in 1878 as *feuilletons* in the Christiania *Dagblad*. Just at this time, during the exposition of 1878, he spent several months in Paris, where he wrote more short stories, all of which together subsequently formed the material of his first two books, *Novelletter* (1879) and *Nye Novelletter* (1880). With these books Kielland's career was definitely begun. Since then he has written the novels *Garman and Worse* (1880), *Laboring People* (1881), *Skipper Worse* (1882), *Poison* (1883), *Fortuna* (1884), *Snow* (1886), *Jacob* (1890), the tales *Else* (1881), *Two Danish Tales* (1882), and *St. John's Eve* (1887), and a number of minor comedies and dramas. All of the latter without exception have been produced on the stage, some of them with pronounced success, in all of the principal theatres of Scandinavia. But little of Kielland has found its way into English. *Garman and Worse* exits in translation by W. W. Kettlewell (London, 1885), *Skipper Worse* by the Earl of Ducie (London, 1885), and a number of the short stories have been published as *Tales of Two Countries*, translated by William Archer (New York, 1891).

Kielland's novels are one and all novels of tendency. With his first short stories as a criterion, and a knowledge of his own personal antecedents and the almost necessary predilections that he

might be supposed to possess his career as a novelist could not have been foreseen. His early stories betray no great seriousness of purpose, and his personal environment removed him as far as possible from liberalism in ethics and religion, from socialistic proclivities even remotely democratic, and a ready susceptibility to the whole spirit of the age. Yet these are just the characteristics of his later books. They are strong, liberal, and modern; so much so that many of them have evoked a loud spirit of protest in Norway, where leaven of this sort is still striven against in many quarters.

Georg Brandes, in his brilliant essay on Kielland, has sought to account in detail for our author's intellectual fostering. He finds that he has read Heinrich Heine, line for line, and from him has absorbed the radicalism of "young Germany." From Kierkegaard, of whom we know little, he has his ethical standards. The literature of Denmark since 1870 has had its effect upon him, so that he is nearer akin to his Danish contemporaries than to his Norse predecessors. From John Stuart Mill has come his type of women. There are traces of Dickens in his humour and his love for character description from the lower ranks of life, and on our own account be it said, in his frequent exaggerations. Last, but not least, there is the undoubted influence of the modern Frenchmen, like Balzac and Zola. It is Professor Boyesen who truthfully points out his similarity to Daudet, but here is less a question of influence than of intellectual affinity.

Kielland's first novel, *Garman and Worse*, is a description of life in a little town, evidently his own native Stavanger, in which two generations are contrasted. It is full of clever characterisation and of portraiture of undoubted truthfulness, even if, as one of his critics says, he is more of a physiognomist than a psychologist. In *Laboring People* he strikes a much deeper note of feeling. The book treats of the sociological problem of the classes, and in particular of the adverse influence of the higher upon the lower, and the same theme is again the subject of *Else*. Kielland attains possibly his highest development in his third novel, *Skipper Worse*, whose theme is the pietistic movement in Norway. There is in this book a sureness of touch, a dignity and a conscious power that en-

title its author, more than does any other single one of his works, to the place that has been conceded him well up in the front rank of contemporary novelists. The central idea of *Poison* seems to be the pernicious role played by Latin instruction in the modern schools. In *Snow* there is a side thrust at the tyranny of orthodoxy. *Jacob*, the last novel, is a protest for reality.

The effect of these novels in Norway has already been hinted at. It must, however, by no means be understood that they were universally condemned, for they had their outspoken defenders, who have ultimately remained in possession of the field. During the years 1885-87 Kielland became a burning question. In the former year Björnson and Jonas Lie, then in Paris, sent a memorial to the Storting calling atten-

tion to the fact that by virtue of his place in literature Kielland should be made the recipient of the customary poetical pension already accorded them and Ibsen. The committee to which it was referred, however, denied it on the grounds that the State should neither support nor stamp with its approval literature "opposed to the prevailing moral and religious ideas of the nation." The matter came up no less than three times before the Storting, only to be finally abandoned. Why the Norse yeomen, the real political power in Norway, should have drawn the line at Kielland and not at Ibsen is scarcely apparent, unless the explanation is that they read the one themselves and leave it to the rest of the world to read the other.

William H. Carpenter.

WRIT IN A BOOK OF CELTIC VERSE.

IN SPRING.

No more the street without my door,
The gusty Saxon here or there,
The roofs that March bites to the core,
The serious folk, the brooding square.

For, drawn from out the spreading West,
To the gray East in vapours rolled,
Though heir, I pass but as a guest
To the new land that is my old.

Left from the echoing, outlived years,
The daffodils are yet the same,
And up the roads that shook with spears,
March drives them hillward like a flame.

A country dim from edge to edge
With the long trouble of the past ;
Where old days darken in the hedge,
And old wars sound a trumpet blast.

Song walks there, bountiful, apart,
In a half light of earth and sky ;
She takes all Sorrow to her heart,
And sets it loose in one rich cry.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

AMERICAN PROVINCIALISM.

It seems to the present writer that America is cursed by provincialism, in spite of the fact that, as a nation, we are the greatest travellers in the world. The truth of the matter is that the mass of us do not travel; it is the few, the suddenly rich, or those who feel they owe it to themselves to make the "grand tour" once a year, who leave their homes, but the bulk of us remain here, pat ourselves on the back, and conclude that this is the only country in the world worth seeing, and that the broadening of our ideas consequent upon contact with other peoples is the beginning of the deluge. And by provincialism is meant an intolerance and contempt of other people's ideas, customs, manner of dress, language, or accent. Even a cab-driver in this country would look with pity and a certain scorn upon the greatest Greek who ever lived if he wore a petticoat and could not speak English.

From the highest of us to the lowest we look upon foreigners as objects for commiseration. But that is not the worst of it; if we but thought these things and kept them to ourselves, and did not give voice to them, our case would not be so hopeless a one. We take particular pride in being loud in ridicule of the foreigners within our gates; our papers, daily and weekly, are often given up to the caricaturing of some outsider, who may either be a guest—and by all rules of courtesy and decency entitled to respect—or the Minister of a foreign court, duly accredited in the diplomatic service, but whose peculiar costume, being different from our trousers and tail-coat, is therefore fair game for our cartoonists.

Now, while claiming to be a loyal American with a well-developed bump of patriotism, the writer asserts—and deny it, my brethren, if you can—that the great mass of American citizens has no respect for God or man. We wear clothes of a certain cut and speak the English tongue; therefore all peoples who wear garments of any other cut and speak a different tongue are beyond the pale and treated as inferior beings by our superior selves. In plain English, this is what it amounts to; and seeing this sort of narrowness and intolerance on every

hand is the reason why Americans, the bulk of them—there are many happy exceptions, of course—are to be considered provincial in the extreme.

We all remember the case of the Persian ambassador, the only one who ever came to this country, who was a gentleman born and bred, a diplomatist and distinguished man in his own land, but who remained here only one year, fairly driven out by the ridicule of the papers and the hooting of the small American boys when he appeared on the streets. He withdrew his letters and departed, saying that while he liked some individual Americans, as a nation he found us crude and utterly lacking in good breeding and respect for the rights of others. This is but one instance. People who have lived in Washington know how thoroughly life is made a burden to those ambassadors who retain their native costume, until the very name of American becomes hateful in their ears. Until this nation learns that a man may be a Christian and a gentleman in a skirt and without a tail-coat, there is very little hope for us.

While fully realising that comparisons are odious, and particularly those by which we suffer, let us contrast the manner in which we are treated abroad and the way in which we act toward Continental people in this country. In the first place, as to language: no matter how many mistakes and laughable blunders we may make in endeavouring to speak German, French, or Spanish, as the case may be, one will never see a smile on the face of a foreigner; rather will he encourage us and assist us to persevere. And now for the reverse of the picture: let a Spaniard or other foreigner come over here and murder our tongue, we will laugh in his face and think it very amusing to tell him that he is right and encourage him to continue his mistakes for our entertainment.

And let it here be said once more that this is true of the vast majority; happily there are many well-bred Americans who are better-mannered. And then as to costume: doubtless when we go to other countries, particularly where they have a national dress, our appearance may be amusing to the people, espe-

cially to the peasants, a class in which one does not look for refined courtesy ; but one has yet to hear of an American who was ever laughed at or caricatured in foreign lands by high or low. By this is meant more particularly Continental countries, and even the Far East. Our English cousins have a merry jest at our expense once in a while ; but actions speak louder than words, and so long as they send all their best young men—or perhaps their worst—to this country for wives, a discreet silence about our alleged shortcomings would befit them better.

We send missionaries to the Orient and to Africa to Christianise and to civilise ; but we could not in a thousand years acquire the courtesy of the Japanese or the savage Menelek's generosity to a fallen foe.

We are a nation that lives to joke and to be amused ; but it would seem that we have developed our sense of humour at the expense of many qualities far more valuable in the make-up of a nation. The young American boy of today, brought up from infancy with a nurse to amuse him, and going to college to amuse himself with athletics, finally arrives at manhood with the firm conviction that this world is nothing but a joke, the main purpose of life amusement, and that to be serious is a sign of lack of brains.

We consider the English very obtuse ; but would that some power could give to us a little of their seriousness, and to them a modicum of our humour. A happy medium is desirable, and is surely possible ; but at present, thoughtful people must concede that our national levity is as great an extreme as the national obtuseness of the English.

While there are frequent instances of good, clean fun—more, I think, here than in any country in the world—still the tendency of our humour is all toward disrespect—disrespect for elders, for superiors, and especially for the Government. Fancy a Frenchman speaking of the President of France by his first name ! On the other hand, fancy an American man taking off his hat to a policeman, as one may see men do in Germany. To a German that policeman represents law, order, authority, and therefore he respects him. To an American he represents nothing but an opportunity for a joke or a cartoon, be-

cause the American has apparently no real respect for law or order.

We caricature everybody, from the President down to the humblest official. When approached upon this subject an American will ask how he can respect a government that is rarely represented by native-born citizens, but mostly by foreigners, who receive the franchise the day after they land—figuratively speaking—and one of whom may be the Governor of a State within a year. But the men who ask these questions are either surface thinkers or no thinkers at all, else they would know that the underlying reason for this state of things is because the more intelligent class of Americans have deliberately given up politics to the control of immigrants. It is directly the fault of this more intelligent class that these new-comers occupy prominent positions in our Government, for, in the absorbing pursuit of the almighty dollar, born Americans forget that their country has some claims upon them. One may venture to say that not two-thirds of the most intelligent class of citizens in any community even go to the polls and vote ; but once in a while, when they look up from the desk to which they are chained and see how things are going with their country, they raise their voices in loud complaint, and talk about America for Americans, forgetting, or not realising, that if each native-born American citizen did his duty, politics would not now be in the deplorable state in which they are.

Another reason, possibly, for the great respect shown for those armed with authority in old world countries, and the utter lack of it in this, is because everywhere but here one constantly sees the outward sign of law ; in the streets are seen many uniformed soldiers and officers, and one feels that they are there to uphold law and to preserve order. But here, beyond the very simple uniform of policemen and firemen, we rarely see a symbol of authority. Instead of glorying in his uniform and being proud to wear it, our American army officer apparently despises it, and never dons it unless obliged to do so for some State function. The constant wearing of the uniform by American army officers would serve a twofold purpose : it would give a little colour and life to our streets ; it might impress our citizens—and, let us hope, the ubiquitous

small boy—with the idea that there is some authority in this country ; that law is not entirely a dead letter ; and it might possibly be a slight check upon rampant lawlessness.

Without doubt, if the average citizen of the United States were asked, he would affirm that South America—and he takes no trouble to hunt up geographical lines—is inhabited by a semi-savage race of whites, blacks, and half-breeds, who are in a backward state of civilisation, and who are filled with envy and all uncharitableness toward us because of our wonderful progress and advancement ; while the truth is that even in the colony of Dutch Guiana there is a small town with a cosmopolitanism and a society that might well be the envy of our largest cities. And, stranger still, the inhabitants of that part of the world do not consider us the most remarkable people on earth, at all.

And for fear of being accused of lack of respect for her own country, the writer desires to say that she believes the better classes of Americans are the best people in the world, the truest, bravest, and most intelligent ; but looking at America—one should say the United States ; we rarely realise that America means more—we are forced to regard our country as that younger son of the family of nations—who claims to know more than his elder brothers ; thinks his way is the only way ; states his opinions loudly ; talks down his elders, feeling and betraying a self-confidence that makes the experienced ones

smile and say, " Wait !" And this young man, as he advances in years and acquires knowledge, will discover that age and experience are, after all, of value ; that to scorn the lessons of the past and ignore the accumulated wisdom of centuries is not something to be admired, but rather a sign of crass ignorance, to be deplored by all his true friends. And one may also venture the opinion, loving well the country typified, by comparing it to the younger member of the family of nations, that this young man's best days will come after somebody has effectively punched his head for him ; in other words, that he must learn wisdom by sad experience.

Yet while there is not a doubt that America at present is suffering from provincialism, nevertheless in making the simile comparing this great country to a young man who has yet many things to learn, this youth may be considered the most promising in the world, with greater prospects and a better outlook than any of his elder brothers.

Sincerely believing that he will pull through this crucial period, in spite of the many blows he is sure to encounter before he learns that he might pattern himself with advantage upon the example of his elders, it is safe to predict that he will eventually discover that to go slowly, learning wisdom as he goes, is the truest progress, and will inevitably result in putting him in the forefront of the family.

Caroline M. Beaumont.

THE AWAKENING.

A sun-shaft flies from the Day's bent bow
 And stirs the motes in the morning air,
 It sets the heel of the Night aglow,
 And gilds the gloss
 Of the locks that toss
 Over the pillow, white and fair.

A burst of day with a touch of night,
 For out of the blue of the counterpane,
 Her eyes, like morning stars, burn bright.
 A baby cry—
 A gentle sigh—
 The soul of my day is alive again.

John Albert Macy.

LONDON LETTER.

I have an announcement to make this month of universal interest to lovers of literature. As is well known, Mr. Thackeray left injunctions that no biography of him should appear. In spite of this, many valuable contributions to the story of his life have been published, the most important of which is perhaps the charming series of letters to his friend, Mrs. Brookfield. His accomplished daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, has written in various forms much about her father, all of it, it need hardly be said, in exquisite taste. Notwithstanding many offers and suggestions, she has hitherto declined to prepare a formal biography, but I understand that now she has seen her way to write a series of introductions to her father's novels, which will be prefixed to a new issue of his writings by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. These introductions will be full and elaborate; they will contain much personal as well as much literary information, and Mr. Thackeray's letters and manuscripts will be freely used in their preparation. No doubt the work will take its place as the final and standard edition of the greatest among English novelists.

The comparatively long-continued and immense success of the Scottish school of novelists has provoked a natural impatience; many are waiting to see their day pass and their sales diminish, and it has been freely said that there are already signs of this. I confess I am unable to trace them. The subscription to Mr. Crockett's last book, *The Gray Man*, has been the largest ever made for any story of his. I am confident that the expectations of his admirers will not be disappointed. *The Gray Man* seems to me distinctly the best of Mr. Crockett's books, alike in proportion, in interest, and in style. Mr. Crockett sometimes fails in laying hold of his readers at the beginning, and in *The Gray Man*, as in most of his stories, the interest is much stronger at the end than it is at first; yet whoever begins the story and reads a few pages is likely to finish it. The demand for Mr. Crockett's books is as great as ever, and he is constantly adding to his already very numerous engagements. I

am not exaggerating when I say that he has arranged for the publication of at least seven new volumes and fifty magazine stories. His next story will commence in the *Christian World* in January, and he has made a fresh engagement with the *Graphic*, which published *The Gray Man*. Probably no serial story has been so widely read as this. The *Graphic* syndicated it in leading provincial newspapers in every part of England and Scotland. Not content with his work in fiction, Mr. Crockett meditates other departures. Then the sale of Ian Maclaren's books is as rapid as ever, and I am much mistaken if it will not be found that *Kate Carnegie* presents the best, I had almost said the only true picture of Scottish clerical life in the language. One of the best things he has written lately is a sketch entitled "Christmas at Drumtochty," which will appear in the Christmas number of *The Woman at Home*. I understand he is to use this in his readings in America. He has not forsaken his theological studies, and is preparing a volume entitled *The Theology of Grace*, which will be the complement of *The Mind of the Master*, and which will show that he is more orthodox than some critics have supposed. The sketches, like *The Mind of the Master*, will be published first in the pages of *The Expositor*. Ian Maclaren's output is never likely to be very large, as he is engrossed with the labours of a great congregation. Mr. Barrie has ready for publication *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy*. About these books I will only say that they are certain greatly to enhance his already great reputation, and to put him beyond dispute at the head of the younger men of letters in this country. I venture to hope that American readers will be interested in the latest addition to the list of the Scottish school, David Lyall, whose book, *The Land o' the Leal*, will appear immediately. David Lyall makes no pretensions to the artistic and literary power of some of his compeers, but his book is a very faithful picture of Scottish life not idealised or sublimated in any great degree. David Lyall also shows unmistakable narrative power, and more will be heard of him.

His next book will probably be entitled *Scots Folk in London*, and will describe the fortunes of some Northern emigrants to the metropolis.

Publishers both old and new are bidding eagerly for the work of writers who are sure of a large sale. The greater publishing firms for a long time waited until they were approached, and made it a boast that they never solicited the works of authors who were already placed with other firms. There is now a great change; authors are solicited on all sides, although the two oldest and best known houses in London have hitherto stuck to their ancient practice. The new publishers are naturally less scrupulous. One author, to my knowledge, has arranged for the publication of a six-shilling volume of short stories at a royalty of two shillings per copy, and another author has had offered him a royalty of forty per cent. on a book published at a net price. It is not pretended that any profit is made by these transactions—in fact, a loss must be incurred, but it is thought that they help to draw other business; this I should consider extremely doubtful. It is the opinion of the most experienced among authors' agents that an English publisher cannot get more than twenty-five per cent. royalty on a six shilling book, and work the book well, advertising it liberally, and giving it every chance; and I find that our popular authors, generally speaking, take this view.

In the opinion of some of our best judges the most promising among younger writers is Mr. H. G. Wells. He has not as yet succeeded in catching on with the larger public, but it is thought that his new bicycling story, which appeared in Mr. Jerome's paper *To-day*, will greatly enhance his position from every point of view. It appeals to the large cycling public, and is said to be, in addition, a work of real literary art with a touch of ideality. Another writer of merit, who is Mr. Wells's closest friend, is Mr. W. Pett Ridge, who is, so far as I know, the only one among our younger writers who reproduces easily the brisk, cheerful manner of Dickens. I think it is rather to be regretted that Mr. Pett Ridge is publishing many little books and collections of short stories. These things fritter away a reputation, but it is easy to understand how young literary men are

tempted. If there is any man among us who could do a continuation of *The Pickwick Papers*, it is Mr. Pett Ridge. Another young writer on whom your readers should keep their eye is Miss Annie E. Holdsworth. Miss Holdsworth, who is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, was for some time engaged on Lady Henry Somerset's paper, *The Woman's Signal*. She was obliged to resign this position, having been in very bad health; happily she is now recovering, and she has written the story for next year's *Sunday Magazine*. *The Years Which the Locusts Have Eaten*, her last book, attracted great attention from some of the best judges, and touched with remarkable delicacy on some painful problems. Miss Holdsworth should have a future before her. Another young writer from whom good work may be expected is Mr. W. J. Dawson. Mr. Dawson is the minister of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, the pulpit of which was formerly occupied by Dr. Bevan, who at one time held the pastorate of the Brick Church in New York, and is one of the most popular preachers in London, drawing a congregation of two thousand persons. He is busily engaged in literary work, and his new book, *The Story of Hannah*, is admirably and in many parts brilliantly written. It is an intimate study of the village life of Methodism. Mr. Dawson is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was for years in the Wesleyan Church. Another writer of Wesleyan origin is Miss Adeline Sergeant, one of our most industrious and prolific writers of fiction.

Two new magazines are added to our already long list. One is *The Temple Magazine*, edited by Mr. Silas K. Hocking and Mr. F. A. Atkins. The idea is to produce a thoroughly readable Sunday magazine on new lines. Our Sunday periodicals are ably conducted, but they have declined into the ways of modern magazineism, and the idea of *The Temple Magazine* is to produce a kind of Sunday *Strand*. Mr. Hocking is a novelist of wide popularity, particularly in Lancashire, where he was for many years a minister, and Mr. Atkins is well known as one of the ablest and most successful of our younger editors. I think their idea a very good one, but I am not sure that it has yet been sufficiently realised—that is, there is some

want of originality in the planning of the periodical ; but, no doubt, experience will suggest improvements. Another is a lady's magazine, *The Lady's Realm*, the peculiarity of which is that many members of the aristocracy are taking much interest in it and will furnish contributions. Among other names announced are those of the Duchess of Somerset and the Countess of Warwick. Whether readers will buy a magazine because the contributors have titles remains to be seen. Of course the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, have secured some of our most widely read authors in addition to these, among them Marie Corelli. I believe the original idea was that the magazine should be edited by Marie Corelli and go by her name, but the popular novelist declined.

Miss Corelli's success is one of the most curious phenomena at present. While old and able writers like Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Lynn Linton command comparatively small circulations, Miss Corelli's sales are always up to fifty thousand at least. She has signally failed hitherto to get the good will of the critics, and has so strongly resented the attacks made upon her that now her books are not sent to the papers for review. She is, however, sufficiently well advertised, and makes frequent and wrathful appearances in the columns devoted by the newspapers to their correspondents.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, September 25, 1896.

PARIS LETTER.

The reception in Paris of the Emperor and Empress of Russia arouses in France such a universal interest, that it could not fail to have its literary side. The French Academy is numerously represented among those entrusted with the task of welcoming the guests of France. First at the gala performance of the Théâtre Français we have a compliment to the sovereigns composed by Jules Claretie, and recited by the doyen of the celebrated theatre, the tragedian Mounet Sully. Jules Claretie, who has been for a number of years the manager of the Théâtre Français, is also, as is well known, one of the Forty Immortals ! Why, it is not easy to discover ; his last novel, just published, *Brichanteau, Comédien*, gives no clue to the mystery, as it does not rise above the very modest level of his previously published works.

Then we have an official reception by the Académie Française as a body. The Academy showed remarkable tact in the selection of its officers for the month. They are Ernest Legouvé, as director (the traditional title of the Academy's president), and the Viscount Eugène Melchior de Vogüé as chancellor or secretary. In choosing Ernest Legouvé the Academy, which is the oldest living State institution in France, evidently was attracted by the age of

its venerable doyen. The author of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, who is still hale and hearty, was born in 1807, and is consequently now eighty-nine years old. We may remark that in this respect France is to-day decidedly poorer in old remarkable men than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Rémusat, Victor Hugo, Dufaure, and several others all died when over eighty years old, and they all died between 1873 and 1885. Chevreul, who reached one hundred and three years, followed them in 1889. Now that Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and Jules Simon are also dead, Ernest Legouvé remains the only notable octogenarian among Frenchmen of letters, and I do not know of any *very* old man among the great ones in the worlds of art, science, politics, etc. Max Nordau would surely cry out, Degeneration ! And who knows ?

The selection of M. de Vogüé as chancellor was due to altogether different considerations. Even to-day, after several years of literary activity as one of the leaders in the neo-Catholic movement, M. de Vogüé's chief claim to distinction rests on his having been in France, and to a certain extent in Europe, the introducer of the Russian novel. He is besides connected with Russia by his marriage, as his wife is the sister of General

Annenkof, the energetic promoter of the Transcaucasian Railway.

François Coppée, who was selected as the poet of the day, is not an octogenarian, and has no special connection with Russia; but he is still, among the poets (?) of the Academy, the one who could best be entrusted with the task of writing to order a *pièce de circonstance*. The choice lay between him and Henri de Bornier, who cannot be compared with him. Besides the reception was conceived as an essentially Parisian affair, and Coppée is undeniably of all the members of the Academy the one who is most completely identified with Paris. With true Parisian *galanterie* he decided to address the Empress and not the Emperor. Did he remember, though, when he so decided, that the Empress is by birth a German?

It is fortunate that Nicholas II. is a good French scholar, as was shown by his answering in French the Emperor Wilhelm's German toast; thus no one had to fear that the same thing would happen to him as happened more than a hundred years ago to Benjamin Franklin, who, in a similar circumstance, most loudly applauded the passages in which he was personally eulogised. He had not understood a word of what was said, and therefore had looked toward the one man in the audience whom he knew best, and had applauded whenever he saw his friend applaud, with the ludicrous result above stated.

The attendance of the visitors after the set speeches during the regular sitting, devoted to the preparation of the new edition of the dictionary, is always a part of the programme at the French Academy. An interesting word to discuss on the occasion would have been the word *consolider*, especially if the Academy had been willing to admit the new meaning ascribed to it by Sarcey not very long ago—viz., to drain numerous glasses of champagne in order to consolidate the Franco-Russian Alliance.

There is another literary, but very far from academic side, to the reception; it consists of the popular chansons composed for the occasion. But, by the way, why should the Parisians not have resuscitated for the occasion a chanson that was a few years ago heard in every street?

" Le voilà,
Nicolas,
Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Perhaps it was considered just a trifle too familiar, so they determined to have new chansons written, and it is a fact that no less than five hundred have been composed and placed on the market. They can hardly be called masterpieces. One of the best (what must the other ones be?) is a kind of idyl, *Francillonnette et Nicolas*. Francillonnette is the French Republic, she is wooed by two lovers, and this is what happens:

" Le premier s'appelait Guillaume,
Avait tout c'qui vous empaume;
Le s'cond était un fier gars,
C'était le beau Nicolas.

" L'amoureux que Francillonnette
A choisi, c'est l'beau Nicolas,
Ah! Ah!
Elle ne sera plus seulette,
Car Nicolas la défendra,
Car Nicolas s'ra là.
Viv' Nicolas!"

The little town of Alais, in the Department of Gard, broke the record the other day in regard to the unveiling of statues—three in one day!—those of Pasteur, Florian, and a certain Abbé Sauvage. Pasteur, although a member of the Academy, was hardly a literary character, and the same thing may be said of the Abbé Sauvage, although claimed by the *Félibres* as one of their ancestors, as he is remembered almost solely as the author of the best work on the raising of silk worms. But what lover of French literature does not know Florian, le Marquis de Florian, the amiable husband of Voltaire's niece, the author of quaint fables, of *Gonzaloe de Cordoue*, of the best of the eighteenth-century idyls, *Estelle et Némorin*, for *Paul et Virginie* already belong to the literature of passion, and finally of deliciously awkward little plays on the celebrated Arlecchino of Bergama?

At another end of France an inscription was unveiled which is, we think, the first homage of the kind paid to the memory of Ernest Renan. His native town, Tréguier, in Brittany, placed on the house in which he was born the following inscription:

" ERNEST RENAN,
de l'Académie Française,
Administrateur du Collège de France,
ancien élève du Collège de Tréguier,
est né dans cette maison
le 28 février,
1828."

Below the inscription is seen an admirable medalion of Renan by Chaplain.

During the ceremony, which took place on September 24th, the great writer's son, Ary Renan, delivered a short address of thanks, in which was clearly expressed the desire of soon seeing a statue of Ernest Renan on one of the public squares of Tréguier.

A new brotherly couple now will claim the attention of French novel readers. M. Victor Margueritte, lieutenant of dragoons, has just resigned his commission and becomes his brother Paul's literary associate. The signature of J. H. Rosny, as is well known, is also a joint signature, and the Goncourts are not *quite* forgotten. And there was, years ago, the celebrated signature Erckmann-Chatrlian. What would La Bruyère say, who claimed that no masterpiece of the mind can be the work of more than one man? Perhaps he would maintain that his statement needed no better support than is provided by the history of the associations just mentioned; that *Renée Mauperin*, *Germinie Lacerteux*, Rosny's *Bilatéral*, though undoubtedly interesting productions, cannot be called *des chefs d'œuvre de l'esprit*, like *Madame Bovary*, for instance.

An interesting literary event is the completion of Testard's admirable and costly edition of Molière's works. The last instalment, just published, contains *Le Malade Imaginaire*, with an introduction by T. de Wysewa, Brunetière's many-sided but perhaps too prolific secretary, and illustrations by Maurice Leloir. It has taken about fifteen years to bring to its conclusion this magnificent piece of bookmaking; neither its original editor, Anatole de Montaiglon, nor its original publisher, Émile Testard, lived long enough to see it finished. *Sic vos non vobis* once more.

Another death attracted attention during the month, that of Léon Vanier, the publisher of most of the works of the

symbolists and decadents. He was to them almost all that Renduel was to the Romanticists sixty or seventy years ago. And he did not lose money with them, although their works never sold extensively. He managed the thing very cleverly. He knew that although the purchasers of Verlaine's, Mallarmé's, and Moréas's works, not to speak of René Ghil and others, could not be very many, those who like that kind of poetry were willing to pay almost any price for the works of their favourite authors. So he published them only in very thin volumes, of about sixty to one hundred pages, and in a very simple style (we mean so far as paper and typography were concerned), and sold them for the same price as the usual four hundred-page volume. Thus he succeeded in making a profit on even very small sales, and everybody was happy.

The Thursday matinées of the Paris Odéon are of a sufficiently literary character to deserve being noticed in THE BOOKMAN. The performances in 1896-97 will be divided in three series: first, six Greek and Latin plays, the most notable being Æschylus' *Persæ*, Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, Aristophanes' *Plutus*, and Terence's *Phormio*; second, five French seventeenth and eighteenth-century plays, not all selected; third, five foreign plays, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Carlo Gozzi's *Turandot*, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, etc. Of course Shakespeare's masterpieces are not included, because they are now constantly on the boards, and it is the desire of the managers to give to their special public only what cannot be got elsewhere. The explanatory lectures will be given by Sarcéy, Jules Lemaitre, Henry Becque, and others.

Alfred Manière

10 RUE D'ISLY, PARIS.

BROWNING.

As when amid some vast orchestral din
 The organ's deep majestic sound is heard;
 So doth thy voice with Life's great mystery stirred,
 Sweep o'er the strife of flute and violin.

Robert Adger Bowen.

NEW BOOKS.

A NOVEL OF MYSTICISM.*

What is the psychological secret of the mysterious connection that exists between religious desire in man and the desire that is sensuous and even sensual? That there is some such relation it is impossible to doubt when we look into the records alike of literature and of life. Let one turn to the confessions of Saint Augustine, the loftiest and greatest of the Latin Fathers, and read the appalling chronicle of those wallowings in sin, through which he ultimately passed to the saintly life that still shines with undimmed purity down the path of human effort. Let one also call to mind the strangely dual life of Paul Verlaine, who so often sat down, reeking with the odours of the foulest of Parisian *gargotes*, to pour out in verse of almost superhuman sweetness the aspirations of a soul profoundly touched with religious yearning. Nor is it without a deep significance that in ancient times the worship of the gods was often blended with rites of indescribable eroticism, and that in all ages the vocabulary of religious exaltation is borrowed from the language of human passion. The Song of Songs, ascribed to Solomon, is, to be sure, no longer viewed as a sacred allegory; yet it was for many centuries so regarded, and the sternest and most ascetic Puritan was not revolted by the thought that its amorous imagery was meant to voice a spiritual sentiment. To take a very modern instance, it is only a few years since one of the most widely popular of evangelical hymns was criticised, and not quite unreasonably, because its language was too emphatically suggestive of mere sexual desire. It may be, in fact, that there is something typical and significant in the legend of Saint Anthony, one of the holiest of anchorites, whose chief temptation was that which filled his cell with visions of fair women.

The subject is, perhaps, a little dangerous, and we shall not here pursue it any further; yet it is quite irresistibly suggested by the volume which now lies

before us, and which we are inclined to think not only the greatest novel of the day, but one of the most important, because one of the most characteristic, books of our quarter of the century. It seems to us incredible that no publisher as yet has chosen to reprint it for the benefit of readers in this country, and that, so far as we can find, no copy of it has as yet been offered here for sale.

Until its author, M. Huysmans, wrote it, his name suggested to the readers of French literature nothing more than naturalistic fiction of the rankest and most brutal type—fiction that surpassed the most typical work of Zola in the frankness of its physiology and the shamelessness of its indecency. With *À Rebours*, which appeared in 1885, this Flemish Frenchman reached a sort of morbid climax both in subject and in treatment, and because of this Herr Nordau chose him out as embodying the quintessence of moral and literary degeneracy. Yet it seemed to us at the time of its appearance that in *À Rebours* there was to be detected a new and striking note, an indication of new currents of tendency, a drift away from merely physical analysis, a reaching out toward something which, if not ethically higher, was at any rate more subtle and more psychologically interesting. The later works of M. Huysmans have made it plain that this assumption was a true one; and since *La Bas* has been succeeded by this latest work, the true significance of the change is very clear. Taking these three novels together, one may rightly view them as embodying a single purpose—a purpose of which perhaps and probably the writer was himself not always fully conscious, but which, as his task proceeded, fully seized upon his intellect and was, no doubt, developed with the simultaneous development of his own experience.

For it is permissible to think that in setting before us the evolution of a true degenerate, M. Huysmans has been writing a spiritual and intellectual autobiography. Mr. Kegan Paul, to be sure, in his admirable introduction to the book, declares that such an assertion is both impertinent and unnecessary; but even he avoids a flat denial

* En Route. By J. K. Huysmans: translated by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 6s.

of its truth. Whether it be impertinent or not, it will occur with great force to every one who knows the story of M. Huysmans' life and who is thoroughly familiar with his work; nor do we think that the hypothesis is one which the author would himself resent. It seems, indeed, impossible that the strange things set forth in *À Rebours* could have been imagined by a person whose own life had been free from any such experience, or that the intensity of feeling that marks the strongest chapters of *En Route* could be merely the *tour de force* of a clever writer. We shall not therefore be far wrong if we assume that we have now before us the record of a searching self-analysis, however much the superficial incidents of the story be altered from the actual facts. This must be borne in mind, for the books that form a sort of series refer ostensibly to different persons; yet it is, in reality, but one single experience that M. Huysmans is relating. For whether the protagonist be spoken of as Des Esseintes in *À Rebours* or as Durtal in *En Route*, the change of name implies no change in personality, nor in the conditions of the psychological and moral problem that is presented for our contemplation.

The story itself is the narrative of a man who has deliberately cultivated sensation to the point where it has touched the very extreme of enervation, and who in this persistent quest has exhausted the possibilities of physical pleasure, until at last the morbid and the abnormal have reached the narrow line that marks the verge of sanity. This phase is set before us in *À Rebours*, perhaps the strongest effort of perverse imagination that literature can show. Here we find the degenerate already sated with the pleasures of the flesh, jaded and fatigued, yet seeking still for something to excite at least a momentary interest, and endeavouring to find it in the piquancy of a life in which everything shall be utterly abnormal, in which all the modes and all the conditions of ordinary existence shall be consistently reversed. He therefore creates for himself a home apart from any possible contact with other men where in every possible way he follows out the cult of the artificial as being the supreme attainment of human genius. He is served by unseen attendants, who

avoid entering his presence. He never quits his home. He sleeps, when his insomnia permits it, by day, and prowls about his habitation in the hours when other men are sleeping. His living-rooms are enclosed one within another, with holes that admit an artificial light through glass receptacles filled with water coloured by essences to a muddy yellow, and containing mechanical fish that pass slowly back and forth through clusters of sham sea-weed. The chamber is impregnated with the smell of tar and decorated with crude lithographs of ships and seascapes. In this strange place he amuses himself with experimenting in the theories of Symbolism, translating each of the senses into terms of another. Wishing to hear music, he summons its sensations by drinking drops of curious liqueurs, whose effect upon the taste causes in his mind the sensations analogous to those produced by different instruments of music—dry curaçoa recalling the clarionet, gin and whiskey the trombone, anisette the flute, and Chios-raki and mastic the cymbal and the kettledrum. When he longs for the effect produced by pictures, he obtains it through his sense of smell, mixing together the perfumes that bring up before his depraved imagination landscapes or city scenes, the dressing-room of the theatre, or the surgeon's clinic where ulcers and festering wounds attract his thought. His morbid ingenuity evokes from every scent an optical sensation, from the smell of stephanotis and ayapana to that of ordure and of human sweat. When he eats, and before his body revolts from the abnormality of his tastes, he dines on buttered roast beef dipped in tea. We need not recall to our readers the further details of this phase of his development. On the face of it there seems to be nothing in the tale but what is morbid and delirious, and to a healthy mind both hideous and revolting. Yet, as we have already said, one can here detect a subtle note that is not found in *Marthe* or *Sœurs Vatard*. The cult of the purely physical has ceased to satisfy, and there is a vaguely outlined longing for something intangible that the flesh alone can not allay.

In *Là Bas*, the second novel of the series, this longing has taken a more definite form. We see a quite distinctly formulated interest in the spiritual, or

at least the supernatural. Mere animalism retires into the background of the mental picture, though it still exists as a discordant and disturbing element. The degenerate hero of the book has turned his mind toward the phenomena of the religious sentiment as a sphere neglected heretofore and perhaps quite capable of affording new sensations. Yet, as before in other things he utterly reversed all normal notions, so in this new quest his impulses are inspired by perversity. He approaches religion from the standpoint of its contemner. Where a normal sinner would seek the influence of prayer and worship, Durtal enrolls himself among those fearful creatures who embrace the cult of Satanism. These singular rites, as one tradition tells us, were brought to Western Europe from the East by the Knights Templar at the time of the Crusades, and were finally at least the pretext for the dissolution of that famous Order. As many know, the cult survives in France, and has not been unknown in England during the past hundred years; for students of literary history will remember how it found a devotee in Lord le Despencer, who practised it with men like Wilkes and Byron and Paul Whitehead at Medmenham in the old Cistercian abbey. Durtal is led by the influence of one Madame Chantelouve, a diabolic creature, to join in the frightful practices of the Satanists. He is present at a Black Mass, where blasphemy supplants the Litany, where prayer is mocked by cursing, and where images of the Devil and his angels take the place of God and of the saints. By Madame Chantelouve he is lured into various acts of sacrilege, some of them involuntary; and thus he seems to have sunk to an even lower depth than when he lived the frankly pagan life of an eccentric decadent. Yet one feels in laying down the book that the end is not yet; that Durtal is still groping in the darkness, and that the very violence and outrageousness of his impulses may lead him at last into a reaction against the physical and moral disease that vexes him.

In *En Route* we find a striking contrast at the very outset. Durtal is presented to us as already weaned, in spirit at least, from the life that he has led so long. He is shown as one who has accepted in the fullest sense the faith of

the Catholic Church. The processes of his conversion are not detailed, but they may be inferred from what is told us in the opening chapter. Led on by curiosity, and perhaps by a desire for new experiences, he began to study the manifestations of the religious sentiment, and at once his mind and imagination alike were seized and held fast by the artistic side of the Roman ritual. He began to study the inner history of the Church, the lives of saints, and the story of passionate devotion which those lives have illustrated. He steeped himself in the spirit of the Middle Ages, and sought out those sanctuaries where that spirit still finds its manifestations apart from the sordidness of modern life. The stately Gregorian music, the childlike yet affecting forms of mediæval art, the ancient churches whose chapels are dimmed by the smoke of innumerable censers, and impregnated with the odour of extinguished tapers and of burning incense excited in him indescribable emotions.

"Among these [churches] St Séverin seemed to Durtal the most exquisite and the most certain. He felt at home there; he believed that if he could ever pray in earnest, he could do it in that church; and he said to himself that therein lived the spirit of the fabric. It is impossible but that the burning prayers, the hopeless sobs of the Middle Ages, have not forever impregnated the pillars and stained the walls; it is impossible but that the vine of sorrows whence of old the saints gathered warm clusters of tears, has not preserved from those wonderful days emanations which sustain, a breath which still awakes a shame of sin and the gift of tears."

He enters into the dim aisles of a vast cathedral and listens to the magnificent music that the distant choir sing. The passage is a striking one:

"Durtal sat down again. The sweetness of his solitude was enhanced by the aromatic perfume of wax, and the memories, now faint, of incense, but it was suddenly broken. As the first chords crashed on the organ Durtal recognised the *Dies Irae*, that despairing hymn of the Middle Ages; instinctively he bowed his head and listened.

"This was no more, as in the *De Profundis*, a humble supplication, a suffering which believes it has been heard, and discerns a path of light to guide it in the darkness, no longer the prayer which has hope enough not to tremble; it was the cry of absolute desolation and terror. And, indeed, the wrath divine breathed tempestuously through these stanzas. They seemed addressed less to the God of Mercy, to the Son who listens to prayer, than to the inflexible Father, to Him whom the Old Testament shows us, overcome with anger, scarcely appeased by

the smoke of the pyres and the inconceivable attractions of burnt-offerings. In this chant it asserted itself still more savagely, for it threatened to strike the waters, and break in pieces the mountains, and to rend asunder the depths of heaven by thunder-bolts. And the earth, alarmed, cried out in fear.

"A crystalline voice, a clear child's voice, proclaimed in the nave the tidings of these cataclysms, and after this the choir chanted new strophes wherein the implacable judge came with shattering blare of trumpet, to purify by fire the rottenness of the world.

"Then, in its turn, a bass, deep as a vault, as though issuing from the crypt, accentuated the horror of these prophecies, made these threats more overwhelming; and after a short strain by the choir, an alto repeated them in still more detail. Then, as soon as the awful poem had exhausted the enumeration of chastisement and suffering, in shrill tones—the falsetto of a little boy—the name of Jesus went by, and a light broke in upon the thunder-cloud, the panting universe cried for pardon, recalling, by all the voices of the choir, the infinite mercies of the Saviour, and His pardon, pleading with Him for absolution, as formerly He had spared the penitent thief and the Magdalen. But in the same despairing and headstrong melody the tempest raged again, drowned with its waves the half-seen shores of heaven, and the solos continued, discouraged, interrupted by the recurrent weeping of the choir, giving, with the diversity of voices, a body to the special conditions of shame, the particular states of fear, the different ages of tears.

"At last, when still mixed and blended, these voices had borne away on the great waters of the organ all the wreckage of human sorrows, all the buoys of prayers and tears, they fell exhausted, paralysed by terror, wailing and sighing like a child who hides its face, stammering *Dona eis requiem*, they ended, worn out, in an Amen so plaintive, that it died away in a breath above the sobbing of the organ.

"What man could have imagined such despair or dreamed of such disasters? And Durtal made answer to himself, 'No man.'"

In fact, Durtal was brought back to religion by his love for art; and the sight of the countless worshippers who knelt day after day before the crucifix shook to the depths his tainted soul. He believed, and his whole being cried out for a refuge from his disgust with life, his infinite weariness of self. But as yet he had faith alone. He could not pray; he could not even master the temptations of the flesh that kept assailing him with even greater strength than heretofore. He sinned and sinned again, even while his mind was full of these new emotions. But at this moment he fell under the influence of a priest, a shrewd, kindly man, of vast experience, cultivated, and a keen judge of human nature. Him Durtal consults, not as a priest so much as a sympathetic

friend; and little by little he yields to the kindly influence of the shrewd old Abbé. With infinite tact and delicate finesse, the Abbé leads him on to take an interest in those Orders in the Church that are purely contemplative—the Cistercians and the Trappists. Little by little, Durtal's imagination is fired by the thought of a life of such pure devotion, until at last the Abbé Gévresin suggests that he spend a short time as a "retreatant" in the Trappist monastery of Notre Dame de l'Atre, shut out from the world, and surrounded by the influence and example of those monks who approach in their lives the nearest to complete self-abnegation. Durtal is startled at the thought. He asks questions as to the restraints that are imposed upon a layman who enters even for a week a monastery such as this. His first objections are singular in their modernness. He is fond of cigarettes, and cannot think of giving up tobacco. He hates oily cookery, and he cannot digest milk in any form. But the notion of becoming a retreatant fascinates him. He reflects and hesitates. It occurs to him that he can perhaps find some way of smoking cigarettes by stealth in the woods about the monastery. He thinks that he can stand the cooking. At last, after days of internal conflict, he decides to go, and makes a prayer—a most curious prayer.

"Take count of this, O Lord: I know by experience that when I am ill-fed, I have neuralgia. Humanly, logically speaking, I am certain to be horribly ill at Notre Dame de l'Atre; nevertheless, if I can get about at all, the day after to-morrow I will go all the same. In default of love, this is the only proof I can give that I desire Thee, that I truly hope and believe in Thee; but do Thou, O Lord, aid me."

The same odd mixture of modernity and mediævalism is seen throughout. Durtal, with his mind filled by thoughts of St. Magdalen of Pazzi and Bonaventura and Dionysius the Areopagite, stuffs his valise with pink packages of cigarettes, and Menier's sweet chocolate, and antipyrine, and sets out for the monastery from the Gare du Nord. We cannot spare the space for even the briefest recapitulation of his experiences there, which Huysmans tells with minute detail and the most singular frankness. His life as a retreatant, his spiritual struggles, his mental battles with unbelief, his victories and his defeats, are

vivid in their realism. One feels that this is just what would be the experience of a modern, only half-weaned from a loose and lawless life, suddenly plunged into an atmosphere of the strictest mediævalism. This life keeps recurring to the imagination of Durtal. A certain Florence comes to his mind with maddening persistency. He sees continually her sly face aping the modesty of a little girl, her slim body, her strange tastes that lead her to drink toilet scents and to eat caviare with dates. Once he believes that Satan himself enters the room and fills it with visions of horror. Again, in the midst of prayer, he is seized with a fearful longing to rise and yell out blasphemies. He finally goes to confession, and the scene is told with curious minuteness. Then at last a great calm comes upon him. The atmosphere of intense devotion, the sublime reality of the faith that inspires all about him, their life devoted to the single end of praise and worship and adoration, and the benignant and sympathetic kindness of the monks soothed and comforted and strengthened him. Here was rest and hope and perfect tranquillity, and the book ends with his regretful return to Paris and the expression of his longing for a life of religious contemplation.

"If they [his loose companions] knew how inferior they are to the lowest of the lay brothers! If they could imagine how the divine intoxication of a Trappist interests me more than all their conversations and all their books! Ah, Lord, that I might live, live in the shadow of the prayers of humble Brother Simeon!"

The English translation by Mr. C. Kegan Paul has been excellently done, though he exasperates us at times by his trick of joining typographically into a single sentence, two sentences that are quite distinct and separate—a wretched Gallicism. Here and there he has softened and shortened the excessive frankness of the original, when it would be offensive to English delicacy; though in one instance—the curious account of the Succuba on page 169—he has allowed the whole passage to stand with a rather startling effect. His prefatory note is admirably written, and shows that he undertook the labour of translation in a devout and reverential spirit, believing that only good can come to the reader of the book from its perusal.

En Route is interesting in many ways.

It is unique among the other books of Huysmans in style no less than in spirit. Here he has wholly put aside the studied bareness and hardness of expression that characterise his earlier method, and the descriptive passages glow with colour and abound in strange felicities of expression. His enthusiasm for the purely mediæval fairly carries him away, and, we think, has led him into indefensible extremes. Did space permit we should like to say something of his evident devotion to plain song as against the harmonised Gregorian chant of Palestrina; for we think that the greatest masters of church music would decline to follow him in his lack of discrimination between the plain chant in the prefaces to the Mass and the other portions of the service, in which more than a single voice is necessary for the full effect. His enthusiasm leads him also into long and rather tedious digressions upon the history of the mediæval saints whose lives he insists upon detailing with remorseless elaboration, so that the effect produced is thoroughly inartistic from a literary point of view, and gives the impression of one who has crammed up a subject and is unwilling to lose any portion of his material.

Interesting also is the psychological side of the book, with its implied thesis that faith, like all other emotions, is contagious; and with its illustration of the thought with which we commenced this review, that the sensuous nature under certain influences can become the most profoundly spiritual and religious. M. Huysmans is usually classified as one of the disciples of Émile Zola; but Zola could never have written a book like this. For, in spite of the contrary opinion that prevails, Zola is no sensualist in the fullest meaning of the word. He is only an intense materialist, and he lacks a sympathetic insight into the phenomena that are purely spiritual. He is like the photographer who with equal unconcern and as a matter of mere business will in the same hour turn his camera upon the dead child in its coffin filled with flowers, or upon the leering dancer in her spangled tights.

To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction, in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organisation which has made provision for the needs of every human soul,

whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days when Doctors of Divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority.

H. T. Peck.

MRS. WARD AND "THE NEW WOMAN."*

The artist of an historical picture has one advantage over him who paints watermelons, grapes, and wineglasses half replenished; he can choose a larger canvas, and crowd it with figures to an extent only limited by the story he has to tell and his power of telling it. In *Sir George Tressady* Mrs. Ward has chosen to paint for us the history which to-day is in process of making; and though the book contains not a single character avowedly real, the picture of this strange, complex, confused time of ours is very accurately drawn, and the author's purpose of helping at least some of us to understand it and ourselves before it passes away is completely attained. But it is not unimportant, in studying a battle-piece, to know from what point of view the artist beheld it; as to which Mrs. Ward does not leave us in doubt. In speaking of Lord Maxwell, she says:

"The vast extension of the human will and power which science has brought to humanity during the last hundred years was always present to him as food for a natural exultation—a kind of pledge of the boundless prospects of the race. On the other hand, the struggle of society brought face to face with this huge increment of the individual power, forced to deal with it for its own higher and mysterious ends, to moralise and socialise it

lest it should destroy itself and the State together; the slow steps by which the modern community has succeeded in asserting itself against the individual, in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and the child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man can lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow—these things stirred in him the far deeper enthusiasms of the moral nature. Nay more! Together with all the other main facts which mark the long travail of man's ethical and social life, they were among the only 'evidences' of religion a critical mind allowed itself—the most striking signs of something 'greater than we know' working among the dust and ugliness of our common day."

The passage is rather long, but as it supplies the key to the story, no apology is required for its quotation. The stage at which our author shows us this "long struggle" is the fight over a bill introduced into Parliament by Lord Maxwell, dealing with certain sanitary reforms in certain trades, and in especial "touching the grown man for the first time;" and our first introduction to the hero is as the successful candidate for Market Malford, a borough which has lately fallen vacant, and for which he has stood, distinctly on the issue of opposing the Maxwell Bill.

The strength of hand with which the main lines of the picture are drawn is something wonderful, and the colouring is masterly; nowhere is there a hasty or ill-considered stroke, or a tint too deep. It is true that many of the characters are types rather than "folks." Mrs. Allison, for example, with her piety and priestcraft; and her son, who, in the revulsion from all that which he has been reared in, has gone over to deliberate vice, always dramatic and unreal, are logical and philosophical, but in some way do not appeal to one's nerves with the sense of a living presence. In fact, whether because such keen analysis as Mrs. Ward's is opposed to a lively faith in the reality of her personages on her own part, or because "we others" do not go about armed with psychological Crookes' tubes whence to direct X-rays upon the hearts or, at any rate, the skeletons of our neighbours, certain it is that Mrs. Ward lacks the final supreme gift of making her characters step down from their pedestals and live with us. Ian Maclaren has not one tenth her technique; yet Weelum MacLure and Jamie Soutar are our personal friends in a sense that we should never claim for Marcella or George Tressady. But criti-

* *Sir George Tressady*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. \$2.00.

cism is ungracious ; and we would rather praise.

No picture of our own times would be complete that did not consider the marriage question and its correlative, the development of "the new woman." The first of these Mrs. Ward treats by presenting us with two contrasted marriages—the ideal union of Lord and Lady Maxwell and the conventional, commonplace "match" of George and Letty Tressady. And just here we must pause for a moment to "taste" the combined good art and good breeding with which Mrs. Ward, refusing to take for granted that all the world has read *Marcella*, gives a *résumé* of the courtship of her by Aldous Raeburn, and in so doing furnishes the only instance with which we are acquainted of a perfect sequel which is, at the same time, a perfectly independent and complete *opus*. "Letty" is a wonderfully fine bit of work, with her deliberate wish to make the most of her attractions, much as might be done by a clever Circassian slave, her dawning love for her husband, and finally, with the rise of the maternal hope in her own heart, her softening toward Lady Tressady. The marriage turns out as one might have expected when the man has got precisely what he supposed himself to want, and the woman has failed in getting what she bargained for ; but the author shows us Letty, in her wounded love, anger, and vanity, "held tortured and struggling all the time in the first grip of that masterful hold wherewith the potter lifts his clay when he lays it upon the eternal whirring of the wheel." And later in the story :

"Through George's mind there wandered half-astonished thoughts about this strange compelling power of marriage—the deep grip it makes on life—the almost mechanical way in which it bears down resistance, provided only that certain compunctions, certain scruples still remain for it to work on."

And we feel that we have gained a deeper insight into the problems of marriage than has been afforded us by all the decadent novels that have ever been written.

There is a story told of one of the learned ladies who have held professorial chairs in the University of Bologna, that she lectured always behind a veil, lest the sight of her beauty should distract the minds of her pupils. Now, as every

woman knows—and far more every man—any sort of public life for a good woman is impossible, except under the protection of that for which the veil stands in this story. But it remained for Mrs. Humphry Ward to embody this feature of the woman question in a novel, and she has done so with such exquisite truth and delicacy as defy description ; one must read it as it stands in the text. But perhaps the average woman will be as puzzled as was Letty to comprehend Marcella's remorse, since whatever she did was done for love of her husband. Was not Queen Louise of Prussia well-nigh sainted for using her feminine charm in the effort to win from Napoleon I. better terms for her spouse and country ? But the entrance of women as a class into the life of the colleges, the professions, and the trades has brought the logic of facts to bear upon this question ; and the answer has been the evolution of a new type, one to which the deliberate use of the charm of sex for any ulterior object—or except as a free gift for love's sake only—is, as Marcella felt it, a desecration. In her intercourse with George Tressady, Marcella only once deliberately unveils herself, if one may so express it ; it is a far more subtle touch that her influence over him did harm from the moment when she paused before the mirror to weigh her power of gaining him as a recruit.

We have referred to Letty as "in the grasp of the potter ;" all through the story we are made to feel this something "greater than we know" working upon and transforming into a higher likeness one and another of the persons of the story. The final catastrophe, though it comes upon us with a sense of shock, is in the line of the same force ; Tressady's earth-life is over, not because his happiness is irretrievably gone, for, on the contrary, he has lived past the worst, and his marriage, even his parliamentary life, have turned out "not so badly after all." But these experiences themselves have procured for him a development on the spiritual side of his nature, to secure which demands another atmosphere, and he is accordingly promoted. We believe that we are not forcing a deduction, but that this is Mrs. Ward's own argument for a future life, though the tragic close of the book may also be considered in another way as its logical conclusion, overwhelming in a common

ruin the obstructives on both sides—conservative capitalist and labour agitator—who have set themselves against "the power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

Mrs. Ward's great predecessor, George Eliot, announced definitely that the gospel she had to teach was one of human influence; that "the fellowship between man and man, which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man; and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human." * Mrs. Ward would certainly qualify this statement very considerably; nevertheless, we doubt the final outcome of the friendship between Marcella and Letty. The bond between them, though real in its way, was hardly spontaneous. There cannot, in fact, be a spontaneous friendship between a lofty nature and a petty one; and small in her ideas and opinions Letty was likely to remain, in spite of her undeniable development. And no merely human personality is capable of an infinite friendship, an unlimited response to a constantly increasing demand, or of a continual giving out of itself, receiving nothing in return. Polemics prevented George Eliot's perception of this truth; and the same influence may possibly have weighed with Mrs. Ward. But perhaps the something "greater than we know" may deal with this question also; and her next book may show us the further truth in connection with the influence of a pure and strong personality; that when unconscious it is always for good; but that intention unveils it to itself, and opens subtle doors of self-love and self-pleasing through which is sure to issue, soon or late, some source or seed of evil.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

A HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.†

This is a monumental work. It is not at all an epoch-making one, but it is distinctly useful. The industry, of which there is in it such ample evi-

* Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby, *Life*, by Cross, vol. iii.

† *The History of Modern Painting*. By Richard Muther. 3 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$20.00.

dence, has not been wasted. Indeed, this is not the time to write a great book on the subject. There is still quarrelsome disunity, if not actual war, in the land of art. Revolution mixes up great and little too confusedly for a very much interested contemporary to be proportionate and sane and fair. Herr Muther's knowledge is prodigious. To keep an eye not only on Munich, Paris, Glasgow, and London, but on the exhibitions of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Madrid as well, and to trace and characterise the work of the little followers as well as the leaders, would frighten any save a German. A work like this must perforce be, in part, the result of studio gossip, and of the slightest first-hand acquaintance with a great deal of its subject.

On the whole it is catholic and fair; its attacks—for the criticisms amount to such—on Dagnan-Bouveret, for mawkishness, come as a surprise. Dagnan has his critics, of course, but is there any sense in saying that he does for French painting what Marlitt did for German fiction? This habit of literary comparison, even when there is no malicious intention, has led Herr Muther many times astray. To call Fred Walker the Tennyson of painting is mere nonsense, as absurd as his coupling the names of George Eliot and Swinburne (p. 114, vol. iii.). Except in a few cases, the shorter characterisations are not very useful, and are sometimes misleading—but the wonder again is they are there in such numbers. It is a puzzling book if we take it all as equally serious; for while the author is evidently heart and soul with the newer schools, sympathetic toward the bolder work of Paris, and of the Munich Secession, there are numberless conventional judgments which tolerance cannot alone explain; these are probably second-hand opinions gathered from the rumours of established reputations. Good things and bad are the closest neighbours. We are given surprising fulness and startling omissions. Seeing that a reader will come across a goodly number of his painter friends in these volumes, and some of these not very shining lights, he has a right to be astonished that Lenbach's name occurs only once, and that in reference to some one else, that Renoir is treated in exactly the same fashion, that Holman

Hunt and Parsons are just vaguely referred to, that so great a painter as Wilkie has a mere passing notice—true, he hardly comes into the vaguely defined period dealt with—and that Clausen is not mentioned at all. There are, of course, disproportionate notices of others. After Burne-Jones had been examined at some length, it was not necessary to give such prominence to Strudwick as has been done. Perhaps the desire to say all that was possible for Italy in its recent artistic poverty, explains an undue tolerance toward some inanities and some vulgarities too—those of Favoretta, for instance. There are errors in plenty. Here is an excusable one. "This land of industry [England] knows nothing of pictures in which work is being accomplished; this country, which is a network of railway lines, has never seen a railway painted," says Mr. Muther. Well, as to the latter, there is one great picture of a railway, and an engine, too, by a very English painter, and surely in Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forge" there is too much rather than too little of the atmosphere of work. But we own there is some reason if not accuracy in the assertion. Dante Rossetti, by the way, was not a Catholic, and no one who knew him would accept this description of him, "a sedentary student who had yet an enthusiasm for knightly deeds." And while we are on the track of shortcomings, we may say that the Index is not complete.

On the other hand, there is excellent matter in the book, and there are a few admirable passages. Those among us who know much about the modern art of Holland, Belgium, and Spain are but a handful. Very few of us guessed that Norway and Sweden had any art at all. Yet there are stirrings and strivings there, and some of them of real interest. With regard to Russia, we all know Verestchagin, and nothing at all of Répin. Herr Muther tries to put that incongruity right, though of course pure art has not really a chance against sensation. And among much that is slipshod simply because of the vastness of the plan, there is some excellent summarisation. He does full justice to American painters great and small, but he has hit their present condition exactly here—"They possess no captivated intimacy of emotion, they know

nothing of confidential revelations, but clearness of eye they have, and deftness of hand, and refined taste, and they understand admirably the secret of creating an illusion by technique." Those to whom it is new will be much entertained by the amusing account of Sar Joseph Péladan and the Rosicrucian Exhibition of 1892. And Scotland will warm to Herr Muther when they read, "The Scotch are painters. They instituted a worship of colour such as had not been known since the days of Titian." Of course, this was to be expected from a Munich critic, but the pæan of those he affectionately calls the "Glasgow Boys" has discrimination enough not to be altogether fulsome. Germany is, we think, treated with scant justice; but then Herr Muther was writing for those who needed information about foreign countries more than about their own. Let us add to the list of virtues the Bibliography—very useful, and quite as complete as could reasonably be expected.

The translation, by Mrs. Hillier, is satisfactory. But the phrase "painted in one jet" is not English—as yet. As for the illustrations, they are very numerous and well chosen, and by helping the characterisations to show the kind of subjects affected by the different painters, they may be of some use. But they are shockingly reproduced. Book-makers must make up their minds that if they will have many pictures, they cannot make cheap books.

SIENKIEWICZ'S NEW NOVEL.*

It must be confessed that a modern novelist as an inventor of history is far more interesting than the prosaic chronicler who strives to record with accuracy events that actually occurred. The one may bend materials to suit, may adorn his narrative with all the flowers of imagination; the other must weigh and balance and sacrifice. Even when Cleio has done her very best we are not sure that we have the truth. No other muse is so limited: her wings are constantly clipped of their bright-coloured feathers. She must be content to sit on her perch, tied by the cord of Truth, while the other daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne

* "Quo Vadis." A Narrative of the Time of Nero. Translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

go soaring off into new and delightful regions. We know from the annals of Tacitus that the insane monster Ahenobarbus, the Bronzebeard, afterward called Nero, came unexpectedly to the throne of Rome, and began a career of debauchery and cruelty so enormous and unbridled that the historian himself apologises for the monotonous blackness of the beastly record. Tacitus says: "*Neroni assumptus est elegantiae arbiter, dum nihil amatum et molle affluentia putat nisi quod ei Petronius approbavisset.*"

Now Henryk Sienkiewicz takes this Petronius as the protagonist of his tremendous drama. There exist a few fragments of a once immense work that consisted of at least sixteen books, entitled *Petronii Arbitri Satiricon*, but scholars have crossed swords over the question whether this extraordinary *mélange* of prose and verse was only a compilation, or was really the work of the Petronius who, according to classical writers, when threatened with Nero's disfavour, smashed a costly murrhine vase lest it should fall into the tyrant's hands, and then opened his veins and slowly perished amid the wondering guests invited to see the spectacle. Its fragmentary condition has been ascribed to the unwillingness of copyists to soil their styluses with its incredible obscenity; but as that which is left is almost as bad as bad can be, this reason scarcely holds. One of the best-known passages is that called the Supper of Trimalchio. Sienkiewicz must have studied this work. He at least takes it for granted that the senatorial Petronius was its author, and the picture that he paints of this cynical, witty, slothful Roman is a masterpiece of portraiture. Bad as he was, he was not wholly lost to all shame, and his service as proconsul of Bithynia was unselfish and energetic. Sienkiewicz makes him more than lovable.

The young soldier Vinicius is drawn by the novelist with even freer hand. There was a Vinicius put to death by Messalina, and still another who rose in revolt against Nero and was overcome and executed. But Sienkiewicz's Marcus Vinicius is Petronius's nephew, and his love for the young Danubian hostage, the Princess Lygia, who lives in Rome as the adopted daughter of the noble Aulus Plautius and his Christian wife, becomes the golden thread of the story.

To speak of threads gives one a wrong idea: the reader may remember how when Æneas enters the temple in Carthage he is amazed to see the walls decorated with paintings representing the Trojan War. Sienkiewicz tells his epistyle story in somewhat the same manner. It is a marvellous succession of colossal cartoons drawn with a free hand and glowing with dazzling colours. Here is a Verestchagin-like picture of the Forum with all its wealth of temples and shops and its jostling population gathered from all the world. Here come the orgies of Nero, reminding one of the sensuous canvases of Max. Then the game and gladiatorial shows in the Circus Maximus, the conflagration of the city and the brutal and almost too revolting delineation of the persecution of the Christians.

Nero and his satellites appear in all their frightful shamelessness, but throughout in absolutely unique contrast are the serene, eloquent, and noble pictures of Christianity and its effects. If we have Nero, we have also Peter and Paul, and how vivid they are! One can hardly doubt their actuality. If we see Poppæa, beautiful and serpent-like, we have Pomponia and the exquisite heroine Lygia, passionate but pure. If we have Chilo, the wily Greek, unscrupulous and cowardly, we have also the mighty Ursus, the innocent murderer and simple-hearted giant.

One is tempted to make many quotations in justification, but it is needless. For those who like historical fiction this book will take its place alongside and perhaps above *Ekkehard* and *Aspasius*, and that fine series of novels to which Germany has given birth. It is said that if a person standing at the foot of Niagara merely touches the awful sheet of water with a finger, he is drawn irresistibly in; and so if a person begin this book, the torrential sweep of its immensity becomes instantly absorbing. It is one of the great books of our day.

Mr. Curtin's translation lacks little of the highest art. There are whole passages magnificent in their musical swing and rhythm. Occasionally he makes trifling slips. There are annoying examples where he reproduces the characteristic Slav mixture of tenses. Once at least he uses the word "immediately" in the incorrect English way ("he began to cry immediately she carried he

past"). He frequently employs "barely" for scarcely. He is also apt to misplace modifying adverbs. More than once he tries to express a Polish phrase in correspondingly literal English, as where he says, "her lips of a queen," where "queeny lips" would have been obvious. There are several misprints: the Egyptian goddess is Pasht not Pacht. On page 127 Pausa should, of course, be Pansa. Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Curtin's work is deserving not only of praise, but of admiration. And he may well be proud to have set his name upon a book which is, after all, perhaps, the highest panegyric of the miraculous influences of Christianity that has appeared in modern times.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT THE MIDDLE AGES.*

We hope that we shall live long enough to see produced by some writer of adequate scholarship and also of adequate literary skill a great work that shall give a truthful and at the same time a satisfactory picture of the Middle Ages—not a political and institutional history, but a history of men and women as they lived and toiled and thought and dreamed in that period which is one of the strangest as it is one of the most fascinating in the annals of civilisation. We are heartily sick of taking up volumes with titles like that of Professor George Burton Adams's *Civilisation During the Middle Ages*, and reading once more about the Papacy and the Feudal System and the Empire, no matter how ably those themes may be dealt with by an erudite and ingenious author. These things are all very well; but the world has had enough of manuals of the sort, and would gladly give a hundred of them for one broad and luminous revelation of the world in which these systems and governments were cast up by the great heaving mass of humanity below. We want to have a

searchlight flashed into the depths of mediæval life, that shall teach us what we do not know, and explain what is now inexplicable. Much has been done for one who will undertake the task. There are mountains of curious fact already piled up in the libraries, and there are gold mines of precious knowledge into which new explorers may descend and come back enriched with treasures new and old. The vastness of the task is appalling, the amount of labour disheartening, the critical acuteness and intellectual sympathy almost impossible to be found united in any single mind; but some day the thing will be done, and we hope that we shall be alive to see it done.

There could be certainly no more fascinating task than to reconstruct in minute detail the life that lies in that mysterious half-darkness, which is nevertheless shot through and through with golden light; that gloom which we now can see was a vivifying and fructifying gloom, like that of the dewy night when growing things ripen, or of the warm, loamy earth, when the seed swells and bursts into a new life. The time has gone by for regarding the Dark Ages as a sterile period of wintry ignorance. We know them now as the ages wherein the new and the old were blended gradually into something that was itself neither new nor old, but partaking of what was best in both, gave us the highest civilisation to which mankind has yet attained. And what we want to see worked out is some intelligible account of the process as it took place, not in courts and camps alone, but in the hovels and the homes where the great masses of human beings delved and trafficked and imagined strange things, and saw both the present and the past in a sort of gigantic mirage.

Dean Church's book is an excellent manual of the conventional order, being now reprinted in a slightly different form from that in which it first appeared when published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. It is largely based on Gibbon, but is very intelligently enriched by knowledge gleaned from subsequent investigations, and may be commended to any one who wishes in a very compact and understandable form an account of the external history of the first nine or ten centuries of our era. There is a good deal

* The Beginning of the Middle Ages. By R. W. Church. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Jewish Life in the Middle Ages. By Israel Abrahams. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

about Theodoric and the Carolingians and the Mark and Allodial Land and such matters, but we would not read this all over again for a large sum paid in advance, and as a matter of fact have simply skipped about in its pages, and shall let it go at that.

Mr. Abrahams has really done a very good and useful piece of work. He has taken up one side of mediæval life, and given us the means of getting a thorough understanding of it. What he tells us of the mediæval Jews throws a great many strong side-lights upon the mediæval Christians. The latter, indeed, would have had vast difficulties in getting on without the former; and the connection and association of one with the other was much closer and less marked by hatred and dislike than many people think. There was often much splendour and luxury to be seen in Jewish life, nor did this everywhere excite either envy or oppression. In fact, one of the most striking bits of information that Mr. Abrahams brings out is the general personal good will that prevailed between Christians and Jews down to the end of the twelfth century. Jew-baiting, as he shows, did not arise from popular prejudice, but came, when it did come, from the classes rather than from the masses, and was due primarily to ecclesiastical influences and as an indirect result of the Crusades. For after trying their hand at battling with the Saracen, and finding him a particularly tough customer, the knights and nobles came to the conclusion that it was easier and a good deal safer to stay at home and hammer the Jews than to fight with the hardy infidels who swarmed in Palestine. The Reformation really made things worse, and much of the anti-Semitism of Germany to-day is a direct inheritance from the influence of Martin Luther, whose utterances, as Mr. Abrahams points out, are an unflinching armoury for the Anti-Semitists of to-day. We wish that our space would permit us to quote at length some of the numerous passages that we have marked as especially interesting; but we must refrain. The whole book is packed full of curious and instructive information concerning the daily life, the religious usages, the social customs, the morals, and the literature of this remarkable people in their mediæval environment. The book is a valuable contribution to

popular knowledge, and is supplied throughout with references to the original sources of information.

Mr. George Haven Putnam has taken as his corner of the mediæval field the work of those who in the centuries that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire devoted themselves to the production and the distribution of written literature. We confess that we came to the reading of his volume with a certain amount of unfavourable prejudice, due to our perusal of his previous work on the writers and booksellers of antiquity. That book was in many ways inadequate and unsatisfactory—inadequate in its mastery of facts and of authorities, and unsatisfactory in its presentation of the subject as a whole. Like many other of its readers, too, we could not fail to experience a shudder at the carelessness with which the quotations from the classical languages were given. Much of this was merely typographical, to be sure, yet no one with even a modicum of scholarship could find, for instance, the apologue of Prodicus described as "a poem" without having his critical teeth set on edge; and when he came upon Greek words in which the circumflex accent was placed on the antepenultimate syllable, his nerves were too much shaken to allow him to derive either pleasure or profit from his reading of the narrative.

The present work, however, is of a very different degree of merit. Mr. Putnam is now on firmer ground. He has a surer grasp upon his sources, and is infinitely more at home with all his facts; and as the work progresses he exhibits an ease of manner and a justifiable confidence that soon set the reader's mind at rest. He takes up, first, the literary work of the monastic orders, giving a proper recognition to the immense importance of Cassiodorus in preserving and continuing the literary traditions of classical antiquity. He outlines the history of the *scriptorium* and its influence; gives a good account of the monastic and other libraries in the manuscript period; discusses the influence of the early universities upon the making of books, and then gathers much interesting material as to the book-trade during this early age in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. In the second part of the volume he gives a brief—somewhat too

brief—account of the Renaissance, and the work of the early presses in Holland, Germany, and Italy, bringing his narrative down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, so that in reality he covers more ground chronologically than the title of his book would naturally imply.

As to the period that precedes the Renaissance, the work is adequately done, with all the necessary caution, and with a due sense of proportion and of discrimination in the use of his authorities. As to the latter part of the treatise, and especially in what concerns the trade in books, Mr. Putnam's special investigations and long experience entitle him to be considered as himself an authority, so that the intending critic may modestly inquire *quis custodes custodiet?* We note, however, in a general way one or two defects. We think that Mr. Putnam has laid far too little stress upon the immensely important work of Poggio Bracciolini, and we could wish for a fuller account of the recovery of the classical texts at the time of the Renaissance, a theme that possesses all the fascination which attaches to the quest for hidden treasure. In the bibliography prefixed to Part I. we also note some discrepancies and omissions. We are surprised, for example, to find omitted the monograph on Cassiodorus by Olleris, the more so as this relates especially to his work as a preserver of ancient books; and we think that Shepherd's life of Poggio should have been included as being the only one in English. The different lives of Erasmus should also have been noted under his name, as in the case of other scholars, instead of being scattered through the list. Poggio's name is given in the genitive case on p. xxv., and under Marsham the Greek word given is either wrongly written or wrongly accented. These are the mint and anise and cummin of criticism, however, and do not affect the general verdict upon the book, which is that in its preparation its author has done a very thorough and very timely piece of work, and has added to the claims which he possesses upon the gratitude of those who both love books and believe their makers to be entitled to the just reward of their labours.

H. T. P.

A DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.*

Under the above title, and in one single volume, arranged under one single alphabet, the reader will find a work which, in spite of Professor Peck's disclaimer of the name as too ambitious, may be more correctly described as a Dictionary of Classical Philology, using that term as it is commonly used in Germany, where the word philology is not restricted, as it is too often with us, to mere linguistic matters, but embraces all that concerns the life, art, literature, and religion of classical antiquity. Since the publication of Dr. Anthon's well-known books, the *Classical Dictionary* and the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, some fifty years ago, there has been a revolution in archæological research that has rendered antiquated all older books of reference. The discoveries that have been made by explorers like Schliemann at Troy, Mycenæ and Orchomenos; by Flinders Petrie in Egypt; by Lanciani at Rome; by the Germans at Olympia; by the American Institute of Archæology at Assos; by the French Archæological Institute at Delos, to mention only a few instances, have revealed inscriptions, works of art, even manuscripts, which necessitate an entire revision of many of our old conceptions of ancient life and manners, and especially influence our study of Greek and Roman law. How fully up to date this *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities* has been brought can be seen by turning to the article "Musica," where the Delphian inscription only discovered in 1893 and published in 1894 is reproduced in facsimile; to "Navis," where Torr's *Ancient Ships* (1894) is quoted, or to "Sermo Plebeius," where M. Gaston Boissier's book, published in 1895, is referred to; while many of the monographs and special editions cited bear the date 1896. The same desire to give the latest possible information marks every article that we have examined, and in all the most recent authorities have been consulted. In fact, every important article has appended to it a

* A Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, M.A., Ph.D. With the Co-operation of Many Special Contributors. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth, \$6; Half-leather, \$8.

select bibliography, an invaluable assistance to students seeking for fuller or more special knowledge.

But in addition to the changes in the details of classical antiquity necessitated by the labours of the archæologist, the improvements in Textual Criticism, the development of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology and kindred matters, a still more striking revolution has been carried out during the last fifty years in the whole tone in which the student or the investigator regards the past. The old generation of teachers, who confined themselves to insisting on the obligations of the modern world to the literature of Greece and Rome, has given way to successors who labour (to quote Professor Peck's preface) to bring out the essential modernity of the life of the past, to show that the problems that occupied the thinkers or statesmen or economists of the ancient world still confront us, and that points of resemblance rather than points of difference must be insisted upon; in other words, that the student must not only be an "elegant scholar," but must possess a knowledge of the whole culture of the two great nations to whom we owe so much. Whether this change in the system of education in our colleges and schools is a subject of regret or otherwise need not be discussed. The system has been adopted and will be lasting, because it is adapted to the conditions of modern life with its longing for practical results.

To aid the student in his work by giving him a condensed and simple summary of the most important facts in their necessary connection with one another is the object of this volume which contains within its pages not only all that the current dictionaries of antiquities, biography, and geography supply, but a series of articles on subjects of great interest, for which we may seek in vain in any single volume. Such are the articles on the Greek and Italic Dialects; on the Pronunciation of Greek and Latin; on the *Sermo Plebeius* and the Latin of the provinces; on Jests (an amusing article, which aptly compares some Greek jokes to those of the *Fliegende Blätter*); on Alliteration, whose "artful aid" the Greeks almost never, the Latins rarely adopted; on Caricature, under the head of "Graffiti," in which article lovers of

our national game will be pleased to see the inscription calling on the ball-players of Pompeii to rally round a lover of sport who was running for office; on Rhyme; on Rhotacism; on Novels and Romances; on Stenography, under the title "Notæ," with specimens of both Greek and Roman shorthand; and on many other matters on which it is difficult to find accurate information. Very complete and well illustrated are the articles on the houses of the ancients (under "Domus"); on the baths; on the amphitheatre and circus; and on the cities of Rome, Athens, and Pompeii. The fifteen hundred illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced, and are especially valuable in the articles on art, as in "Statuaria Ars" and "Pictura." We rejoice to see that in the article "Laocoön" the right arm of the father is restored to what is most probably the correct position; that is, not stretched out, but bent back toward the head. In the article on Cleopatra there is a reproduction of the very remarkable portrait of her found in Hadrian's villa; and "Gemma" is profusely illustrated. Nearly all of these illustrations are reproductions of objects that have come down from antiquity, but occasionally the restorations of archæologists or the ideal creations of modern artists have been inserted, the former being absolutely necessary for a correct appreciation of the text.

A very clear and succinct account is given of the Later Empire under the title of "Byzantinum Imperium," and as being important in connection with its history, the lives of the great Christian Fathers are added to the list of biographies, which includes also the names of Anna Comnena, Ducas, and other Byzantine historians. Nor are the great mediæval and modern scholars omitted; and from their collected lives an outline of the history of classical philology might be constructed. Such are the articles on Erasmus, Cobet, Ducange, Bentley, Facciolati, Bopp, Ritschl, Niebuhr, down to our old friend Zumpt, and the notices of eminent writers in Latin, like Johannes Secundus, Buchanan, and Muretus.

When the first edition of Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities* was published, much attention was attracted by the series of papers on Roman Law by the

late Professor Long, which gave a great impulse to the study of the civil law in England and this country. Long's articles occupied a disproportionate space in the work, and were not well suited to the needs of the ordinary student. In this revised dictionary the articles on Roman law, under the headings of "Ius," "Lex," "Actio," "Magistratus," etc., are by Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia University, whose name is a guarantee of their value; and the same may be said respecting the contributions of the eminent American and foreign scholars enumerated in Professor Peck's preface, whose names in each case represent special knowledge based on original study and investigation. The general articles, such as those on Epigraphy, History, Libraries, Museums, Music, Palæography, Philology, Philosophy, Painting, Sculpture, Numismatics, Religion, and Textual Criticism, give the student an outline which he can fill up by reference to special articles, for each of these important articles refers continually and directly to all the others that have any connection with the subject. Thus, History and Literature, Art and Science, are shown in their natural relation to the whole study of ancient life. Throughout the work the daily needs of the student in his ordinary reading have been carefully borne in mind, and some sacrifices of consistency have been made for the reader's convenience, such as the use of Latin forms instead of Greek when they are more familiar, and the arrangement of proper names of Romans under the gentile name or the cognomen, according to the respective familiarity of each in English usage. One concession seems to have been made for the sake of the "general reader" rather than the student. We mean the marking of final *ε* in Greek and Latin words with an acute accent, as Aphrodité, Fictilé, and the like, which must be quite unnecessary for any one who is likely to consult the pages of a classical dictionary.

The work is appropriately dedicated to Professor Henry Drisler, the first of American classical lexicographers, whose advice and experience are duly acknowledged, and who will be the first to welcome the completion of such a guide to the studies with which the name of Pro-

fessor Drisler will always be associated. The typography, a most important point in all books of reference, is throughout clear and distinct, and the proof-reading has been admirably done.

Hugh Craig.

REDBURN.*

Mr. Henry Ochiltree introduces himself to us in his preface to *Redburn* as a very canny Scot indeed, however his race feeling seems at the moment to obscure his sense of humour. He has forestalled criticism. He says that if the critics contemptuously rank his book with the "literature of the kailyard," it's their own affair; the phrase has "no terror for the present writer." His second Declaration of Independence regards the structure of his book. "There is no attempt to work out any subtle plot, because, as a rule, in the real life of purely rural Scotland little or nothing of the kind is to be found." This is something for Mr. Howells to seize on; but such a declaration shall not tempt us into the general field of art criticism. Mr. Ochiltree's method—the method of the *Window in Thrums* and the *Bonnie Brier Bush*—has something simple about it which suits his subject; and there is no use in suggesting that very likely he couldn't make a plot if he wanted to, and has very sensibly preferred to stake his reputation on gifts less alien to his art. As for the American public, which the author credits with judging of a new book "strictly by its merits," we may do as he bids us—take the book simply on its pretensions. Certainly, so far as an American can enter into the spirit of a Scot, Mr. Ochiltree has expressed "in the braid Scottis" (aye, there's a bit of a rub!) "the loves and hates, joys and sorrows, humour and pathos, of his countrymen."

Anyone who has read the recent *Adventures in Criticism*, by Mr. Quiller-Couch, will remember his very Britannic puzzlement over the Scot's preference for Burns above Scott. And he concludes that the reason for Burns's absurd monopoly of Scotch enthusiasm is his "homeliness" and his "pathos." An intolerable pathos it sometimes is to

* *Redburn*. By Henry Ochiltree. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, so frank in its reach for the heartstrings that he, a respectable and self-contained Briton, finds it hardly gentlemanly. That may be; but the pathos of the Scot is his Celtic gift. It is part of the poetry of his vision. There is a profound human strain in him which makes him easily a prey to the "tears of things." If along with this deep sentimentalism he has, like the people of the "Glen," an "awfu' sense o' humour," he possesses the best human gifts of art. Mr. Barrie has the two gifts in the happiest equilibrium. Mr. Ochiltree needs to be a little bit more of the humourist. His preface is tell tale. Of the "homeliness" of Mr. Ochiltree's book there is no praise too high. Certainly nothing could be more naturally done than the author's minute and loving reproduction of Scotch country life. "The barn, the byre, and the kailyard" he has pictured with such faithfulness and zest that it makes the cockney blush for his origin. I suppose this atmosphere of simple country home life that he gives us will reach the heart of all Scots. They belong to the "Cotter's Saturday Night" race, and never forget it in the midst of the most worldly cosmopolitanism. "The Bonnie Brier Buss" and "The Wraith" are sketches for these readers. Grannie wishes to go out to get a "gliff o' the brier buss that smells sae sweetly:"

"I set it wi' my ain hand the day after your mither's marriage." . . . "Na, it was ne'er spoken o' by either your faither or mysel', but he ave tak's a bit look at it when he gangs by, and ties up the branches when they fa' ower, and your mither pours some soured whey about it noos and thans to gar it bloom. Your mither's different frae your faither; she ne'er lats on about ony o' thae kind o' things, but I see her aften pour the whey about it for a' that, when she thinks nane are lookin'."

What could be more Scotch than this? The strong hold of home, the deep vein of sentiment in all Scotch hearts, especially when they "ne'er let on about ony o' thae kind o' things."

As for the pathos of the book, the best of this is bound up in such dear and homely ties as the author has pictured in the family of Redburn and the death of Grannie. Sandy, comforting Nansie after Grannie's death, is one of the tenderest and truest bits in the book.

But the Scotch writer, in his very elemental and human pathos, can rarely avoid a certain vital tragedy. The race of Burns is a fiercely masculine race—lovers in or out of the law. We have the old tragedy over again here in the loves of Liz and Adam Scott, the tutor and the future minister of the Holy and True Kirk. "Adam Scott, you will marry me and nae ither if you are human and if a woman's heart beats in my bosom." Mr. Ochiltree has painted the wooing of Adam by the fatal coquetry of Liz in a way that convinces our senses and glours them. Surely Liz is a woman of the same race that has given us Kirstie in Stevenson's last fragment.

But as for the subsequent tragedy and the calls that it makes on our emotions—well, Mr. Ochiltree wants a little more of the saving grace of humour, such as went into the composition of Jim Buchans. We can forgive his fatal propensity to the prelection which seems more compatible with the Scotch than the English sense of humour; but how about certain passages which certainly seem to the hard-headed American "impassioned rant"? Profoundly simple and pathetic is that perilous moment when Liz

"opened out the fold of her plaid, and passed the corner of it round Adam's shoulders. In this manner they sat for a considerable time. 'Isn't it fine and low here,' she said, with a tremble in her voice. He drew her close to him. She leaned on his arm, and put her head against his shoulder."

But we do not care to hear in conclusion that the

"windows of heaven were draped with thick sable curtains," and that "through a blue rift in the clouds the angels looked down, and lo! beside a headless stem lay the passion-flower—its glory dead, its petals beaten in the dust."

There is a great deal in the tragedy as it proceeds which is far away from Mr. Ochiltree's best manner. They are the simple touches which are "moving." Still there is much of the real matter in this generally unpretentious book to hold the heart, especially the Scotch heart. The author has not attempted a new thing, but there is conviction in what he has done; and, Scot or no Scot, we are again under the spell of the heather.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WORDSWORTH *

The latest, perhaps the final fruit of half a generation of labour spent upon Wordsworth appears in the elaborate edition of which the first six volumes lie before us. The literary significance of Wordsworth is so immense, and his reclusive life touches the mind of the nineteenth century at so many points, that the most churlish survivor of Jeffrey's school (which never wholly dies out) will hardly demur openly at the sixteen volumes here to be devoted to him. Some part of them, indeed, is devoted, most fitly, to those lifelong companions whose unobtrusive presence made so large a part of the spiritual atmosphere in which he worked; the "exquisite sister," whose

"voice was like a hidden bird that sang,"

and the thought of whom

"was like a flash of light;"

and the not less exquisite though even more shy and reserved wife. Dorothy's Journal and Letters, apart from copious extracts scattered throughout, will be issued with fewer reserves than heretofore, in one of the later volumes. And thus the edition of Wordsworth's work will become, as any final edition must, a monument (but the pompous word jars in this connection) of the Wordsworth household, that "whole without dependence or defect,"

"Made for itself, and happy in itself,
Perfect contentment, unity entire."

It need hardly be said that the numerous portraits of Wordsworth and the vignettes of Wordsworthian localities—Cambridge, Coleorton, Dove Cottage, Pelee Castle, and many more—which will accompany the sixteen volumes, aid greatly in this result.

Professor Knight is an editor somewhat of the Cambridge school—a Cambridge man may presumably say so without disrespect. His strength lies in textual criticism, in all kinds of pragmatical illustration. His apparatus criticus is invaluable, and he has accumulated a large body of illustrative matter upon places, persons, and matters of fact.

* The Poetical Works of Wordsworth. Edited by W. Knight. Vols. I.-VI. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 per volume.

These things do not lose their value because they often appear, in Wordsworth's case, to be more important than they are. He had himself a kind of official punctiliousness and precision in dealing with the outer circumstances of his poetry, which became the land agent's son and the stamp distributor better than the poet. "Matter-of-factness" was one of the "characteristic defects" which he never quite forgave Coleridge for specifying in a well-known chapter of the *Biographia*, even as introduction to a still more emphatic and powerful analysis of his "characteristic excellences." His formality lay obviously on the surface of his genius. It is not quite so obvious that his use of definite names and places is almost always uninspired; that the purely local and personal was rarely touched by the full tide of his inspiration. How few of the names which glide into his verse are touched with the passion of romance which breathes from almost every name in Scott! How few have for him the incommunicable magic of the names in Milton! For Scott a *place* is charged with the zest of quite individual association; no other can replace it; to Wordsworth it is a channel through which he has access to the spirit of nature, rarely the sole one. After all, Wordsworth is one of the poets who elude and evade; all unconsciously he sets the reader upon a wrong tack, seems to persuade him "both by precept and example" that he is the poet of "simplicity," of "real life," of "the language actually used by men," and then suddenly emerges, at brief, incalculable moments, clothed in the visionary light of the great romantic poets of all time. And thus one feels, notwithstanding Professor Knight's excellent discussion of this very point in the preface, that Wordsworth in a manner evades his admirably conscientious editor, entangling him in the jungle of matter-of-fact explanations, while he himself is away in some lonely upland, or else hidden in the woodland depths, "but to be come at by the breeze" of fine interpretation. We are most grateful to Professor Knight for all that he has given, but we should desire, in an ideal edition of Wordsworth, something more of interpretative criticism—for instance, in the little summaries of the

year's production prefixed to the poems of each year, which at present are surely a little meagre. Such summaries are among the opportunities of the chronological arrangement here wisely followed.

The question of rightly choosing his texts has involved Professor Knight in some searching of heart. Seeing that Wordsworth altered much, not always wisely, yet at times with extraordinary felicity, neither the plan of "earliest" nor that of "latest" version is without drawbacks. Wordsworth grew in command of style, of dignified and forcible expression, long after the rare and uncertain magic of his early speech had begun to decay; so that his alterations generally improved the weak places and damaged the strong, and, as a rule, made the whole less original if more unequivocally literary. It may fairly be argued that to give the earliest version of each poem is a logical consequence of adopting the chronological arrangement; since the object of this is to facilitate the study of the poet's mind in the growing—as it grew, and not, as in some later hour of retrospective anal-

ysis, he would have desired it to grow. Professor Knight has chosen to give the final version, a plan which has obvious and perhaps decisive advantages, but necessarily not that of facilitating historic study of the poet. The most striking result of this is that he relegates to an appendix the first version of the *Descriptive Sketches*, where the somewhat uncouth young Cumbrian of 1791-93 frames his lips awkwardly enough to echo the exquisite conventionalities of Goldsmith's music, without as yet catching more than a far-off suggestion of his own. A popular edition can hardly avoid some such compromise between the needs of the student of poetic processes and those of the reader of poetry; but it should be recognised that the compromise is made. Within the limits indicated, Professor Knight's edition, so far as it has gone, is an admirable piece of work; and the "editors of the twentieth century," to whom he commends a typographical improvement which struck him too late, are not likely to have an early opportunity of adopting it.

C. H. Herford.

NOVEL NOTES.

DAY BOOKS. By Mabel E. Wotton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

Mr. Zangwill, in a recent causerie, speaks appreciatively of Miss Wotton's *Day-Books*. It is easy to see that Miss Wotton would please Mr. Zangwill; for, first, the very title of her work indicates that she sets out to be an observer—which is bait for Mr. Zangwill's realistic preferences—and, next, the contents of her volume show a subtlety in character study and motive that would rejoice Mr. Zangwill's modernity.

Seriously, there is that which arrests the reader in the present volume. The first story, which fills more than half the book, is its real distinction. It is a study with a strong and not usual motive, which is sustained with great interest and great plausibility of detail. If there is any fault from which Miss Wotton and most modernists suffer, it is a

certain strain of sentiment which accompanies exceeding great subtlety, and which is pronounced in the stories that complete the present volume. Considering its subject, "Morrison's Heir" has very little of this abnormal appearance. We remember that Miss Guiney gave us a situation similar to that of Miss Wotton's first story last year, and that at the time it struck us as both new and intensely dramatic. The hero of the situation was a man who, to shield the woman that he loved, was forced to wrong his family by acknowledging as his heir a child not his own. In both Miss Guiney's and Miss Wotton's stories the woman is innocent of crime; and a situation so extraordinary is not easy to realise in a plausible way. We must admit that Miss Wotton has shown much more creative power, more of the real dramatic instinct than Miss Guiney in the convinc-

ing realism of her story. Character is her main interest, as poetry of situation is Miss Guiney's; and it is characteristic that her story should in the end turn less on this situation than on the problem of a light woman, caring more for the showy protestations of the man who betrayed her and whom she secretly mistrusts than for the silent, unselfish devotion of the man who has sacrificed himself for her honour. Miss Wotton's book has little of what one knows as artistic beauty, but it has virtues of substance and of an independent personality which give it character.

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Mrs. Barr, with all her pleasant talent for story-telling, can hardly rank as an artist. There is no style or other special distinction in her last simple story of the loves of Scotch fisher-folk. Yet if she is not "literary," she makes up for it by many more artless gifts. She has a great deal of winning and unaffected sentiment, and what one might call a "sense" of character. She penetrates it by a sort of natural sympathy rather than by profound psychology or a special genius for observation. The chief personages of the present story are Andrew Binnie and Christine, his sister; Sophy Twill, the petted and spoiled girl, on whom Andrew spends his affection, who falls in love with the "laird" instead, marries him, and dies in that strange transplanting of a broken heart; and Archie Braelands, the laird, whom Mrs. Barr might easily have made a literary hack figure, but intuitively pictures otherwise. Andrew Binnie is the "Knight of the Nets." He is the strong man who gives his whole heart to love, and is not broken by disappointment or loss. There is no attempt at working out a plot from these very simple themes of love; but the characters are all drawn with genuine feeling. Mrs. Barr might very easily be a sentimentalist. She likes to draw with some softening of the lineaments of life, which, beside modern realism, looks a little old-fashioned. But she is not a sentimentalist; she does not belong with the rose water lady novelists. All the people in this story are alive; and it shows the author's happy gift of characterisation that Sophy's tragedy is the result of Archie's amiable

weakness rather than his wickedness; and that Sophy is not completely the frivolous, empty-headed child that elementary fiction would picture her, but has gifts of natural sweetness which make her real and pathetic. Even Andrew is not quite a paragon. He has his selfish man traits. Mrs. Barr is very conscientious about that.

The charm of the story is its simplicity and open-heartedness; and that is a charm which will make its readers overlook some of the weightier concerns of literature.

THE HERB-MOON. A Fantasia by John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25

The Herb-Moon is a less pretentious work than Mrs. Craigie's preceding novel; artistically it is hardly so good as *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickham*. Edward's love history happens in the orderly development of the main story like an interpolation. It is a sudden event without the prelude of causes that we have a right to expect; and with its Meredithian conversations seems even more like an artificial passage than if it were of a piece with the author's usual manner. This book has one characteristic, however, which makes it easier reading than Mrs. Craigie's last novel. It mingles comedy with tragedy in a way that relieves the intensity of the tragic strain. There is a racy, bucolic humour in all Susan's philosophising on the marriage state.

"'The herb-moon?' repeated Rose, stupefied.
"'Aye! that's my name for one of these long courtships. Adam and I did all our courting in a fortnight; that's why we are happy. This walking out with each other year in and year out till all your nerve is gone and you are sick with talking was never to my taste nor to my mother's before me. 'Tisn't natural, and I'm all for nature, I am.'"

This humour is the note of health in a book otherwise given over to suffering in an almost morbid degree.

Mrs. Craigie's work has at first glance a smartness of manner that looks like superficiality. It is misleading. Everything that she writes is planted deep in experience. What seems like cynicism in her work is sincerity, born, perhaps, of some bitterness, but not losing its grasp of a constant ideal. Her charac-

terisation is extraordinary. The study of Rose is the distinction of the present book. We find her a woman who has made a mistaken marriage, and is left with a hopelessly insane husband when yet hardly out of her girlhood.

"She found herself in the terrible position of a young wife with no one to protect her, with no right to accept affection, with no right to bestow it, and with a craving for companionship so compelling, that in stifling it she broke her heart."

A friendship comes into her life which the youth in her instinctively embraces, questioning little. Finally she has to admit its impossibility.

"She watched his love die out. She killed the lover in him just as she had slain the woman in herself. She told her heart, which was too numb to ache, that it was better so. She ceased to care very much for his company; but then she no longer cared for anything: she felt chilled by her own coldness."

Rose's history is a history that would crush the spirit and be impossible as an artistic subject if it were not for the latent idealism in the conception of the story. There is a brave quality in the realisation of Rose's character and its resolute ideal that is tonic. Mrs. Craigie's manner may have a tinge of sensationalism; but her real book is far away from the sensational, in the region of sober experience and strong ideals.

IN SCARLET AND GRAY. By Florence Henniker. THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL. By Thomas Hardy and Florence Henniker. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

It is sufficient to say of these stories that they seem equally inexperienced as to the matter of life with which they deal and as to their artistic treatment. They choose the "shady" subject with a view to the prettiness of the situation, which is the falsest sentiment and the falsest art. In the last story—the joint product of Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Henniker—it is very easy to trace Mr. Hardy in the plot and Mrs. Henniker in the handling. Both writers show off each other to the most extreme disadvantage. Mr. Hardy's plot without his art is revolting; Mrs. Henniker, handling a situation of tremendous dimensions, is pitiful to the last. A girl who has had a secret marriage in her early youth, which was an empty formality, and has been released from its obligations by her lawful husband, is on the eve of marrying another and a

high-minded man, who is ignorant of her history. On the night before her marriage, however, the first man turns up, and in her despair she is tempted into intercourse with him. This is the way Mrs. Henniker describes the tragic moment in which she sits down to write the letter of confession to her intended bridegroom:

"To write that was an imperative duty before she slept. It need not be said that awful, indeed, to her was the object—the letting Lord Parkhurst know that she had a husband and had seen him that day. But she could not shape a single line; and the visioned aspect that she would wear in his eyes as soon as he discovered the truth of her history was so terrible to her that she burst into hysterical sobbing over the paper as she sat."

There is no need in this note to follow to its ironic close a story so repelling and so feebly handled.

APHRODITE. Par Pierre Louÿs. Paris: Société du Mercure de France. Fr. 3.50.

The thread of story running through this book is as follows: Chrysis, a Galilean courtesan living in Alexandria under the Ptolemies, is seen by Demetrius, a famous sculptor, the handsomest man in Egypt and the lover of Queen Berenice, who has begun to bore him. He offers love to Chrysis, whose vanity leads her to refuse him unless he will perform three tasks, involving respectively theft, murder, and sacrilege. He accomplishes them all, and then, by a revulsion of feeling at her depravity, spurns her now that she has fallen violently in love with him, and exacts of her an oath to perform, in her turn, three tasks that end in her imprisonment and death. The story is nothing, and serves only as a pretext for M. Louÿs to give a minute and vivid picture of Bohemian life in Alexandria, as perfect in archæological detail as *Salammbô*, but less burdened by it. He has evidently read widely in the Greek erotic writers, especially in Alciphron, Aristænetus, and the romancers, and has apparently also gone through all the fragments of the Greek comic poets, with Aristophanes and Lucian. The whole thing is done in a Greek spirit, with an apparently complete oblivion of all modern notions of morality, decency, and reserve; and because of the air of perfect unconsciousness with which the author writes, one reads on without being particularly shocked.

But the book is really one that should be in the hands of none but the scholar and the antiquary ; and the fact that it is now in its thirty-fifth edition shows that the *censura morum* in republican France is far less strict than under the Second Empire, which precipitately hailed the author of *Madame Bovary* before the courts.

CAMEOS. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.

THE MIGHTY ATOM. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

THE MURDER OF DELICIA. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

Marie Corelli must be losing sleep in these days. When we reviewed her *Sorrows of Satan* a few months ago, we thought that we were sure of a reasonable period of repose ; but here she crops up again with three new volumes. We hardly think it necessary to display equal energy in reviewing them. Everybody knows by this time what Marie Corelli's books are like, and there are tens of thousands of people who actually buy them and read them with avidity. They are frequently diverting, sometimes smart, occasionally a little vulgar, and always intensely rhetorical. If we had to describe Marie Corelli in terms of literary geography, we should say that she is bounded on the north by Ouida, on the south by Laura Jean Libbey, on the east by Florence Warden, and on the west by Archibald Clavering Gunter. The volumes now before us touch all these various bounding points, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that *Cameos* is a collection of short stories, and that *The Mighty Atom* and *The Murder of Delicia* are not. We feel called upon to remark as an *obiter dictum* that if the author would let up a little on her rhetoric and put more stress on her syntax it would be to the general advantage of her pages ; but, after all, what does it matter ? The people who buy her books will never observe the difference, but will go on saying " between you and I," and eating peas with a knife, and admiring Marie Corelli down to the end of their harmless lives.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL. By Guy Boothby. New York : Ward, Lock & Bowden. \$1.00.

No date fixes the reign of the beautiful white devil, and consequently the

reader is—as *she* was—a good deal at sea. For although her fascinating and dangerous ladyship represents in certain respects the new woman in her newest aspect, in other respects she seems to belong to the time of Captain Kidd. And if it be hard to bring the pirate nearer than that period, and to identify the institution of piracy with contemporary social and commercial conditions, it requires a still greater effort of imagination to conceive of a woman pirate in either ancient or modern times. Mr. Boothby has, however, accomplished it, since that is the theory of his new extravaganza, in which he satirises the recent reversal of the relation of the sexes. The heroine is all that her name implies ; the hero is honest, modest, and virtuous. Their acquaintance comes about through need of his services as a physician on the island where her booty is stored. She seizes and carries him off by force, just as the primitive man used to seize and carry off the primitive woman before we had changed all that. His gentleness disarms her ; her bravery wins his timid heart ; they fall in love, and there is something like a reformation in the feeling if not in the life of the beautiful white devil. She comes finally to an abstract consideration of the archaic idea of marriage, and speaks to her lover touching the matter much as Lafitte might have argued with some timid Creole maiden.

" You have this moment called yourself an honest man," she says to the doctor. " Well, then, judged by your ideas of honesty I am not an honest woman. Look at your own career ; look at the name you have already created for yourself ; think of your future ; then how can I—a woman hunted by every nation, a woman on whose head a price is set, who dares not show her face in a civilised country—allow herself to share that name and that future with you ? . . . You have no idea what an extraordinary existence mine is. Why, my life is one long battle with despair ! I am like a hunted animal flying before that hell-hound man."

But as the good woman used under the old order to resist such arguments against love from the wicked man, so the good man now loves the wicked woman all the more for her crimes. Those who like the peculiar sort of literature which Mr. Guy Boothby produces will probably prefer this to his recent somewhat similar performance in *Dr. Nikola* ; but it is decidedly inferior to *A Bid for Fortune*.

NELL HAFFENDEN. By Tighe Hopkins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

The author has aptly characterised this work as a strictly conventional story. There are no new problems in it, no morbid psychology, no hysterical outbursts. The only kicking against the pricks is the old struggle in a young woman's heart between the domestic instinct fostered by training, and the inclination toward an artistic career that is always inborn. Every woman to whom the divine gift has ever been given, whether much or little, must have known something of this spiritual strife. In Nell Haffenden's case it was, perhaps, fiercer than usual, because she chanced to occupy a very humble place in the world—a place very near the soil, very closely in touch with that unbeautiful and sordid routine of rustic toil most distasteful to the artistic temperament. But the girl's beauty had drawn lovers across the line whereby genius sets its own apart in every station in life; and before she comprehends the unrest which is one of the penalties of the divine gift, she has promised to become the wife of a worthy young farmer. Thus caught, as it were, in a trap set by Fate—for there are none other than kind and honest folk in Mr. Hopkins's tale—the girl makes the fight with her heart for duty that so many older and wiser women have made. She can force herself to churn the cream, but she cannot help moulding the golden rolls into Grecian heads, and naturally the sculpture is better than the butter. To Mr. Tighe Hopkins, at all events, it has been revealed that not all women are created to chronicle small beer; that inherent tendencies may be more powerful than environment with a woman as well as a man; that the subtle, mysterious, elusive, unconquerable, wild thing with wings of flame—which we call genius for lack of a better name—has no sex. Inspiration is its opportunity. It makes its way even over such obstacles as surrounded Nell Haffenden, and about this immortal truth which the world is coming to recognise and to accept the author has woven an interesting story.

OLD COUNTRY IDYLLS. By John Stafford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

In the midst of the restlessness of the present literary movement there are two types of the short story which remain

unchanged and which hold their audience as they have always done. One has for its motive the immortal lovers parted by the plots of the wicked and reunited by the triumph of the good; the other deals with the mysterious murder that is satisfactorily disclosed in the *dénouement*. Both of these time-tried methods are delightfully illustrated in *Old Country Idylls*, which, although it contains no surprises, will be found thoroughly satisfying. Ten tales make the book, and with a single exception they deal with the quiet aspects of English provincial life. The first, "Doris and I," is an idyll indeed, recalling Doris, the shepherd maiden, whose crook was laden with wreathed flowers, whose lap encloses wild summer roses of sweet perfume. The two that follow bear a strong family resemblance to the first.

"The Squire's Amanuensis" moves with a motive long familiar on the stage and in fiction, but we never grow tired of the pretty tale of the unwelcome but worthy young wife who wins the love of her husband's family under some innocent masquerade. "The Vicar of Wrocksley," "Connie," "Elsie," and "Under a Greenwood Tree" have all the same gentle, domestic atmosphere. "Sandro" alone is a dark, tragic tale of mystery and crime, and the work is well wrought out with a firmness of touch that the other stories scarcely prepare the reader for. But the writing throughout is admirable, and in the feeling of the work there are marked spiritual and poetic qualities, as when it records "one of those afterglows which large natures often leave, by which those who knew them in their mortal shining may still find some light to live by;" or describes the simple man who was "content to see the beauty of the mallow-flower without asking why it shuts at noon."

THE FEARSOME ISLAND. By Albert Kinross. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 75 cts.

By means of an appendix the author attempts to envelop his work in an atmosphere of probability. In this appendix it is stated that the work has been founded on an old Spanish history which describes the inhuman career and the diabolical inventions of an infamous alchemist, one Don Diego Rodriguez, who held the office of Grand Inquisitor toward the end of the fifteenth century.

That the historical annals of that period of Spain's history record unimaginable horrors there can be no dispute, but one fails to find within that fact any justification of the literary atrocity which Mr. Albert Kinross has just perpetrated in this twentieth century of assumed civilisation. That any writer who is not a great artist, whose genius comes not at least within hailing distance of Poe's, should venture to conjure up and obtrude such impossible horrors as *The Fearsome Island* stands for, is an unpardonable offence. The feeling of resentment which the work arouses is, in fact, accentuated by the impression that the author held Poe in his mind's eye, although it is hard to say from what the impression comes, unless through the prominence of the black cat which pervades the story like the spirit of the Evil One. But if the writer were really ~~imitating~~ *imitating* of Poe, he seems to have studied the master to little literary purpose, and the archaic affectation of the earlier part of the work—which disappears later—adds to the general awkward unpleasantness of the whole. Nor is there any sort of subtlety in its gruesomeness, which is of the old conventional pattern.

"What makes you up here, old witch, spells and sorcery?" the teller of the tales says to the stereotyped aged crone. "Then I turned to Satan that had dwelt with the witch: 'Knowest thou this lady?' I said in a thick voice. The black cat shrank up to my side, marvellous steady and sober. 'Satan, thou that I bought of a witch, thou that knowest the ways of sorcerers, is it safe to let this old crone live, or shall I hurl her from the turret window?' And with that I drew the hag closer to me, as if to execute my threat."

Along this line the work is merely absurd, and scarcely worthy of comment. But its details of the physical torture of both humanity and the lower animals are so minute and so revolting to every

instinct of refinement, to say nothing of the reserve demanded by literary art, that the reader recoils sickened, and closes many unread pages.

ARTIE. By George Ade. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. 75 cts.

Now and then the reviewer encounters a book that he can examine only conscientiously; that he finds as impossible to read in the ordinary sense of the word as it would be to follow with unnumbered faculties a volume of those meaningless rhymes that children chant at play. *Artie* is a work of that kind, and the only impression to be gathered from it is that the author had *Chimmie Fadden* in mind. Yet the resemblance is very vague, and the story, if it may be called a story, is hardly a book for boys; nor is it a book for girls, nor for men or women, being neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. The most exasperating thing about work of this kind is the impossibility of describing it with fulness sufficient to justify the reviewer's judgment without giving valuable space to worthless quotations. Perhaps, however, a fragment selected at random from similar speeches of "Artie," covering two hundred pages, may serve:

"I told you what he was—a horrible Reub; one o' them fellows that you want to get a crack at the minute you see him. You kind o' feel there's a crack comin' to him. Mame opens the door, and I goes in—purty chilly, too. 'Who's your friend?' I says. She puts on as good a front as she can and says, 'That's Mr. Wilson that was up to the dance that night.' 'Well,' I says, 'he must be a peach to come around here after the way you turned him down.' She tries to pass it off, and says so-and-so and so-and-so about him bein' soft and writin' notes to her all the time. 'Come off,' I says; 'he wouldn't be writin' notes and comin' round here unless he had some pull.'"

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MY LONG LIFE. An Autobiographic Sketch. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke sat down to write of the events of her long life because her nature is grateful and eminently social, and it seemed a pious duty to recall the pleasure afforded her

by an unusual number of friendships and acquaintanceships, with very distinguished persons. But there is, to our mind, something in her account which far outweighs in interest what she has to tell us concerning celebrated people. Let us give precedence, however, to celebrities. Born in 1809, Mrs.

Cowden-Clarke is one of the dwindling number who "once saw Shelley plain"—over the parlour window-blind. Keats was, of course, her husband's school-fellow, and a frequent visitor to her father Vincent Novello's house. She can still remember his reverent look as he leaned against the side of the organ listening to her father's playing. Mary Lamb taught her Latin. Mrs. Shelley wrote Mary Novello's name on her copy of *Frankenstein*. "I can remember once," she writes, "creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was a poet." A little later her dream was to gain a large fortune, set out for Italy, and lay the fortune at Leigh Hunt's feet. She had, at least, one interview with Coleridge. Better than that, she was on the most intimate terms of friendship with Lamb; and she was of the party that day when Lamb started up from dinner, and hastening to the garden gate, opened it for a donkey that had set longing eyes on the grass growing behind the railing. For Lamb's references to her father, see his "Chapter on Ears." Her acquaintance with musicians and actors was very wide. In fact, through her father, her husband, and her gifted sister Clara, the Countess Gigliucci, she came in contact with almost every one of note in all the arts in the first half of this century. Later on, her circle only widened, when she took up her residence abroad. Her social instincts have never dimmed, nor her intellectual interests slackened.

Few of us in this generation have any correct idea as to her industry. We only credit her with the *Shakespeare Concordance* and her *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*. But a list at the end of this book gives her productions as numbering sixty-one, exclusive of the present—a considerable number of these being, of course, verses or essays contributed to magazines and not reprinted in volumes—while she collaborated with her husband in six works. Fiction, verses, commentaries, biographies, essays, literary reminiscences, Shakespeare lore, dramatic criticism, the theory of music—her active brain busied itself over all these usefully, if not with brilliance. Her latest book is not an autobiography in any strict sense. The last

two-thirds of it read like a record of holidays. She speaks, indeed, feelingly of her great bereavements; but save for that, you would think her life had had no shadow. She evidently did not think it worth while to note reverses and disappointments. But then she has never pretended to have the art to depict anything save the outside of things—and that only in the simplest, most childlike way. But without art, and seemingly without thought, she has given us some admirable pictures, and roused keen interest in one of her personages—namely, herself. There is a glow of health about the book, there is a bewildering vitality. Music, the theatre, literature, were never mere luxurious sweeteners of living; they were matters of first-rate importance to her from the beginning, and she was nourished on the best of them. Her long and happy married life, begun when she was seventeen, continued her opportunities, and doubled her enthusiasms. But the Cowden-Clarks did not take their life or their enthusiasms cheaply. Frugality was for long a stern necessity, and they liked it. As dramatic critic for the *Examiner*, Cowden-Clarke went his round of the theatres with his wife, both always on foot. All kinds of drudgery had to be got through to eke out their small means, Mary doing her part from the first, and they thought life a delightful holiday. It was so all along. Sight-seeing, compiling her concordance, acting in Dickens's dramatic company, exploring new countries, hearing new music—for everything she had an inexhaustible fund of energy. She must have been tired many a time: she doesn't think it worth while mentioning. You only hear of a fresh enterprise, a fresh enjoyment. She is all gratitude and eagerness. Even her experience of publishers "has been most agreeable." And there is no sign of decaying interest so late as 1891, when at the age of eighty-two she attended with full enjoyment the Mozart Musikfest in Salzburg, going on afterward to Dresden, where she says, "We made it our rule, as before, to enjoy every performance at the Hoftheater."

Though *A Long Life* cannot rank high among literary reminiscences, surely its revelation of time-defying youth must long give it a sympathetic place in a reader's memory.

(1) IN THE SOUTH SEAS. (2) FABLES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of these two books one is so slight that it is doubtful "whether it would have seen the light had the author lived;" the other, Stevenson confessed to be one of his literary failures. The *South Sea Letters* were perhaps as much a piece of hackwork as he ever attempted. He spared no pains on them, but literary inspiration failed him from the first. The load of matter was too heavy a lift for the artist. Then Colvin wrote discouragingly, and the author was stung to reply: "These letters were never meant and are not now meant to be other than a quarry of material from which the book may be drawn;" which was, after all, only a confession of his own discouragement. The book never was drawn; the thought of it was abandoned until, as Mr. Colvin tells us in the preface, when the Edinburgh edition was under discussion, Stevenson desired a volume made out of selections from the existing chapters.

So much for these books, judged by the strict standards of Stevenson's finished artistic work and his own and Mr. Colvin's exacting estimates. But judging by the reader who cannot find anything that Stevenson did lacking in notable interest, they have a special place in the Stevensonian library. The author said truly of these *South Sea Letters* that however "poor as literature," he believed them to be "readable and interesting as matter." They are that, and for precisely the reason that Stevenson himself quarried the matter. Other writers might accurately observe and neatly record what they saw. The present writer has hardly professed to do more. But the fact is, it was Stevenson's personality which made him so rare an observer, and gave him opportunities so unusual for observation. He was a man whose versatility and extraordinary sympathy made him immediately an intimate with the most alien humanity. He saw the familiar where other people would have discovered only the preposterous; and he was always not only observer, but friend. Listen to this, for instance:

"When I desired any detail of savage custom, or of superstitious belief, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait of equal barbarism: Michael Scott,

Lord Derwentwater's head, the second-sight, the Water Kelpie—each of these I have found to be a killing bait. . . . The native was no longer ashamed, his sense of kinship grew warmer, and his lips were opened."

The *Fables* are delightful, and we need not say are food for lovers of the esoteric Stevenson. That the writer of *Will of the Mill*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and, we may add, *Prince Otto*, should find an attraction in this form of literary art, goes without Mr. Colvin's affirmation. We do not know whether their present order in the volume is chronological, but should say it is approximately so. The lively *insouciance* of the opening fables sounds like the young Stevenson; and among them we particularly recommend "The Devil and the Inn-Keeper" and "The Yellow Paint." Those which close the volume have the deepening poetry, the vital and moving quality which mark the author's last work, and which grew with the humanising growth of his art. "The Poor Thing" is a fable as intense and graphic in conception as any we have ever read and as anything else that Stevenson ever did. "The House of Eld" is the only other fable in the volume that begins to match it for power and human significance.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE. From Mediæval to Modern Times. By Georgiana Hill. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. \$7.50.

These two large volumes have a becomingly formidable look, for the subject is a vast one and not easy to deal with. But Mrs. Hill has made them very easy reading—far too easy, in fact, to be of much service. It is a pleasant, a sensible, and a slipshod book. Even readers who ransack it for material for their debating club essays—and it has an air of being addressed to such—will occasionally wish that it were a little more definite, and that it condescended a little oftener to statistics. Of course, the subject is too large to be dealt with, even in two volumes, otherwise than superficially, and a superficial survey would be quite unobjectionable did Mrs. Hill take more pains to sift her authorities. A quotation is evidently, to her, evidence, and many of her quotations are most trifling. Also, for some of her boldest statements, those she has thought out for herself, she has failed to find sufficient contemporary corroboration. For instance, she holds that

what the Church did for women with one hand it undid with the other. This is a point worth making on a subject about which much nonsense is talked; it should have been clinched with a definite, if arid, account of the privileges and disabilities of women under the mediæval and modern Church. Still, on the whole, the earlier portion of the book, with its account of how great ladies spent their time, how girls were educated as scholars in one generation and neglected in another, with the stories of women's social and indirect political influence, is very readable.

The later portion, however, will be scanned most closely. It deals with women in factories, in sisterhoods, in politics, and so on. Here Mrs. Hill shows herself to be rather well informed than an authority. She despises statistics, and prefers anecdotes. But though it is consoling to know that Miss Becker was no monstrosity, seeing she could dance the "hop-waltz," there should have been room, in two volumes, for many useful, as well as many agreeable facts; and a few accurate figures would have given a backbone to the chapters dealing with women's employments. She has, indeed, taken pains to collect some names and dates connected with the Suffrage movement, but as a picture of the complicated condition of that movement to-day, her account is practically useless. In the chapter dealing with political work there is one very important and misleading omission, while—and this is almost incomprehensible—the question of women's trades unions is ignored; yet the wages question is the key to the whole position toward which Mrs. Hill would have modern women strive.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

In our September number we announced that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company had in preparation a new edition of Mrs. Stowe's works. Three volumes of the Riverside edition, as it is to be called, have now appeared; the remaining thirteen volumes are promised to follow in rapid succession. The volumes already published show marks of very thorough editing, and enough is said of the excellence of the typography and binding when we say that

they are in uniform style with the same edition of the works of Longfellow, Emerson, and other authors issued by the Riverside Press. The titles are *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, and *Agnes of Sorrento*. If Mrs. Stowe had never written *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she would by virtue of these books alone—and we ought to add *Old Town Folks*—have held a high rank in literature. We commend this edition heartily; those who have learned to value Mrs. Stowe's works will be grateful to the publishers for the resuscitation of these books, which form a rich and permanent part of American literature. Each volume has a beautiful frontispiece and an appropriate vignette on the title-page. (Price, \$1.50 per volume.)

The same firm has also published a new edition of the collected poems of Celia Thaxter, which is fitly called the Appledore Edition. Great care has been taken in this collection to keep to her own arrangement and to the order in which the poems were originally published. "In this way," says Miss Jewett, from whose charming preface we quote, "they seem to make something like a journal of her daily life and thought, and which mark the constantly increasing power of observation which was so marked a trait in her character." The book is beautifully bound and printed, and affords readers an opportunity to add this volume, complete in itself, to the volume of her *Letters*, which was published last year. (Price, \$1.50.) There seems to be no end to the ingenuity with which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company evolve new books out of the work of the great English poet Browning. The latest form which this has taken is a *Browning Phrase-Book*. (Price, \$3.00.) This achievement has been done by Miss Marie Ada Molineux, who has worked so thoroughly and intelligently and so patiently on her task that hardly a quotable phrase used by Browning has escaped her eye. The references have been made in order to work with the Cambridge edition of Browning's works in one volume, as well as the Riverside edition in six volumes, and is brought out uniform with both of these editions.

The Macmillan Company have added another volume by Miss Edgeworth to their *Illustrated Standard Novel Se-*

ries. *Helen*, a story which Mrs. Gaskell in her day used to say was one of the best of all English novels, is remarkable as a piece of admirable writing. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, writes the introduction. Age evidently does not seem to have dimmed Miss Edgeworth's brightness of intellect, nor to have divided her from the interests of the generations which had followed upon her own, for she was getting to be quite an old woman, and ten years of silence had intervened, before she once more began to write this novel. The illustrations in pen and ink, by Chris Hammond, are full of the spirit and humour of the times in which the plot is laid. (Price, \$1.50.) To their edition of the novels of Björnson, edited by Edmund Gosse, the same firm has added a translation of *The Fisher Lass*, which is the fourth volume of the series. (Price, \$1.25.) The Macmillan Company have also published another volume of their beautiful edition of Balzac, the new volume being *The Country Parson*, with a preface by George Saintsbury and etchings by W. Boucher. (Price, \$1.25.) *Virgin Soil*, by the Russian writer Tuigenev, translated by Constance Garnett, in two volumes, forms the sixth and seventh volumes of this series, which still leaves *The Sportsman's Sketches*, also to be published in two volumes, to complete the edition. (Price, \$1.25 per volume.) *Robert Helmont: the Diary of a Recluse* has also been added by this firm to their picturesque edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet. (Price, \$1.00.) It is a sufficient guarantee of the superior excellence of the book-making of both these volumes to remind our readers that they are made in England by the Messrs. Dent.

The Messrs. Scribner have recently issued three more volumes of the works of Eugene Field. *The Holy Cross and Other Tales* contains five new stories in addition to those in the original volume issued under this title; the material for the *Second Book of Tales* is made up for the most part from those which remained unpublished in book form at the time of Mr. Field's death; while in *Songs and Other Verse*, the last of the three, there have been gathered some four score unpublished poems, which include a great variety of verse grave

and gay, the quality of which is on a level with the best of his published work. The songs have the lyric lilt which was Field's most charming quality. Lovers of Eugene Field will be glad to have an opportunity of adding these new volumes of his collected writings to their library. (Price, \$1.25 per volume.)—Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley has added a new translation to the many which she has already furnished of Balzac's novels in the popular edition published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. *The Lesser Bourgeoisie*, which forms one of the series of "Scenes from Parisian Life," is the new title. (Price, \$1.50.)—Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the celebrated Shakespearean editor, has made an interesting book in *Shakespeare the Boy*. He has sought to recall a picture of Stratford-on-Avon as it must have been when Shakespeare was living his boyhood there, and incidentally surrounds him with the influences which may have affected the character of the great dramatist in his youth. Dr. Rolfe has not only succeeded in calling up to our imagination the scenes in which Shakespeare's boyhood was probably passed, but he has also almost unconsciously afforded us a contemporary picture of the conditions of life which moulded our ancestors in the time of Henry the Eighth. The book is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with the notes and index which we should expect from so able a bibliographer as Dr. Rolfe. (Price, \$1.25.)—Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlin, whose nightly essayettes under the heading of "The Listener" in the Boston *Evening Transcript* play the part of a modern *Spectator*, is perhaps not so well known beyond the city in which his observations on things in general have birth. But for a long time he has been urged to make a selection of these *Spectator*-like writings of his, and Messrs. Copeland and Day have succeeded in publishing two dainty little volumes which are respectively entitled *The Listener in the Town* and *The Listener in the Country*. We hope these little volumes will find a ready circulation, for they afford us a close observation of nature and human nature, and make most delightful reading. The subjects are mostly universal and trite, but the treatment is far from being so. Mr. Chamberlin always seems to have a fresh point of view, is

always genial, and although a note of sadness may creep in here and there, the dominant chord is one of philosophic calm and mental equipoise. (Price, 75 cents per volume.)

Mr. Edward Arnold has issued a new edition, the third, of Dean Hole's *Little*

Tour in Ireland, with illustrations by John Leech. The book is worth the price, if only for the illustrations; but those who are acquainted with Dean Hole's "Recollections" know how readable and racy is everything that he writes. (Price, \$1.50.)

SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Whenever we say anything about the use of the objective case after a passive verb we always soon after receive a shoal of letters, pointing out how innumerable grammars of the English language allow the use of this construction, and triumphantly asking what we have to say to that! The people who write these letters are enthralled by the pitiful American superstition which enshrines the dictionary and grammar as divinely inspired oracles, and do not know, poor things, that dictionaries are largely put together by unauthoritative young women at so much per mile, and that the production of a new grammar is getting to be one of the earliest and most certain symptoms of general paresis. These people will find comfort in a dictum of the latest English grammar that has come to us from the American Book Company, and that bears upon its title-page the names of Professor W. M. Baskervill and Mr. J. W. Sewell. On page 242 they repeat the dogmatic assertion common in many manuals, that "sometimes the indirect object of the active verb becomes the subject of the passive, and the direct object is retained; for example, 'She is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy; 'I was shown an immense sarcophagus.'" It will be observed that the authors in the first example give a verb with an infinitive as an object, so as to make the sentence grate less upon one's linguistic nerves, and that they regard the verb of teaching as governing one accusative and one dative, instead of two accusatives as usually explained. In doing this, they probably take their stand on the undoubted fact that the Anglo-Saxon verb *tacan* shows this use, though other verbs of teaching in Anglo-Saxon regularly show the double accusative. This is clever of Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell, because it enables them to work

their principle of analogy here as they are fond of doing elsewhere, and thus inciting other grammatical writers who do not possess their knowledge of historical linguistics to push the thing still further and to intensify the prevalent belief that English is in reality a grammarless tongue. Then learners will be as much confused as they will by the reference to the dative case in the index to the present volume, though we can find no mention of that case as such in the body of the text. (Price, 90 cents.)

From the same firm comes *Practical Rhetoric*, by Professor J. D. Quackenbos, a beautifully printed book of 477 pages. The author's long and most successful experience and his excellent judgment are everywhere conspicuous, and it is a pleasure to turn over its pages and read his sensible remarks and the wealth of apt quotations wherein these dicta find ample illustration. Particularly good is the scant shrift that he gives to affected absurdities of pronunciation (p. 159); and we could wish to see in every school so wise a monitor as this book affords regarding the hydra-headed misusages and barbarisms that everywhere spring up to vulgarise our language. (Price, \$1.00.)

Mr. Arlo Bates's *Talks on Writing English*, originally given by the author to the Lowell Free Classes, are admirable reading and gave us an agreeable surprise, for we had looked for something more academic and hence less practically useful. We have often expressed our scepticism as to the real value of any book as a means of inculcating the formation of a good English style; but at least this work of Mr. Bates's affords one of the best of good examples of what a style should be in its easy, simple, and often pointed sentences, and, above all, in its genial and sympathetic manner, than which "

have seen nothing of the kind more charming. It is distinctly modern, too, in its allusions, and we see the morals pointed with pertinent bits of illustration from Stevenson and Pater and Vernon Lee and *The Heavenly Twins*, as freely as from older books and authors. Every chapter is excellent reading, and full of very acute observation and of common sense; and we think that the old literary hand will enjoy and appreciate Mr. Bates's sayings even more than will the persons for whom they are immediately intended. We wish, in particular, that we could quote a page or two from his concluding chapter, which treats of Style, and which really embodies some very profound and subtle truths; but we must content ourselves with giving the book a hearty commendation, and advising all our readers to peruse it. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Century Company sends us *Rhymes of the States*, by Garrett Newkirk, illustrated by Harry Fenn after sketches by the author. This relieves Mr. Fenn of a heavy responsibility, for while the sketches are admirably done, they are run together in a scrappy and confusing way that is not likely either to attract or to inform. The book gives on one page the principal statistics about a State, and on the opposite page the aforesaid sketches with some verses that are intended to fix in children's memories the chief fact or facts of the State's history. Mr. Newkirk says that in writing the rhymes he has taken as his model the famous "Thirty days hath September," etc. This is a pretty ambitious thing to do, for we do not believe that there is a single man alive who could make to order such verses as those of which every casual child in the street possesses a large collection. They are doggerel, of course, but in a way they are marvels, because of their extraordinary mnemonic quality, and this quality is due to their construction. Take this quatrain, for instance, that children repeat in their play:

" The first the worst,
The second the same,
The last the best
Of all the game."

Now it is impossible to read that over once and not remember it for the rest of one's life. It sticks in the memory like

a burr. Why? Because talent went to its construction, and because its metrical qualities are subtle and ingenious to a degree. We are not going to say anything more about it, but we should like to have some teacher of English composition give it out to a class for an analysis of the sources of its mnemonic suggestiveness, and if the analysis be a good one, we will publish it in *THE BOOKMAN* with the author's name.

Among recent publications in Latin we notice a collection of short stories from Aulus Gellius, edited for sight-reading by Dr. Charles Knapp, of Barnard College. (American Book Company. 40 cents.) These stories are well selected, and their appearance is one of the welcome signs that American teachers are shaking off the thralldom of English and Italian classical traditions, which forbade a young student to read any Latin earlier than Cicero or later than Livy.—Messrs. Ginn and Company have brought out the select orations of Cicero, being a revision, by Professor Greenough and Mr. G. L. Kittredge, of the old Allen and Greenough edition. The changes in form, arrangement, and treatment are so extensive as to make it substantially a new work, and it has a large number of illustrations and plans from good sources, these being indicated in the index. The use of the character *j* in both text and notes gives the pages something of an old-fashioned look, but we quite agree that the comfort of young students is subserved by this anachronism.

Professor Florian Cajori, of Colorado College, is the author of a *History of Elementary Mathematics*, published by the Macmillan Company (\$1.50). It is drawn in part from Dr. Cajori's larger work on the general history of mathematics that appeared last year, and differs from that book and from the similar and very popular book by Ball, in confining itself to an account of the development of arithmetical, algebraic, geometrical, and trigonometrical studies, omitting applied and transcendental mathematics. We look at it from the point of view of the non-specialist, and must pronounce it a most instructive and at the same time very readable piece of work, full of curious facts that form part of a wider history—the history of

the intellectual development of mankind.

A very attractive and novel feature of *Elements of Geometry*, by Professors A. W. Phillips and Irving Fisher, of Yale University, is found in the illustration of the portion which relates to the Geometry of Space, by means of very finely executed half-tone engravings made from photographs of actual models. These make the demonstration as clear

to the student's mind as would the presence of the models themselves, so that the book furnishes the teacher with a practical apparatus for his work such as could otherwise be provided only at a very considerable cost. The idea is itself an admirable one, and is in harmony with the general excellence of the whole work, whose clearness of exposition is well mated with typographical perfection. (Harper and Brothers.)

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The readers of *THE BOOKMAN* may not all be familiar with a new attempt to render available the constantly increasing and very formidable mass of material contained in the current numbers of periodicals. The Public Library of Cleveland, O., has undertaken to issue what it styles a *Cumulative Index to Periodicals*, of which the fourth number has just appeared. It is proposed to issue this monthly, and each month's issue will contain all the items indexed in the previous months from the beginning of the year. The December number will thus cover the whole year, and will be issued in cloth binding for permanent preservation. This undertaking seems to have been carried out excellently thus far, and deserves encouragement.

At a recent meeting of the English Association of Librarians an interesting paper was read by Mr. H. R. Tedder concerning the present status of a universal catalogue of English literature. This scheme, which has occupied the attention and excited the desire of librarians and scholars for many years, does not seem to be approaching any practical realisation. The Association has deliberated on the matter for nearly twenty years, and the only hopeful feature in the situation is the publication of the British Museum Catalogue. This, it is estimated, contains perhaps sixty per cent of the whole body of English publications. Mr. Tedder makes the proposal to excerpt the English titles from the British Museum Catalogue, and to supplement them with titles derived from a large variety of other bibliographical works from a preliminary rough catalogue. Any such

undertaking which promises reasonable success, completeness and accuracy, will be only possible for the State. The fullest catalogues in existence fall far short of completeness, and it is completeness that is chiefly valuable and that is also the greatest cause of expense. Considerable sums are being expended by private enterprise, and much time wasted in libraries and in the book trade because of the lack of such comprehensive national lists to register and identify the entire book product of a people. It is an undertaking worthy of the State, and, if ever realised in any country, it will be of the greatest value.

Mr. John MacMullen, who was for a number of years Librarian of the Society Library in New York City, and who has been for the past few years a member of the staff of the Columbia University Library, died on September 11th. Mr. MacMullen was one of the oldest librarians in the country, a graduate of Columbia College (1837), and remained in library work until practically the last day of his life.

The Cornell University Library Bulletin has gone the way of a number of similar publications issued by university libraries. Its latest number announces that the publication is to be discontinued.

Public libraries in the United States are often housed in strange localities. It remained for an English municipality, Dewsbury, to project and complete a structure, one part of which was devoted to a public library and the other to public baths. This library has just been dedicated. This novelty may seem worth copying.

The University of Freiburg, in Germany, is one of the latest universities to have a new library building. Such a structure is in process of erection at an expense of \$150,000.

The Bulletin of the National Library at Florence gives the number of books issued in Italy during the year 1895 at 9437. It may be interesting to compare this with the number reported in the United States for the same period, 5469; while the product of Germany was 23,607.

The library schools which have sprung up in this country during the past few years continue to prosper, and are unable to accommodate all their applicants. The Pratt Institute Library School, in Brooklyn, has just added a second year to its course, and this is to be devoted chiefly to advanced work in cataloguing and bibliography. Much of its work is to be done at the Lenox Library, in New York.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the American Library Association was held from September 1st to September 8th at Cleveland, O. It was eminently successful in point of numbers and enthusiasm. A glimpse at its programme and at the list of persons present shows how pre-eminently the free public libraries have seized upon and now carry on this Association. The same thing seems to be true of the similar Association in England. While the librarians of the larger and more scholarly libraries now and then attend and are made welcome, the Association finds its chief support and work among the custodians of the free circulating libraries, and its programmes as well as its membership are largely recruited from this source. Mr. W. H. Brett, librarian of the Cleveland Public Library, was chosen President for the coming year. The Association expects to make a trip to Europe next year, holding one part of its annual meeting there. The usual post-conference trip was carried out by many of the members. It consisted of an excursion to the Mackinac.

The Teachers' College, in New York City, has appointed as its librarian Miss Elizabeth G. Baldwin, who has been for eight years in the cataloguing department of Columbia University Library. Miss Elizabeth G. Denio, who was the former librarian of this library, resigned some months since on account of illness.

Mr. Edwin H. Woodruff has resigned the librarianship of the Stanford University, and has been appointed Professor of Law at Cornell. Mr. Woodruff seems to be one of those librarians versatile enough to take up any profession with success. Mr. Herbert C. Nash has been appointed Mr. Woodruff's successor at the Stanford University.

The Massachusetts Library Club held its annual meeting on October 7th at Woburn. This club is in a flourishing and active condition. It took up, among other topics, the theme which seems to be engaging the attention of a good many libraries in Europe at present, the difficulties in the decimal classification and their adjustment.

The Howard Memorial Library, at New Orleans, has been giving considerable attention recently to its collection of Louisianian historical material; and its collection is said to be the best in existence in that field. Its librarian, Mr. Beer, is acting as consulting librarian of the new public library which is being inaugurated in New Orleans. This will start with the consolidated collections of two or three old libraries, and ought to perform an important work in library development in the South.

Among recent changes in library positions should be noted that of the appointment, in the Jersey City Free Public Library, of Miss Esther E. Burdick as librarian in place of Mr. George W. Cole, who resigned some time since on account of ill-health. Miss Burdick has been acting librarian since Mr. Cole's resignation, and her success is attested by her appointment to the librarianship.

The new library building of Princeton University, which has been made possible by the beneficence of some friend of that institution, is being rapidly pushed forward. The building will be, when complete, one of the most important of American university library structures. It is to cost some \$500,000, and will provide accommodation for 1,000,000 volumes.

The new building of the Columbia University Library, at Morningside Heights, is rapidly approaching completion, the main structure being substantially completed and roofed over. The construction of the central dome will, however, require some further time.

The purchase by the Yale University Library of the collection of the late Professor Gneist, which has already been reported in these columns, finally fell through after the collection had been shipped to this country.

The library of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has been enriched by the gift of the collections of ex-Governor Alphæus Felch, chiefly rich in American history.

A new library building has recently been dedicated for the Western Reserve University, at Cleveland. It is a structure in English Gothic, and holds about 50,000 volumes.

The Wisconsin Historical Society is erecting on the University grounds, at Madison, a new library building.

The trustees of Yale University have set apart a recent bequest of \$200,000 from the Thomas Sloan estate as a library fund.

George H. Baker.

A great deal of demoralising drivell

has been written and published during the past few weeks with regard to the rejection by the Boston Public Library of the Macmonnies Bacchante. For our part, we think that the action of the Committee in rejecting it was not only justifiable, but deserving of the highest possible commendation. The artistic merits of the statue do not enter into the question at all. A public library is supposed to stand for the intellectual elevation of the community at large, and to be a purifying and inspiring influence. Hence we fail to see the appropriateness of giving place within its walls to a work of art, however meritorious, whose subject and associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. It would be little more out of place in the vestibule of a church. We congratulate Boston upon the possession of a body of cultivated men who with so much courage and good taste are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

During the past two months we have received a swarm of letters and post-cards embodying much trenchant criticism of THE BOOKMAN'S diction and of its stylistic usages. We salute our highly esteemed and sprightly correspondents; and we now stand forth to receive their epistolary spear-points full in the centre of our editorial shield.

I.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, of Gramercy Square, in this city, writes two very amusing letters, in which with the greatest good humour he runs a tilt against us. In the first place, he calls our attention to the fact that in our last number (p. 78) we have allowed one of our reviewers to remark, "We are accorded an insight," and asks us what we have to say. We reply with grief that we have nothing at all to say, except that we failed to observe the atrocity in reading the proofs. Unfortunately the editor who has charge of the passive voice was taking his annual vacation at the time, so that things went wrong in his department. This, we are painfully

aware, is only an explanation, and not an excuse; and we assure our correspondent that we feel properly humiliated. Mr. Sage next proceeds to point out that the latest catalogue of Columbia University contains the clause "nor will he be given credit." Well, what of it? We didn't write the catalogue of Columbia University, Had we done so, this thoroughly detestable construction would not have been permitted to pollute its pages. Then Mr. Sage quotes from p. 3 of the September BOOKMAN the expression "different *to*," and wants to know whether it is good English. We should say not, nor good American either; but it is excellent British. The paragraph in question was furnished to us by a literary Briton, and we let him write it in his own language, just as we should have accorded the same privilege to a Frenchman or a German. "Different *to*" has, however, the sanction of Thackeray's usage, apropos of which they relate that the great novelist, who was not above fishing for compliments, once asked James Russell Lowell whether there was any-

thing anachronistic to be observed in the English of *Henry Esmond*, and whether its language was not strictly Addisonian. To which Mr. Lowell, with a rather quizzical look, replied, "Do you think, now, that Addison would have written 'different to'?" Mr. Sage winds up by observing that when we reply to criticisms, he thinks that we ought to give the names of the persons referred to. We shall do so with pleasure whenever we are perfectly sure that the persons in question are willing to have their names appear; but many of our correspondents write anonymously and others very informally, so that we do not want to get into trouble by giving them a perhaps unexpected publicity. We gladly give Mr. Sage's name, however, and if he will write us some more of his clever notes we will glorify him in Long Primer or Old English or any other kind of letters, for he certainly deserves any typographical distinction that may suit his taste. We hope, also, that our space will permit us to print his next communication in full, for the general delectation of our readers.

II.

Some one, over the signature "B," sends us from the St. Denis Hotel the following query:

"How does the *Sun's* critic (i.e., THE BOOKMAN) justify 'She has taken a place among this class of writers'?"

We are inclined to think that our correspondent does not quite understand the essence of the subject that he (or she) is trying to tackle. We advise him (or her) to go back and peruse our former observations and then cogitate for a while over the matter.

III.

Two letters of like purport have come to us. We print the shorter of the two.

"In Mrs. Lynn Linton's paper on George Henry Lewes and Thornton Hunt she seems to imply that she has elsewhere written in defence of Mr. Lewes's wife, and (by implication) in condemnation of George Eliot's connection with Mr. Lewes. Can you inform me where I can find her discussion of the subject?"

In a paper published by Mrs. Linton in the English periodical called *The Woman at Home* for September, 1895. We may say that the publication of Mrs. Linton's book, to be entitled *My Literary Life*,

containing these interesting chapters of literary history, has been postponed until after Christmas.

IV.

A clergyman writes us from Trumansburg, N. Y., asking us to beg the *Chap Book* to mend its typographical ways and employ a proof-reader occasionally. We said something on the subject not very long ago, but it was of no avail, so that we have given it up. To tell the truth, we have trouble enough in getting our own pages into reasonably good shape without taking upon ourself the responsibility of our contemporary's internal affairs.

V.

In our June number we related three anecdotes which, as we said, "cast a lurid light upon the literary culture of East, West, and South respectively." Now comes a letter from Philadelphia taking us to task for our use of the word "lurid." "The writer certainly means a red light," says our correspondent, and goes on to point out with some etymological detail that "lurid" cannot mean "red," etc., etc., etc. Well, now, how does he know that we "certainly meant red"? We didn't. We meant a weird, ghastly, diabolical light—in fact, a lurid light, just as we said. Our correspondent is a good etymologist, but he would starve as a mind-reader.

VI.

We have received the following query:

"In the September number of THE BOOKMAN, your Paris correspondent gives an estimate of Mr. Edmond de Goncourt which speaks of his 'insincerity,' of 'his literary pose,' of 'his moral cancer,' with much more to the same effect. *Germinie Lacerteux* is characterized as 'dull and ill constructed.' May one who has always read THE BOOKMAN very carefully and who values its critical opinions very highly ask whether this estimate by Mr. Sherard coincides with your own?"

This is perhaps a good opportunity for us to say that we are by no means bound by our various contributors' opinions. When signed articles appear in THE BOOKMAN they must be understood as embodying only the views of the writer who signs them. Of course we should not admit to our columns any article that seemed to us lacking in essential critical ability; but we must recognise that in most questions there ex-

ist great differences of opinion, and we believe in giving both sides a fair hearing. As to the matter touched upon by our correspondent, we are free to say that we totally disagree with Mr. Sheppard, and as to *Germinie Lacerteux*, we regard it as one of the great novels of the century—almost epoch-making, in fact, as exercising a very powerful influence on the methods of subsequent realists both in France and England.

VII.

Some one who is rather belated in his impulse to write to us sends us a long

letter protesting against our defence of the construction "the United States *is*," and attacking our assertion that the name "United States" embodies a singular concept as denoting a political entity. We do not feel disposed to continue the discussion of the point any further. Groping about in the dim recesses of our memory, we have a vague sort of notion that there were once some battles and things that had to do with the settlement of this question; but, anyhow, we are content to rest our case on what we have already said regarding it.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1896.

The annual text-book sales have been the feature of the past month's business, and the season having been late in opening, these sales still continue. There has been nothing of marked importance in this line, the majority of publishers reporting a slight increase in orders, but without a corresponding increase in sales. The following list of books includes some of those most largely used in their various branches of study: Frye's Series of Geographies, Chardenal's French Course, Hyde's Language Series, and Allen and Greenough's Latin Books.

Trade in miscellaneous stock has continued very quiet, the tendency to hold off till the Presidential election being unusually noticeable, some buyers declining to place stock orders altogether, and others asking that orders shall be held until the result of the election is known.

City trade is very dull; the book dealer's complaints are numerous, and will probably increase when it is noticed that some of the large department stores are again using popular books for leaders at prices in some cases below cost. This is a practice which demoralises bookbuyers and must eventually hurt the publishers, who should take decided measures to stop it.

Notwithstanding the above unfortunate state of affairs, it is encouraging to note the publishers' evident faith in a good autumn business. It seems as if more new books were coming out this season than ever before, and in looking these over, it is interesting to notice that while fiction leads in point of numbers there is a very large percentage of miscellaneous subjects and an unusual amount of juvenile literature.

The month's sales of fiction have been led by *The Damnation of Theron Ware*; *A Singular Life* has been a good second, and these have been closely followed by *King Noanett*, *Checkers*, and *Without Sin*. The popularity of *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *Barabbas*, and *The House Boat on the Styx* still continues,

and with the presence of Ian Maclaren in this country, an increased demand for his popular *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and other volumes is quite evident.

The month's publications include books of first importance, such as Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady*, *The Heart of Princess Osra*, by Anthony Hope, and *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett, while others of interest and worthy of special mention are *A Tragic Idyll*, by Paul Bourget, *Love in Old Clothes*, by H. C. Bunner, *The Murder of Delicia*, by Marie Corelli, and *The Regicides*, by Frederick Hull Cogswell.

A perceptible falling off in the demand for currency books has not, however, reduced the call for this class of literature, and *Coin's Financial School*, *White's Money and Banking*, and *Walker's International Bimetallism* are still selling rapidly.

Li Hung Chang's visit created some demand for works on China and Eastern countries generally, so that *A Cycle of Cathay*, by W. A. P. Martin, has proved an opportune book. *With Fire and Sword in the Soudan* continues to sell, and the publishers announce a new and cheaper edition now in preparation.

While at present there is no special demand for religious works, a number of new books have been brought out, notably *Year Books*, such as *Good Cheer for a Year*, by Phillips Brooks, and *A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavour*, by Eleanor Amerman. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's *Beulah Land* will also be appreciated.

The list given below is that of the best-selling books for the month, and is composed almost entirely of fiction:

- The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

- Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. \$2.00.
 Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cents.
 Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 Reds of the Midi. By Félix Gras. \$1.50.
 Checkers. By H. M. Blossoms, Jr. \$1.25.
 Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. \$1.25.
 The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. \$1.25.
 Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. \$1.50.
 Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. \$1.25.
 Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
 The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1896.

The best thing that can be said of the opening of the autumn business this year is that it is certainly better than what most people expected. As the trade, however, in view of the experience of the last two or three years, is inclined to be decidedly pessimistic in its forecasts, this statement may not be as satisfactory as it appears at first sight. Every day makes it more evident that were this an ordinary year, with no money question and no Presidential election to disturb things, business would be better, relatively, than it has been for a long time, and the trade would be congratulating itself upon the dawning of a new era of business activity and prosperity.

So far, sales in the country have been rather light in their cash value, but fairly plentiful in number, and as many dealers openly confess that they are holding off for a time, but expect to buy later on, it looks as if the expectations formed last month in regard to trade during the holidays will be fulfilled. New novels are selling better, perhaps, than anything else, and even the smaller dealers, who combine books with a little of everything else under the sun, are interesting themselves largely in forthcoming fiction and the other important books to be published this season.

September business shows an increase over that of August, but it ran pretty much along the same lines. Sales of financial books declined a good deal, and it is felt that we are within measurable distance of the end of the recent extraordinary demand, and from now on sales of this class of literature will not much exceed the normal. New books sold well last month and so did staple miscellaneous books, but in other lines the demand was lighter than usual.

Judging from the announcements—a full list of which is now before the trade—one would think that the book business is in a very flourishing condition, for they are unusually generous. Indeed it is difficult to decide whether quality or quantity is their most marked feature, both being so much in evidence. Fiction of course plays the prominent part, with Juveniles next, but History, Biography, and every other class appear to be richer than usual.

The visit of "Ian Maclaren" to this country is causing an increased demand for his books, and advance orders for *Kate Carnegie* are daily being recorded.

The September list of new publications is unusually large, even for the season, and is notable besides for the quality of the books published. Fiction was well represented by a large number of works, many of which will be, no doubt, important factors in autumn trade. *Sir George Tressady*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, *The Herb-Moon*, by John Oliver Hobbes, and *The Heart of Princess Osra*, by Anthony Hope, are starting off best in fiction at present, but there are a dozen or more of others that are selling well, which lack of space prevents us mentioning. *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett, *Witch Winnie in Holland*, by Elizabeth W. Champney, and *The Scrape that Jack Bull* are notable additions to Juvenile literature, and beside these there are several new works by G. A. Henty, James Otis, Horatio Alger, and other renowned writers.

A class of books which always finds a ready sale is that which, although dealing with scientific facts and phenomena, presents them in a way almost as alluring as in romance, and cause even a non-studious reader to absorb knowledge unawares. Among the most successful of comparatively recent works of this kind are Margaret W. Morley's two books, *A Song of Life* and *Life and Love*, the Columbian Knowledge Series and Appleton's Library of Useful Stories. These sell steadily all the time.

There is quite a marked call nowadays for Burns's *Poems*, which is due, mainly, to this being the centenary of his death, and in a slighter degree to the success of the recent school of Scotch writers. Several new editions of the poet's works have appeared lately, most of which have many good points to recommend them, but it will be hard to find among them a better book for the reader and library use generally than the one-volume edition, edited by Andrew Lang, which we have just received. The book is marvellously cheap, considering the beautiful typography and the first-class nature of the bookmaking.

Field Flowers, by Eugene Field, published in the interests of the Field Monument Fund Committee, met with a large sale last month, and sales of the poet's works generally are very good indeed.

The following books sold best last month, in the order in which they are placed :

- Sir George Tressady, 2 vols. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00
 Field Flowers. By Eugene Field, net. \$1.00.
 The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50
 A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.
 A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.
 The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. \$1.25.
 Tom Grogan. By Frank Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.
 Menticulture ; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.
 The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.
 A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.
 The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. \$1.50.

- March Hares. By Harold Frederic. \$1.25.
 Songs and Other Verses. By Eugene Field.
 \$1.25.
 Second Book of Tales. By Eugene Field.
 \$1.25.
 An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King.
 \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, August 24 to September 19, 1896.

The ever-welcome autumn revival of trade has now fairly begun, the reopening of the schools helping matters considerably in this direction, as is usually the case. The publisher's announcements are more numerous than ever, but the trade would rather that they should be fewer in number, as the competition of the different publications against each other causes additional labour without increased returns. Orders from abroad are numerous and satisfactory.

London Pride, by Miss Braddon (the first of this author's publications to be brought out in one volume), *The Murder of Delicia*, by Marie Corelli, and *Sir George Tressady*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, judging by the demand before publication, bid fair to become the leading novels of the season.

For many years Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott have been the leading authors of fiction. Latterly this has been altered, and although of the three Scott is decidedly most popular, the public taste has undergone a decided change. There is no new author who takes their places, and the sale of fiction is increasingly and noticeably more ephemeral each year.

Orders for diaries of all kinds are being received in good numbers, nor has the custom of giving away this class of publication as advertisements seriously affected this line of the business.

Simultaneously with the arrest of "Number One" considerable inquiry for Le Caron's *Recollections of a Spy* was made.

A new arrival in its class is the *Jewish Year Book*, styled the "Jewish Whitaker" by some. Judging from its sales, there is room for it.

Several new magazines are being published, among them the *Temple Magazine* and the *Avenue*. It is early yet to assign any position to them. Meanwhile, the old favourites are as popular as ever, especially *Chambers's Journal*.

Short stories are again coming to the front, but their sale is always uncertain. A small publication, entitled *Armenia and its Sorrows*, is selling by thousands. A more extensive and detailed work is announced, and is sure to be freely read. All books on South Africa are eagerly sought for by a certain class of the community.

Appended is a list of the books enjoying the popular favour at the moment of writing. The order of the titles has no significance.

- The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
 The Mind of the Master. By John Watson.
 6s.
 Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
 Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
 The Broom Squire. By S. B. Gould. 6s.
 The Story of a Lost Soul. By H. C. Davidson.
 6s.
 Meiklejohn's School Series.

- The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.
 Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
 Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
 Black Diamonds. By M. Jokai. 6s.
 Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
 A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
 False Coin or True. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s.
 6d.
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
 March Hares. By G. Forth. 3s. 6d. net.
 Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
 In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
 How We Made Rhodesia. By A. G. Leonard. 6s.
 The Wild Life of Scotland. By J. H. Crawford. 8s. 6d. net.
 Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
 Armenia and its Sorrows. By W. J. Wintle. 1s.
 Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s. 6d.
 Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
 The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
 Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
 Twenty-five Years' Secret Service. By H. Le Caron. 2s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between September 1 and October 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
 ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 4. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
 5. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
 3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
 ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. In Sight of the Goddess. By Davis. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
 ✓ Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone.)

- ✓ Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00 (Putnam.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 5. 'Twixt Cupid and Cæsus. By Didier. \$1.50. (American News Co.)
- 6. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. \$1.50. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

- 1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 4. Cinderella. By Davis. \$1.00. (Scribner.)
- 5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
- 6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 5. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ✓ Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 4. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- 6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

- 1. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
- 2. Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
- 3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- 4. Lenox. By Hibbard. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
- 5. William H. Seward. By Lothrop. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
- 6. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. \$4.00. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- 2. Field Flowers. By Field. \$1.00. (Field Monument Fund.)
- 3. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- 4. Menticulture. By Fletcher. \$1.00. (McClurg.)

- ✓ The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

- 1. Vauder's Understudy. By Reeves. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
- ✓ A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- 3. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
- 4. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. \$2.00. (Clarke.)
- 5. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 2. Songs and Other Verses. By Field. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- 3. Second Book of Verse. By Field. \$1.25. (Scribner)
- 4. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 5. The Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

DENVER, COL.

- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball)
- ✓ A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- 3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00 (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 6. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

DETROIT, MICH.

- ✓ A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- ✓ March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
- 3. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 5. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- 6. In the Sight of the Goddess. 75 cts. By Davis. (Lippincott.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

- ✓ March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
- ✓ The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 4. Sound Currency. By Reform Club. \$1.25. (Reform Club.)
- 5. Bimetallism. By Walker. \$1.25. (Holt.)
- 6. Bimetallism in the United States. By Laughlin. \$2.25. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Barabbas. By Corelli. \$1.00. (Lippincott.)
2. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. History of the Warfare of Science with Theology. By White. \$5.00. (Appleton.)
4. An Army Wife. By King \$1.25. (Neely.)
5. Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By Bunner. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Babe, B.A. By Benson. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
5. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Herb-Moon. By Hobbes. \$1.25. (Stokes.)
4. A Cycle of Cathay. By Martin. \$2.00. (Revell.)
5. Cameos. By Corelli. \$1.00. (Hutchinson.)
6. Tales of Our Coast. By Crockett and others. \$1.00. (Chatto.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
3. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
6. Master Craftsman. By Besant. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
2. Checkers. By Blossoms. \$1.25. (Stone.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
3. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. (Ginn.)
3. An Honest Dollar. By Andrews. 50 cts. (Student Pub. Co.)
4. The Puritan. By Byngton. \$2.00. (Roberts.)
5. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. (Ginn.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Cinderella. By Davis. \$1.00. (Scribner.)
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. An Army Wife. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
2. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. \$1.50. (Harper)
3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. \$1.50. (Scribner)
4. Soap Bubbles. By Nordau. 75 cts. (Neely.)
5. Herb-Moon. By Hobbes. \$1.25. (Stokes)
6. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

- ✓ Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. \$1.25. (Macmillan)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. Dorothy Marvin. By Snaith. \$1.00. (Appleton.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. Under Side of Things. By Bell. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
4. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
5. Joan of Arc. By Twain. \$2.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Essays on Nature and Culture. By Mabie. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BERT, J. AGAR.—Nature and Christ: a Revelation of the Unseen. 12mo, pp. iv-184, 75 cents Eaton & M.
- BRUCE, A. B.—With Open Face; or, Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark and Luke. 12mo, pp. viii-257, \$1.50 Scribner
- CUYLER, T. L.—Beulah-land; or, Words of Good Cheer to the Old. 12mo, pp. 208, \$1.00. Amer. Tract Soc.
- DICKINSON, G. LOWES.—The Greek View of Life. 16mo, pp. xii-236, \$1.00 Scribner
- MCCURDY, J. F.—History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. Vol. II. to the Fall of Nineveh. 8vo, pp. xxi-433, \$3.00 net. Macmillan
- SCOFIELD, W. CAMPBELL.—The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures. 12mo, pp. 302, \$1.00 Revell
- STELLHORN, F. W.—Annotations on the Acts of the Apostles. 8vo, pp. ix-420, \$2.00. Christian Lit. Co.
- USHER, E. P.—Protestantism: a Study in the Direction of Religious Truth and Christian Unity. 8vo, pp. ii-440, \$1.00 Lee & S.
- RATZEL, F.—The History of Mankind. Translated from the Second Edition, by A. J. Butler. 8vo, pp. xxiv-486, \$4.00. Macmillan

FICTION.

- BALZAC, H. DE.—The Country Parson. Translated by Ellen Marriage. 12mo, pp. xii-291, \$1.50 Macmillan

- BARR, R.—One Day's Courtship; [and] The Heralds of Fame. Narrow 16mo, pp. ii-207, 75 cents. Stokes
- BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE.—The Fisher Lass. Translated from the Norwegian. 16mo, pp. vi-291, \$1.25 Macmillan
- BLANCHARD, AMY E.—Taking a Stand. 12mo, pp. 292, \$1.25 Jacobs
- BOURDILLON, F. W.—Nephelê. 12mo, pp. 166, \$1.00 New Amsterdam Book Co.
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 4.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Now that the election is over, so that we can say things without being suspected of partisan motives, we want to express an opinion in which every American's sober second thought will induce him to concur. We think that the use of the national flag as the political emblem of a single party is a thing to be absolutely reprobated and discouraged. The flag is a concrete symbol of American nationality, and as such it belongs to every party and every citizen alike, and not to any single sect or faction. To let it stand for anything less than the glory of the whole Republic is to kill in one half of our people the reverence with which they have been taught to think of it, and which has led thousands of them to shed their blood for it and for what it has always represented. Now we hear of persons in the West who have been ostentatiously using it for a door-mat ; but we may be sure that it was the party emblem, and not the flag, for which they wished to show their supreme contempt. We trust that this thing will stop and never be repeated, and that the partisan misuse of the most sacred of our national emblems will be hereafter universally regarded as not only unpatriotic, but as little less than wicked.



The new one-dollar silver certificate was apparently designed by a New Woman ; for in giving, on the back, the portraits of George Washington and Martha Washington, the Father of his Country is relegated to the second place, while his spouse is conspicuously first. If all traditions be true, this is about the relative position which the two actu-

ally occupied in domestic life, but we see no reason why the Government should take official cognizance of it.



We have come to look annually about the holiday season for the dainty little Thumb-Nail Series so artistically conceived by Mr. George Wharton Edwards and published by the Century Company. The new issues are entitled *Tracings*, by E. Scott O'Connor, containing apophthegms on life, love, and death ; and *Break o' Day*, by Mr. Edwards himself. We print a reduced facsimile of the cover design. It may not be generally known that the design of THE BOOKMAN cover was drawn by Mr. Edwards.



Literary criticism overheard at the club :

"Mary Wilkins? Why, yes, there's one pretty serious defect in her stories—they contain so many brave women and pure men!"

A well-known artist of this city received, not long ago, a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular, the artist sat down and wrote the following letter :

The _____ Dried Fruit Co.

GENTLEMEN: I am offering a prize of fifty cents for the best specimen of dried fruit, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender.

Very truly yours,

⊗

Before his death, M. Vanier, Paul Verlaine's publisher, made a strenuous effort to get permission to have a memorial to the poet set up in the precincts of the Luxembourg, and in this he was seconded by many literary men of eminence. Unfortunately, however, Verlaine's posthumous volume *Les Injures* contained much violent abuse of several of the gentlemen who would have to pass upon the application; so that the whole project, very naturally, fell through and has been abandoned.

⊗

The London correspondent of the *Evening Post* of this city lately explained Lord Beaconsfield's pro-Turkish policy as largely due to his natural sympathy with a Semitic people. We commend his interesting discovery of the Semitism of the Turks to the consideration of ethnologists and linguists who have evidently been in error on the subject all these years.

⊗

The title of George Macdonald's new novel is *A Slave to Sin: the Story of a Minister*. It will be published in the autumn of 1897 by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

⊗

A few months ago Colonel Higginson wrote a suggestive little essay on "Literary Trade Winds," pointing out how much stronger American influences were in Great Britain at one time than at

another, and how British influence on American literature varied in like manner. An interesting illustration of this theme can be found in the announcements of the leading American periodicals for next year, in which there are very few serials promised by British authors. There is *The Martian*, of course, in *Harper's Magazine*, and there is to be a story by the author of *Dodo* in *Harper's Weekly*. But Mr. Howells, who has recently concluded a brief serial in the *Century* and a long one in *Harper's Weekly*, will next year contribute continued stories to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Scribner's*. To *Harper's Bazar* Miss Maria Louise Pool and the admirable writer who signs "Octave Thanet" also supply novels. To *Harper's Weekly* Miss Wilkins is to contribute *Jerome*, and in the same paper will be Mr. Bangs's sequel to *A House Boat on the Styx*. Mr. R. H. Davis's first novel will fill six months of *Scribner's*; and Mr. Frank Stockton is to begin a fantastic tale of the future in the June *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Marion Crawford's *Rose of Yesterday* is to run for six months in the *Century*, in which magazine Dr. Weir Mitchell's revolutionary tale, *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, is to be continued through the year; and "Charles Egbert Craddock's" *Juggler* is the serial of the *Atlantic*.

⊗

The December number of the *Atlantic* contains an exhaustive study of "Mr. James Lane Allen and his books"—such an article as Professor Matthews speaks of as appearing only at rare intervals—and in this case the article has the weight of a signature, which will surely please Professor Matthews. For the first time Mr. Allen's work is treated in a critical and authoritative manner, and he is fortunate in having a most sympathetic student in Miss Edith Baker Brown, the writer of the article. Speaking of Mr. Allen's literary method, Miss Brown says, "It has not the least strain of novelty. A full classical outline both in style and narrative sends us back fifty years for its prototype. And here we pause; here we are near to our secret: for when since the days of Hawthorne and Thoreau has fallen such an accent in American letters?" Then, after quoting an exquisite passage from the opening story of the saintly parson in Mr. Allen's *Flute and Violin*, she says:

"Surely, not since Hawthorne in American prose, or Thackeray in English classics, have words flown so straight, yet on so light and effortless a wing! And beside the unhurrying and perfect quality of Mr. Allen's prose, there is also another way in which his art, as shown in these first stories, looks back to fashions now somewhat in disuse. His work has a harmony that is the result of an ideal bent in taste, which chooses its material with a very delicate selection and always with Beauty as an end. The tradition of Beauty—it is that which Sainte-Beuve calls the classic heritage. And it is only when the tradition is so faithfully preserved as it is in Mr. Allen's work that we realise how it has been dimmed by the other ideals that art has proposed to itself of late. Take the story of 'Sister Dolorosa.' Here there is so much regard for harmony in the strict classic way that, despite Mr. Allen's local pretensions, the very landscape of the story becomes a symbolism of the human problem rather than just a local background. And in all the art of the story one cannot help seeing Pater's resolute 'tact of omission,' which is never tempted from its purpose by an effect of the realistic sort."



But it is when we come to the writer's analysis of Mr. Allen's latest book, *Summer in Arcady*, which, she says, "makes an epoch in his artistic career," that her most characteristic quality is in evidence, the power to seize and convey the vital significance of her author. It is difficult to select for quotation from a paper whose every sentence possesses that tempting quality, and we must content ourselves with its conclusion.

"In reviewing Mr. Allen's work, one characteristic grows more clear. We have it in the unusual blending of realism and poetry; of a sincerity, which is the foe of sentimentalism, with a passion for beauty that brings it to the service of ideal ends. This is its significance for the realistic art of the hour, which too often forgets the purity of the aristocratic pretension. There is another way in which, as was said, it has an almost unique place in American fiction: it dares the vital word. A critic has said that *Pembroke*, of all American novels since *The Scarlet Letter*, has struck the deep chord of master literature. If *Summer in Arcady* moves us with some such essential power, there is a coincidence to record. Both it and *Pembroke* are the products of perhaps the two most indigenous civilisations of the New World. That, as literature, they have drawn from deep sources, proves that the more enduring art is of older birth than yesterday. We cannot raise art on an unsettled civilisation any more than on an iconoclasm that would dispense with the past standards of enduring beauty.

"It is so that we use Mr. Allen for a very final moral; but this is because his work has those final qualities which we believe will make it last."

The publication of Mr. Allen's *The Choir Invisible* has been unavoidably delayed, and the book will probably not be ready before Christmas.



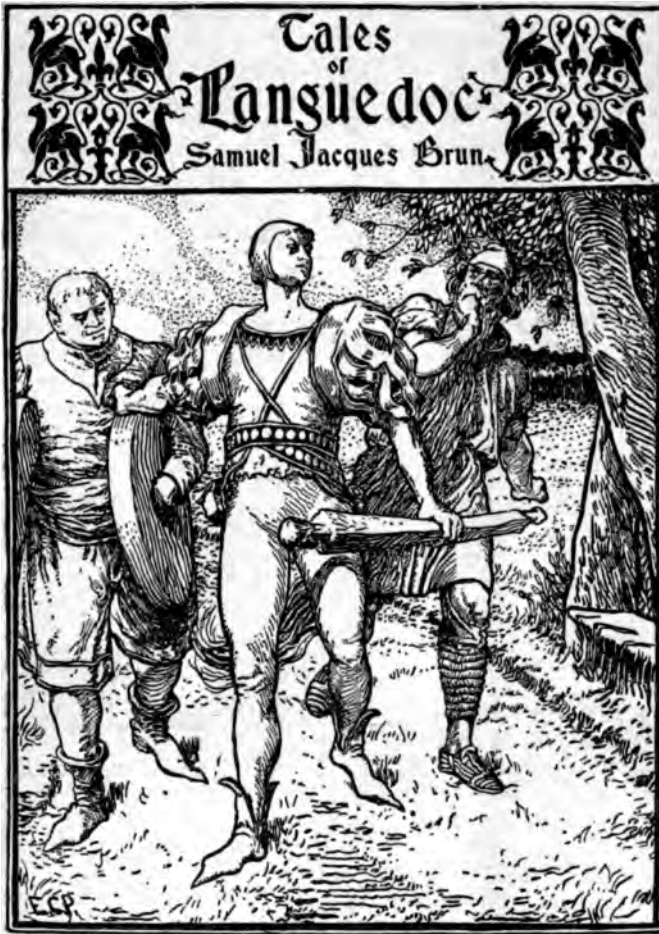
Messrs. Copeland and Day are about to publish *A Boy's Book of Rhyme*, by Clinton Scollard, for which they have secured a very happy cover design. The design, which is given above, was drawn by a new artist, Miss Emma Kaan, and is said to be her first attempt in this field. Here is one of Mr. Scollard's bits of boy's rhyme, which may very well have suggested the conception of the cover design. It is called "Whispers."

"Whenever I go up or down
Along the roadway into town,
I hear a busy whispering there
Among the trees high up in air.

"It's clear to one who's not a fool
That trees have never been at school;
And if you ask me why I know—
It is because they whisper so!"



Dr. Conan Doyle, who has been much occupied with dramatic work of late, is shortly about to write for *McClure's* six short stories, dealing with the old historical buccaneers and pirates. Such a subject in the hands of Dr. Doyle should find spirited treatment. His new novel, *Rodney Stone*, will be published at once by the Messrs. Appleton.



COVER DESIGN BY ERNEST PLEXOTTO.

The English version of M. Huysmans's novel, *En Route*, which was reviewed in our last number, has finally been published in this country by the Messrs. Benziger Brothers, of this city.

Professor Saintsbury is, we hear, busy correcting the proofs of his new work, *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, the first volume to be issued of the series of "Periods of European Literature," which he is editing for the Messrs. Blackwood. No connected survey of European literature of the kind proposed exists in English, or, it is believed, in any other language. Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. H. D. Traill, Professor Raleigh, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, Mr. David Hannay, and Mr. Oliver Elton are to contribute a volume each to the series.

A new *Life of Byron* is promised us. The writer, who has been collecting Byron treasures for years and has now abundant material, has already shown, in a recent and very successful work, his special competence for such a task, involving as it does a patient search after obscure biographical and literary matter, and a shrewd investigation of it.

Two or three years ago, when Mr. Du Maurier was lecturing in a northern county town, he gently chafed John Bull on the score of his British contempt for all who had the misfortune to be foreigners. A deliciously naïve confirmation of his remarks was given after the lecture by a girl, who, on being asked what she thought of Mr. Du Maurier, answered, "Oh, he is charming; but what a pity he is a Frenchman!"

A French paper says it is not generally known that Mr. Du Maurier was connected, through his French ancestors, with the famous sea hero, Jean Bart.

Mr. Ernest Piexotto, whose drawings in *The Lark* first attracted attention to him, has remained in the pictorial field, and has drawn upwards of forty illustrations for a volume of folk-lore stories of the South of France, entitled *Tales of Languedoc*, by Professor Samuel Jacques Brun, of the Stanford University. We have seen these illustrations, and there are a fine sympathy and vitality running through the scenes and characters portrayed. Mr. Piexotto is an artist who has been likened to Pennell and Vierge. It seems that the Far West has not been able to retain Mr. Piexotto, and he is now, or will be in a few days, in New York, where he has come to do



A EUGENE FIELD EXHIBIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

illustrative work on the magazines. We reproduce, as an example of his art, the cover design drawn by Mr. Piexotto for the *Tales of Languedoc*.

⊗

Another book which has been illustrated by Mr. Piexotto, and which was announced some months ago in these columns, has just been issued by the same publisher, Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco. *The Itinerant House, and Other Stories*, by Emma Frances Dawson, has received high praise from several critics who have read the work, and we shall take pleasure in acquainting our readers with the contents of her book, as well as of that of Professor Brun, in our next number.

⊗

Mr. William Doxey is becoming famous for his window exhibitions of the works, manuscripts, posters, etc., of well-known authors and favourite fads. In our September number we gave a picture of an exhibition of the decadents, and Mr. Doxey has allowed us to follow this with a picture of an exhibi-

tion in his window of the various editions, autographs, and miscellanea of Eugene Field. There are some amusing inscriptions on several of the books displayed in the window. Here is one from a copy of a large-paper edition of Field's *Second Book of Verse* :

"When I was broke in 'Frisco in 1894,
Amusements and experiments I had in goodly
store ;
I rose at five o'clock A.M. and went to bed at
eight,
And in between I sat around and talked with
Cousin Kate.
Yes, Eastman is a model host, and loves to
whoop things up
With lunches, billiards, horses, and foaming
wassail cup ;
His neckties, bosom-shirts, and coats and panta-
loons I wore
When I was broke in 'Frisco in 1894.

"January, 1894.

EUGENE FIELD."

⊗

The announcement that Yone Noguchi's songs, under the title of *Seen and Unseen ; or, Monologues of a Homeless Snail*, are to be put forth in San Francisco by a new publishing firm, Messrs. Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett, can-



not fail to bring California a little nearer to the literary world; and it may be that what young men of taste have done recently for book-making in Chicago, Boston, and New York may now be rivalled in the West. Mr. Burgess is known best here as the editor of the *Lark*, and Porter Garnett is one of "Les Jeunes" who have given that extraneous opusculé its vogue among the elect.

Yone Noguchi, the young Japanese poet whose strange songs have been exploited in the *Lark*, the editor of which is his friend and "discoverer," is just twenty-one years of age and a graduate of the University of Tokyo. He comes of gentle blood in Nippon, where he has two brothers—one a civil engineer, the other a Buddhist priest. He was for a time secretary to the editor of a Tokyo magazine, to which he has since contributed articles on California scenery that have attracted much attention in the island kingdom by reason of his radical and audacious use of Japanese words and phrases; and he has been alternately attacked and defended for his unconventionality. For twelve months he edited a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco with a

few friends, the staff doing the entire work, including lithographing, on the income gained from a bare hundred subscribers. The remainder of the two years that Yone Noguchi has been in America has been spent in retirement on "The Heights," Joaquin Miller's ranch in the foothills back of Oakland. Here he has led the life of a recluse, in meditation, like some hermit priest, rarely visiting the city, with "its dusty manners, its dusty souls, its dusty bodies," walking in his garden, haunting the cañon rivulet, writing his poems and dreaming his dreams, alone with Basho Saigio and the Old World poets, whose literature it is his mission to give to Occidental readers.



Mr. Burgess's slight revision of Yone Noguchi's contributions to the *Lark*, made necessary by their author's excusable errors in English construction, has not disguised the strength and strange beauty one might expect from an exile struggling to express his melancholy in a strange and half-known tongue. These shifting dreams of the young poet are phrased with remarkable originality: his virile metaphors and luminous adjectives are so startling that the sublime often narrowly escapes being ridiculous. Under an appearance of incoherency there are apparent everywhere hints of his philosophy, an Oriental mysticism too vague and subtle to be called symbolism—a meditative monologue of the fancies bred by the beauties of this "strange shadowed world." We quote one of these musings from his forthcoming book:

"At night the Universe grows lean, sober-faced, of intoxication,

The shadow of the half-sphere curtains down closely against my world, like a doorless cage, and the stillness chained by wrinkled darkness, strain throughout the Universe to be free.

Listen, frogs in the pond (the world is a pond itself), cry out for the light, for the truth! The curtains rattle ghostly along, bloodily biting my soul, the winds knocking on my cabin door with their shadowy hands."



Gertrude Atherton has earned the distinction of being almost the only person of letters who was capable of promoting discussion in America during the election troubles. Her letters to the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* in London have given birth

to angry articles in nearly every prominent paper in America, and the day is infrequent when her depreciation of the American is not made the text for some fresh attack. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, dedicates her next book, *Patience Sparhawk and her Times*, to M. Paul Bourget thus :

" To M. Paul Bourget, who alone of all foreigners has detected, in its full significance, that the motive power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American' is Individual Will. Leaving the ultra-religious element out of the question, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the man, the woman of this section of the Western world, each, consciously or unconsciously, believes in, relies on himself primarily. In the higher civilisation this amounts to intellectual anarchy, and its tendency is to make the Americans, or, more exactly, the United Statesians a new race in a sense far more portentous than in any which has yet been recognised. As M. Bourget prophesies, destruction, chaos may eventuate. On the other hand, the final result may be a race of harder fibre and larger faculties than any in the history of civilisation. That this extraordinary self-dependence and independence of certain traditions that govern older nations is as quintessentially a part of the women as of the men of this race I have endeavoured to illustrate in the following pages."



LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

Henry Seton Merriman, whose new novel, *In Kedar's Tents*, will be the serial feature of THE BOOKMAN next year, has a fine piece of comedy called "Of this Generation" in the current number of *McClure's Magazine*. *The Sowers*, which has been the most notable novel published this year in England, is selling as rapidly as ever, and is also attracting a wider attention in this country. No serial of exciting adventure and intrigue, with the possible exception of Anthony Hope's *Phroso*, has been written for a long time that can be compared with Mr. Merriman's new work.

Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose little volume of poems entitled *A Quiet Road* is reviewed on another page, is of Celtic origin, and has lived all her life in Maryland. She is a resident of Baltimore, and shows the same reserve and delicacy of feeling in shrinking from

anything like publicity which impressed us in the poetic personality hidden behind her first book, *A Handful of Lavender*. Miss Reese belongs to the diminishing circle of writers who prefer to let their work speak for them. But we are certain, judging by the interest that has been taken in her work by some of our readers, that the reproduction of her photograph, which is herewith given, will be welcome to many.

In a recent article, published in these pages, Mr. James Lane Allen spoke of "Uncle Remus" as being only one of two names in all the range of American fiction that have attained anything like universality of acceptance; the other character being, of course, "Uncle Tom." The enviable creator of "Uncle Remus" lives a quiet life in a retired nook at the West End of Atlanta, Ga. Like the author of *Lorna Doone*,



"UNCLE REMUS."

his greatest passion is not the literary passion, but the tender care of his rose garden, which is said to be the finest in Atlanta, and blooms with beauty from May to December. The routine of his life is marked by simplicity, serenity, and peace. As might be expected, he has had offered him from time to time eminent positions, but nothing can draw him away from the shelter of his home, where his genius has grown ripe, unmolested and untrammelled by the cares, the fret and fever of onerous responsibility. For twenty years Mr. Harris has occupied himself in editing and contributing to the *Atlanta Constitution* with one hand, while with the other he has written those stories that have endeared him to thousands of readers all

over the world. As a literary man he is disappointing in appearance; one needs to get behind the exterior and touch those human qualities in his nature which have wormed his books into the affections of countless readers, old and young.

⊙

There is no third "Jungle Book" this year from the Century Company's press to captivate the young people; but who could better take the place of the nineteenth century Æsop in their affections than "Uncle Remus"? Mr. Harris's *Daddy Jake*, with Mr. Kemble's illustrations to enliven its pages, will be a welcome guest in its new holiday dress. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have published a new book by Mr. Harris, entitled *The Story of Aaron*, a sequel to *Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country* and *Mr. Rabbit at Home*. It is issued in the customary square octavo shape, and contains

twenty-five very amusing illustrations by Oliver Herford. Aaron is a new figure in the Thimblefinger stories, who purports to be a negro, but is really an Arab, and possesses the mysterious power of talking with animals.

⊙

The same firm has just published a new novel by Mr. Harris, entitled *Sister Jane, her Friends and Neighbours*. Critics who have read the work have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most elaborate and ambitious novel yet produced by Mr. Harris, and welcome it as a notable addition to American fiction. Except "Uncle Remus" himself, we are told that no person has stepped out of old Southern life into literature quite so natural and

unblurred as "Sister Jane." To these books, old and new, must be added a history of Georgia, which the Messrs. Appleton are publishing in their Stories from American History Series.

The remarkably interesting "Recollections" which Mrs. Phelps-Ward has contributed during the year to *McClure's Magazine* have been published in a book entitled *Chapters from a Life*. These "Chapters," as they have appeared in the magazine, have proved to be full of biographical and literary interest, and now that they are published in book form cannot fail to be exceedingly readable and to be very valuable for their glimpses, and sometimes more than glimpses, of the great New England writers with whom Mrs. Phelps-Ward came in contact. Particularly interesting are the graphic portraits of her distinguished father and mother, of Professor Park and other Andover celebrities, and of Mrs. Stowe, whom she names "the greatest of American women." The attractiveness of the book is further enhanced by the addition of portraits and other illustrations. The above portrait of Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and that of Mr. James T. Fields used on another page, are taken from this volume through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A Singular Life has reached its twenty-fifth thousand, and the publishers report that the demand for it continues unabated. The popularity of this story has also effected in a large measure the resuscitation of many of Mrs. Phelps-Ward's other books, notably *The Story of Avis*.

We have not seen it mentioned anywhere, and yet it is a remarkable fact not to be overlooked, that Mrs. Phelps-Ward's theme has had a great deal to do with the success of her novel. The theme is the loftiest that could be chosen by any writer—namely, that of an at-



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS-WARD.

tempt to portray a Christian gentleman. Mrs. Phelps-Ward makes this an open secret, it seems to us, in the name which she gives her hero, "Emmanuel Bayard," a duality of conception which is the incarnation of the loftiest type of manhood—in a word, the blending of the divine and the human.

The essays on "Books and Culture" which appeared in the pages of *THE BOOKMAN* during 1895 from the pen of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and which were marked by a constant current of delightful appreciation from numerous correspondents among our readers, have been issued in book form in a companion volume to the *Essays on Nature and Culture*, published in the spring of the year. The volume of the work has been increased one half, so that instead of the original twelve essays we have now twenty-four in the final shape which the book has taken. The works of four great writers—namely, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe—have been almost exclusively used by way of illus-

tration throughout this discussion of the relation of books to culture. For to know them, says Mr. Mabie, "is not only to know the particular periods in which they wrote, but to know our own period in the deepest sense. No man can better prepare himself to enter into the formative life of his time than by thoroughly familiarising himself with the greatest books of the past; for in these are revealed not the secrets of past forms of life, but the secrets of that spirit whose historic life is one unbroken revelation of its nature and destiny."



It is gratifying to notice that *The Reds of the Midi*—one of the most stirring narratives of the French Revolution that have ever been written—has gone into a fifth edition already. The most wild predictions have been made regarding its coming popularity in the next few months, especially in England, where it has met with the warmest appreciation; and yet so great is the enthusiasm which its thrilling pages of adventure beget that one is tempted to join in the anticipation of widespread recognition which it undoubtedly deserves.



A new book by Stephen Crane has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, entitled *The Little Regiment*, which recounts several episodes of the American Civil War in the manner of *The Red Badge of Courage*. The publishers claim for this new volume an equal, if not a greater success than its famous forerunner, which is now in its thirteenth edition. We understand that the adventures of the *Red Badge* hero (with apologies to General McClurg) are completed in these stories. The same author's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* is in its fourth edition.



Mere Stories, a new collection by Mrs. Clifford, has been so great a success in England that the publishers have decided to issue a cheap edition, in similar form, of the same author's previous volume of stories entitled *The Last Touches*. The publication of Mrs. Clifford's new volume in this country has been unavoidably delayed, but it will be issued immediately from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

An unfinished romance, *Gaston de Latour*, by Walter Pater, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, the second posthumous work of this writer issued since his death, a little over two years ago. While it must be a matter of regret to those who appreciate Pater's writings that this is incomplete, the fact remains that anything from his pen is sure to be of unusual and distinctive value, and is the more welcome for that reason. A good deal has been written about Mr. Pater during these two years, but there are still some things worth saying. Of all Mr. Pater's characteristics none was so marked as his love for exactitude, for distinction. Just as he himself declared that he cannot away with the otiose and the facile in thought, so he had no leanings to the madness that marks much of the Decadence. He might himself live in

" Closet long to quiet vowed
With moth and dropping arras hung."

but in matters æsthetic his sympathies went out toward the larger and freer utterances of Plato and Shakespeare. When some one once tried to convince him of the surpassing excellence of Huysmans and his style, Pater's only criticism was "Beastly man!" If he wandered far and wide among the byways of literature and art in revivifying the dying Roman Empire and creating strange, exotic figures out of the Middle Age, he yet kept always before him a sane and healthy criterion and was guided by an unerring judgment in matters æsthetic; for he had formed himself upon the great masters of speech and form, and they did not permit him to be led astray.



And what, after all, was Walter Pater's message to his age? He had given it to the world in the early chapters of *Marius the Epicurean*; he uttered it again but a few weeks before he died. Some one in his company, with remnants of ill-digested Positivism yet strong upon him, had asserted that men lived by the memory of the great names *du temps jadis*, such names as Cæsar and Leonardo, and that it was by the study of their deeds and sayings that one acquired strength of character. But Walter Pater struck out strongly: "No, that should not be your ideal. Men who



WALTER PATER.

lived in times past, however great, cannot be to you what those around you can be. You should learn," went on Pater, playing nervously the while with his cigarette-box—"you should learn to live in the men and women of your own immediate surroundings; their words, their looks, their very dress should be to you the thing that really absorbs your interest. Learn to live in and with your *entourage*, so that it may become to you vivid and real. To be alive to every influence around you is better far than the example of any one in the past, however great." This was only another way of expressing the ideal that Marius set before himself, "To be perfect with regard to what is here and now;" only a re-statement of the conclusion of the *Renaissance*. If Walter Pater possessed anything so *bourgeois* as a mission or a message, assuredly this is what it was—philosophy interpreted by one's fellow-men. "Philosophy without effeminacy" was the boast of Pericles concerning his native city. "Philosophy by and through a love of youth" was the reply and corollary of Plato; and this, or something very near thereto, was the conclusion of his loving interpreter of our own day, Walter Pater.

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The demand for Miss Montrésor's stories in England is still increasing. The Messrs. Hutchinson have in preparation the ninth edition of *Into the Highways and Hedges*, and the fifth edition of

The One who Looked On. A second and large edition of her latest book, *False Coin or True*, was called for immediately. She has been much pressed to write short stories for the magazines, but has refused all offers. She is concentrating her energies on a new novel which will be of about the same length as *Into the Highways and Hedges*. A large price has already been paid to secure the American rights of the new novel. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are her American publishers.

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Pierre Loti's new book is a novel entitled *Le Ramontcho*, the scene of which is laid in the French Pyrenees. It will be published in the *Revue de Paris*, commencing in December.

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In March last THE BOOKMAN gave lengthy space to an appreciation of the Italian novelist Gabriele D'Annunzio, the result of which has been to create an interest in this country for the author and his books. Messrs. George H. Richmond and Company have just issued a translation of his masterpiece, *The Triumph of Death*, which is noticed on another page. They have now completed arrangements with the author to publish all his works, including the Trilogy of the Romances of the Rose, the Trilogy of the Romances of the Lily, and the Trilogy of the Romances of the Pomegranate. The first novel of the last trilogy deals with the life of Eleanora Duse. D'Annunzio is now hard at work on a drama, entitled *The Dead City*, for Sarah Bernhardt. His autograph is given below for the first time on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Arthur Hornblow, who translated *The Triumph of Death*, will also render the other works of D'Annunzio into English for Messrs. Richmond and Company.

Veuillez agréer, en attendant, cher Monsieur, l'expression
mon sincère de mes meilleurs
sentiments.

Gabriele d'Annunzio



*Your very sincere
Louise Chandler Moulton*

Mr. Bret Harte has completed the manuscript of a new short story called *Under Karl*.

Mr. George H. Ellwanger has prepared a new anthology entitled *Love's Desmesne*, which is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is a most carefully selected and painstaking collection, based on entirely new lines, being largely *chrysanthema*, or selections from living poets relating to the particular theme, a large majority of these selections not being familiar to the general reader of modern love poetry.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's literary output this year is represented by a series of delightful and chattily written travel papers gathered under the title *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers; and a collection of child verse

entitled *In Childhood's Country*, which is about to be issued by Messrs. Copeland and Day. This latter book is greatly beautified by the charming full-page illustrations which Miss Ethel Reed has drawn for the volume. As our reader know, we are very much interested in Miss Reed's work and we mark in these pictures a development toward simplicity and a clearer imaginative grasp of her subjects

Mrs. Moulton's tastes are very catholic, and the fault of a writer do not repel her if she finds anything like genius in his work. Many a young English author has received his first effectual recognition in this country by her contributions to the American press. One of her earliest and staunchest friendships was with Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, and Mrs. Moulton crowned her loyal service to her friend after his death by collecting his poems in a beautiful volume with a touching and all too brief memoir. Mr. Zangwill once surprised Mrs. Moulton by complimenting her on the optimistic feeling which her later poems show. She could not understand it; all her friends, she said, deplored an opposite tendency in them. "Ah no!" said Mr. Zangwill. "You write of the pain of leaving this beautiful world which you picture so charmingly. Now the pessimist declares that the world is not beautiful, and that he would be glad to leave it." To which Mrs. Moulton replied that Mr. Zangwill had helped her to know herself.

Speaking of Mrs. Moulton's poetry what pictures might be made out of the italicised lines in the two verses which we quote from what is her finest poem "The House of Death"! It has been quoted over and over again, but these two verses are well worth repeating and lodging afresh, or it may be for the first time, in the memory of some of our readers.



From a copyrighted photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

Yours truly,
J. M. Barrie

" There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls.

* * * * *

" With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between."

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Among those who have received early recognition and encouragement in American journals from Mrs. Moulton's generous pen is Mr. J. M. Barrie. With the exception of an authentic paper in one American periodical, now the *Outlook*, no prophetic criticism and reliable account of Mr. Barrie had made its appearance in this country until Mrs.

Moulton wrote her graceful tribute to the young author of *A Window in Thrums—The Little Minister* was then running as a serial in *Good Words*. That was five years ago.

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On the evening of Thursday, November 5th, a dinner was given to Mr. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll by the members of the Aldine Club in New York. There was a large assembly of publishers, editors, and authors, over which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presided. In spite of the announcement which Mr. Barrie made, that this was the only dinner he had ever allowed to be given to him, and that he felt like getting under the table when called upon to make a speech, he won all hearts by his quiet,

impressive manner and quaint, playful humour. In the course of his remarks he said that he had been asked many questions by the American reporters, but that the commonest one was, "What are the names of your books?" The next day he would see the titles displayed in the newspapers, and would read with pleasure that he was "Mr. Barrie, whose books have drawn laughter and tears from all of us." "One reporter," he went on, "was charmed by my *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. I said he was very kind to say so, but Dr. Nicoll corrected him. Then he explained that, of course, he meant *The Stickit Minister*; and when he found that he was again mistaken, declared that what he really meant was that charming serial now running in the *Century* called *Silly Tommy*."



The most interesting question that Mr. Barrie had put to him, however, was, "What do you think of the American girl?" "I did not tell them," said Mr. Barrie, "and I am not going to tell you. I shall tell it to no one except the American girl herself—I think I have already told it to one or two." This led Mr. Barrie to speak of the higher education for women in America. "The thing that has struck me most of all about your country is your colleges and universities. They are the most splendid things in America. But the ones I liked best of all were the colleges for girls, and the college for girls I liked best of all was Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., and the Smith girl I liked best—no, I won't tell you! The only speech I ever made in my life I made at Smith College a few weeks ago. I don't know how I got on the platform, but there I was with nine hundred girls in front of me. By and bye I became conscious of some one talking in an eloquent voice, and when I recognised it as my own, I was dumbfounded. I visited other colleges after that, but I made no more speeches. Those Smith girls made me promise not to address any other colleges for girls!"



Dr. Nicoll took for the subject of his remarks, which followed Mr. Barrie's, "The Present State of Literature in America." This has been printed by request in the present number of THE

BOOKMAN, in place of Dr. Nicoll's customary letter from London. With reference to the beautiful incident mentioned at the close of this speech we may say that the boy referred to was none other than Mr. Barrie, and we understand that the story is told in the life of his mother, *Margaret Ogilvy*, about to be published by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. and Mrs. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll sailed for England on the *Campania* on Saturday, November 7th. The photograph of Mr. Barrie which we present to our readers is one that was taken by Frederick Hollyer in London before Mr. Barrie left England on his visit to America. The natural and unstrained pose of the photograph is explained by the fact that it was made when Mr. Barrie was off his guard, and not "sitting" for his portrait.



And now the London *Spectator* has gone and done it! Not long ago the Paris publishers of M. Jean Richepin's latest book, *Théâtre Chimérique*, sent a copy of that work to our London contemporary for review. Now the *Spectator* evidently reviews its books by sample and not in bulk—a method safe enough in dealing with the productions of Rosa Nouchette Carey and Silas K. Hocking, but one that is just the least bit perilous when applied to a bold bad man like the author of *Les Blasphèmes*. However, the reviewer read a couple of these "delicate parables," as he calls them, and then highly commended the whole book as suited for schoolgirls, involving "a return to archaic simplicity," and a lot more in the same benignant vein. But alas! if he had only gone just the least bit farther his virtuous hair would have risen straight on end, for presently M. Richepin lets his *esprit Gaulois* get the better of his "archaic simplicity," and he shows himself a sad dog indeed. The *Spectator* has not found this out as yet, but we waft this warning over to it so that it may think up something to say when the British Matron gets after it and demands to know what its views are on the subject of school-girls' reading.



The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, whose *Autobiography and Memoir* is just being published by Messrs. Roberts

Brothers, was for a long time art critic of the *Saturday Review*, and was editor of the *Portfolio* until the last, though the scope of that magazine has been changed. He wrote one considerable novel, *Marmorne*, though by some unaccountable freak he did not put his name to it. It has never attained the success that it deserves; yet there is about it the real glamour of genius. *Wenderholme*, a Yorkshire story, is also well worth reading, and contains one scene of singular power and passion. The edition in print is a retrenched version of the first. As a writer of short biographies he was, in our judgment, unsurpassed. His *Eminent Frenchmen* shows all his best qualities—his comprehension, delicacy, reserve, and accomplishments. Mr. Henry James is a literary craftsman of the first order, but he will not stand a comparison with Mr. Hamerton; there are few juster or wiser critics. It was he who first authoritatively recognised the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson.

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But it is by his books on conduct, among which we reckon his admirable appreciations of France, that he will be longest remembered. In *Round My House*, *French and English*, *The Intellectual Life*, and *Human Intercourse*, Mr. Hamerton has made weighty contributions to our knowledge of human nature. He had, to begin with, a serious and friendly interest in humanity; he was a lover of gossip in the good sense, and to his singularly wide and exact



Yours very truly
P. G. Hamerton

knowledge of human life he added an unrivalled acquaintance with biography. He had studied human nature in all the crises of experience, and his memory supplied him with precedents for all circumstances. These qualifications for writing on life were supplemented freely from the resources of his own personality. It must always be so in such work, and it follows that the quality of the work will depend very much on the

richness and depth of the personality it reveals. Mr. Hamerton was a true gentleman, humane, courteous, and considerate to the heart's core. *The Intellectual Life* is the kind of book that is very popular, very useful, and now very rare. Sir Arthur Helps was Hamerton's only great rival in his time. The *Autobiography* is a valuable addition to Mr. Hamerton's works which no student will dare be without. It is a pity that it only reaches his twenty-fifth year, but Mrs. Hamerton's *Memoir* makes an excellent continuous record of a life that was beautiful in itself.



Mrs. Hamerton told an intimate friend of her husband at the time of his funeral that this was the last phrase he ever wrote: "In my dreams I have often desired to find a country where justice and peace would reign; but I feel that it is only a dream, and so long as I am in this world I shall not find it." Was this not singularly prophetic?



Messrs. Copeland and Day have almost ready a new volume of poems entitled *Matins*, by Francis Sherman, who has a sonnet in the present number. Mr. Sherman is a young Canadian, midway between twenty and thirty, and this volume contains his virgin verse. A fine sensitiveness of feeling, elevation in thought, and love of beauty strike us as being its most marked characteristics; but it bears on almost every page the stamp of distinction; and so rare an imaginative quality as shines through the whole work and illumines it awakes expectation in the young poet's future. But we are well content meanwhile with *Matins*. We quote one of the poems, called "A Memory":

"You are not with me though the Spring is here!

And yet it seemed to day as if the Spring
Were the same one that in an ancient year
Came suddenly upon our wandering.

"You must remember all that chanced that day.

Can you forget the shy awaking call
Of the first robin?—And the foolish way
The squirrel ran along the low stone wall?

"—The half-retreating sound of water breaking,

Hushing, falling; while the pine-laden breeze
Told us the tumult many crows were making
Amid innumerable distant trees;

"—The certain presence of the birth of things
Around, above, beneath us—everywhere;
—The soft return of immemorial Springs
Thrilling with life the fragrant forest air;

"All these were with us then. Can you forget?
Or must you—even as I—remember well?
To-day, all these were with me, there—and yet
They seemed to have some bitter thing to
tell;

"They looked with questioning eyes, and
seemed to wait
One's doubtful coming whom of old they
knew;

Till, seeing me alone and desolate,
They learned how vain was strong desire
of you."

Some of Mr. Sherman's sonnets are remarkable for the dignity and Miltonic sonorousness of their diction, and for the boldness and originality of their conception. Especially is this true of the opening sonnets. "Te Deum Laudamus" invites quotation here, as it is not unlike in theme, if in treatment, to the sonnets of Alice Meynell and Miss Reese, already referred to in these columns:

"I will praise God alway for each new year,
Knowing that it shall be most worthy of
His kindness and His pity and His love.
I will wait patient, till, from sphere to sphere,
Across large times and spaces, ringeth clear
The voice of Him who sitteth high above,
Saying, "Behold! thou hast had pain enough;
Come; for thy Love is waiting for thee here!"
I know that it must happen as God saith—
I know it well. Yet, also, I know well
That where birds sing and yellow wild-flow-
ers dwell,
Or where some strange new sunset lingereth,
All Earth shall alway of her presence tell
Who liveth not for me this side of death."



Mr. Coulson Kernahan's determination to write no more religious novels must be shaken by the flattering reception given to *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, recently issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Over 20,000 copies of this book were sold in England alone before publication; and Mr. Bowden, the English publisher, found great difficulty in meeting such a sustained demand. Mr. Kernahan's present idea is to write only long novels, and these of a secular order; but we doubt very much whether his public will permit him to pursue this course.



The literary world in Paris is just now interested in the prosecution of another author of an alleged *roman à clef* by a per-

son who considers that the author has libelled him in its pages. In this case the author is Jules Verne, and the prosecuting party is the Société de la Panclastite, or, in reality, M. Eugene Turpin, the celebrated inventor of melinite. The book considered offensive by the inventor is *Face au Drapeau*, and legal proceedings are also being taken against M. Hetzel, the publisher of it. In *Face au Drapeau* the principal character is a talented inventor, and M. Turpin thinks that the circumstances of this inventor's life resemble too closely his own for this similarity to be a mere coincidence; and as the inventor is held up before the public in such an unfavourable light, M. Turpin thinks he has a good case for defamation of character. The case comes on for trial at the end of this month. The plaintiffs claim 50,000 fr. damages, the insertion of the judgment in fifty newspapers to be chosen by the plaintiffs, and the suppression of the passages objected to.

These prosecutions of authors by people who imagine that they have been libelled by them are not infrequent in France, where the necessity of an artist being "true to life" is more generally recognised than it is elsewhere. Zola had to defend himself before the law courts on account of certain passages in *Lourdes*. One of the tradespeople who make money out of the visits of the faithful to the miraculous spring claimed that under another name he had been introduced in an unfavourable light into the book, and that his motives and methods had been misrepresented in such a way as to be prejudicial to him. One of the most remarkable of recent *pièces à clef* was Abel Hermant's comedy, *La Meute*, which was brought out last season at the Renaissance. This play occasioned a duel between the Prince de Sagan and the author.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts has written an historical romance which is now in the hands of Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company, and will be ready in time for the holidays. It is entitled *The Forge in the Forest*, and most of the scenes are laid in Nova Scotia, among the forests of Acadie during the time of the French war. Professor Roberts is not only steeped in the historical traditions which give a romantic back-

ground to the period of which he writes, but as a Nova Scotian his foot is on his native heath, and much is therefore to be expected of his first novel, which has been largely the outcome of long study as well as imaginative production.

A very interesting fragment by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled *A Mountain Town in France*, has turned up, and will be issued immediately by Mr. John Lane. It is an account of his sojourn at Le Monastier in the autumn of 1878, and was intended to serve as the opening chapter of his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, but the intention was abandoned in favour of a more abrupt beginning, and the fragment is now printed for the first time. It is a delightful and charming piece of prose, and its publication will not hurt Stevenson's reputation. It is curious to notice how all through this chapter Stevenson compares Le Monastier to a Scottish village—another witness to Stevenson's patriotism and enthusiasm. "On the whole," he says, on one occasion, "this is a Scottish landscape, although not so noble as the best in Scotland; and by an odd coincidence the population is, in its way, as Scottish as the country." We select two passages from *A Mountain Town in France*, which will enable the reader to judge that the discarded chapter has the true ring of Stevenson in it:

"As far as the eye can reach, one swelling line of hill-top rises and falls behind another; and if you climb an eminence, it is only to see new and further ranges behind these. Many little rivers run from all sides in clifty valleys; and one of them, a few miles from Monastier, bears the great name of Loire. . . . The country is wild and tumbled rather than commanding; an upland rather than a mountain district; and the most striking as well as the most agreeable scenery lies low beside the rivers. There, indeed, you will find many corners that take the fancy; such as made the English noble choose his grave by a Swiss streamlet, where nature is at her freshest and looks as young as on the seventh morning. Such a place is the course of the Gazeille, where it waters the common of Monastier and thence downward till it joins the Loire—a place to hear birds singing: a place for lovers to frequent. The name of the river was perhaps suggested by the sound of its passage over the stones: for it is a great warbler, and at night, after I was in bed in Monastier, I could hear it go singing down the valley till I fell asleep."

* * * * *

"Here, as in Scotland, many peasant families boast a son in holy orders. And here, also.



FROM A DRAWING BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

the young men have a tendency to emigrate. It is certainly not poverty that drives them to the great cities or across the seas; for many peasant families, I was told, have a fortune of at least 40,000 francs. The lads go forth pricked with the spirit of adventure and the desire to rise in life, and leave their homespun elders grumbling and wondering over the event. Once, at a village called Laussonne, I met one of these disappointed parents; a drake who had fathered a wild swan who was now an apothecary in Brazil. He had flown by way of Bordeaux, and first landed in America, bare-headed and bare foot, and with a single half-penny in his pocket. And now he was an apothecary! Such a wonderful thing is an adventurous life! I thought he might as well have stayed at home; but you never can tell wherein a man's life consists, nor in what he sets his pleasure: one to drink, another to marry, a third to write scurrilous articles and be repeatedly caned in public, and now this fourth, perhaps, to be an apothecary in Brazil. As for

his old father, he could conceive no reason for the lad's behaviour. 'I had always bread for him,' he said; 'he ran away to annoy me.' But at heart he was swelling with pride over his travelled offspring, and he produced a letter out of his pocket where, as he said, it was rotting, a mere lump of paper rags, and waved it gloriously in the air. 'This comes from America,' he cried, 'six thousand leagues away!' And the wine-shop audience looked upon it with a certain thrill."

An incidental and novel feature will be the reproduction of five sketches of scenes in the vicinity of Le Monastier taken from drawings made by Stevenson himself, one of which we are permitted to use. It will, no doubt, be news to many admirers of Stevenson that he often amused himself with the pencil in this way.

THE NEW CHILD AND ITS PICTURE-BOOKS.

An ingenious person named Krohn, whose patience is evidently more highly developed than his sense of humour, has been making some experiments that are supposed to be very important to scientific teachers. He has found that it takes a young child $\frac{3.84}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *c*, $\frac{3.58}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *a*, and $\frac{3.89}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *t*; while the word *c-a-t* as a whole is recognised in $\frac{8.30}{1000}$ of a second. Therefore, he says, primary teaching should be done by words and not by letters, and the letters should be $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch high and printed in a line not more than four inches long. We don't know exactly how he has discovered all these things, but that does not matter; for he is evidently a very profound person. We have done some figuring ourselves on the basis of his researches, and we find that, following out his method and adopting his kind of reading-book, a child of five years, in an average daily lesson, would each day save $\frac{9.78}{1000}$ of a minute out of its valuable time. Think of that!

This investigation is beautifully illustrative of what is going on to-day in the sphere of education. We are living in an age in which the Educator has been gradually supplanted by the Educationist. The Educator was a person who felt that every child has its own individual temperament and mental idiosyncrasies which differentiate it to some extent from every other child, so that the method of presenting a subject should be largely influenced by the teacher's knowledge of the individual to be taught. He felt that a good teacher should be quick to note the effects upon each child's mind of a particular manner of presentation, and that the practical results obtained should be the final test of every method, inasmuch as the education of the child and not the exaltation of the teacher was the end to be secured. Hence quick sympathy, keen perception, ready adaptability, and ingenuity in fixing the attention and interesting the thought of the child were regarded as the prime qualifications of a successful Educator.

The Educationist has changed all that. So far as our own limited intelli-

gence has been able to grasp the subtle distinctions of modern pædagogic doctrine, an Educationist is an individual who is not himself much of a hand at teaching, but who is able to tell all other persons how they ought to teach. He is great on method, and observes blandly, when questioned, that it doesn't matter in the least whether the actual results amount to much so long as the correct pædagogic method has been employed. He abounds in statistics, and these statistics are usually in fractions. He perhaps could not himself succeed in teaching a young child to read, but, like Dr. Krohn, he can tell you just how many thousandths of a second it ought to take for some one else to make a letter perceptible to the child's intelligence. He has read several text-books on Psychology, and when he talks, he has a good deal to say about "concepts" and "apperception," and once in five minutes he will allude airily to the Laws of the Association of Ideas. He has, in fact, established a set of infallible formulas that never hang fire and that render the education of children as simple a matter as rolling off a log. The exactness of these formulas is, indeed, a little startling to an ordinary mind. Thus, if the Educationist tells you that a child of twelve years and six months who is studying Latin must have exactly thirty-five minutes of recitation each day (preferably between nine and eleven o'clock), and you say doubtfully that you have been giving thirty minutes to this work between eleven and twelve o'clock, the Educationist will look at you with pained surprise and tell you that you are evidently old-fashioned. Then it would be wise to keep quiet unless you want to get into trouble; for if you go on to say that your arrangement has worked very well, he will at once tell you that you evidently know nothing of the Psychological Basis of Education; and if you still persist, he will talk to you about Sturm, and Herbart, and, maybe, even Froebel; and if he once pulls Froebel on you, you are gone. It is quite unsafe, too, for you to comfort yourself with the thought that perhaps he doesn't know what he is talking about. You may think that he



FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS ETHEL REED FOR MRS MOULTON'S "IN CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY."

is by no means brilliant in his ordinary conversation, that he seems, in fact, in other matters to be rather dull; and if you are exceptionally uninstructed and indiscreet, you may even go so far as to remark that he is evidently a good deal of an ass. But just wait, and Nemesis will at last get after you. Some day or other you will see the Educationist reading a paper at a Teacher's Conference, and then you will know that he is really Great.

Now, so far as we are personally concerned, we don't care how much he raids around in the field of education, and we shouldn't say a word about him if he stopped right there. Children will tumble up somehow or other even under the rule of an Educationist; and after all, the real training of every human being comes largely from experience and

from contact with his kind. Moreover, there is something to be said in behalf of the psychological racket. In these days of overcrowded professions there are hundreds of shallow young men and rattled young women who would have to carry a hod or go and get married if a wise dispensation of Providence had not specially opened up to them this new and fruitful field, wherein they can earn comfortable salaries and much *κῦδος* without needing to possess anything more in the way of equipment than a few catchwords and the ability to keep a straight face when they hear each other talk.

Unfortunately, however, these people have not remained contented with their original sphere of influence. Perhaps they are getting to be so numerous that they have begun to step on each other's heels. At any rate, they are now slopping over into another field, in

which they are doing and will continue to do an infinite deal of harm. After grabbing the schools and coercing the teachers, they are now reaching out into the nursery and into the playground and are seeking to upset all the good old traditions of child-life that have come down from the time when the Aryan children romped around on the borders of Volhynia.

We can all remember the golden days of our early life, when no hard-and-fast line had yet been drawn for us between the real and the impossible, and when everything was wonderful because everything was new. That was the roseate time when we knew that at the base of every rainbow there lay buried a pot of real gold. We heard fairies whispering in the thickets of the woods, and could point out the hillocks where gnomes

came up each night and gambolled in the moonlight. Then all of us dreamed rare dreams and cherished harmlessly delightful fancies; for the gray old world was very beautiful, and our lives were flushed with the light that dies away so soon. There were no Educationists in that paradise to which so many men and women, now grown grim and mirthless, sometimes look back with an unwonted dimness of the eyes. But to-day appears the brisk and practical Young Person of nineteen or thereabouts, fresh from a Training College and with no illusions and no sympathies about her. She bursts in upon the penitential of childhood, and knocks its household gods to smithereens. Fairy stories? Nonsense! Giants? Bosh! With a ruthless efficiency she annihilates the gentle friends of the child's imagination, deposes Santa Claus, mocks at the virtues of the wish-bone, and drives with jeers the Sand Man out of existence. Then she gets down to work and trots out her own substitutes for all these things. The children must begin to absorb some scraps of history; they must draw geometrical figures instead of rings for "migs." No more singing at their play of the disaster that befell London Bridge, or of the Farmer who stamps his foot and claps his hands and turns around to view the land. "Eeny-meeny-mony-mike" is silly gibberish. "Monkey, monkey, barrel of beer" is low. None of this for the wise young lady who now runs things! She will teach her flock some real instructive and improving songs about minerals, for instance, and when she takes them out to walk she will make them peep and botanize with her in a way to give Linnæus cerebro-spinal meningitis. Then the little things, instead of playing around in



JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

(By permission of Messrs. McLoughlin Bros., New York.)

God's free air and in a healthily unconscious way, are thrust into a kindergarten, where they sit and make worsted parallelograms on a piece of cardboard, and learn a sort of complicated drill that keeps them unnaturally alert; while through the whole performance they are watched and egged on to emulation until their little faces flush and all their sensitive little nerves are tingling with unhealthy excitement. They learn some things; but what they learn is value-

less, while what they lose in learning it is beyond all price. At times, perhaps, some mother whose mind is troubled by these new works and ways will timidly suggest her doubts about the wisdom of it all; but the brisk Young Person will promptly and rather patronisingly inform her that it rests upon a Psychological Basis, and that it is just what Froebel meant. And so we see growing up about us a generation of shrill, self-conscious, and insufferably priggish brats.

What led us on to all this meditation was the sight of the children's picture-books that are just now loading down the counters of the book-shops in anticipation of the holidays; for the Educationist has not yet abolished Christmas, probably because he requires a short vacation himself, in which he can go off somewhere and think. But he has done what he could by issuing a ukase (which has probably a Psychological Basis, too) as to the sort of picture-books that children should be allowed to see. No more of those demoralising and quite absurd old stories of which both text and pictures have wrought such a havoc in the past! Why, they can be proved to be filled with falsehood. Take the pernicious tale called *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Everybody knows that beans could never grow to such a height as this story represents, nor if they did, would human life be possible at such an altitude. And as for the Giant—why, it is a well-known anthropological fact that there are no giants. See *Quatre-fages* and *Schwartz*. Then the story goes on to speak of a talking harp and a hen that lays golden eggs. What glaring improbabilities! An inanimate object like a harp cannot possibly possess phonological attributes. Automatic sounds of any kind would be out of the question; and as for the hen—no treatise on ornithology ever includes among the ova of gallinaceous bipeds any such phenomenon. In a word, these things being easily demonstrated to be absolutely false and without any foundation in fact, will any one seriously advise that children should be allowed to hear of them? Would you have them grow up to manhood and womanhood believing in magic beans and talking harps, and giants? The thing is pædagogically unsound and psychologically monstrous! No! if children must have

anything so frivolous as a picture-book for mere amusement (a thing to be deplored), let them at least have books that may indirectly familiarise them with the world as it is, and not with unrealities like talking harps and aureous eggs. Let us through the eye give them some knowledge of zoölogical truths, and let these be depicted in a way to soothe and to tranquillise rather than to stimulate an unhealthy imagination. Finally, these picture-books in primary colours are wholly inartistic, and check the æsthetic development of a child's mind. Give us rather drawings in delicate outline and permeated by the influence of Art.

These notions have gradually been instilled into the minds of fathers and mothers and have finally filtered through to the minds of publishers as well, so that at last one finds everywhere the sort of picture-book for which the Educationist cries out. They are roughly to be divided into two classes—the animal picture-book and the purely artistic picture-book.

The animal picture-book is not a picture-book of the old kind in which animals are the protagonists of tragedies and comedies. There is no story in the new picture-book, but just animals—principally cows. We don't quite know why cows are supposed to be most fitted for the contemplation of the New Child. Perhaps the calm of the cow, her unimaginative turn of mind, and her thoughtful nature make her psychologically safe; but anyhow there she is, occupying whole pages of a hundred picture-books. First you see the cow in the foreground gazing in profile over a fence; then you see the same cow in the middle distance looking around for something to eat; last you see the cow in the background with her hind legs carefully foreshortened and doing nothing in particular. *Toujours* cow. The drawing is very carefully done; the cow's *chiaroscuro* is excellent. The disposition of the tail is always carefully thought out with reference to the general scheme of composition. But the Old Child would want to know what it all meant, and when told that it had no meaning, no insidious story, he would have thought that there was just a little too much cow; and the perfection of the *chiaroscuro* would not wholly fill the void caused by the absence of meaning and



FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS NORTON FOR "THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL."

of story. What the New Child thinks of it we personally do not know.

Next to the cow, the pig is greatly favoured by the makers of these picture-books. Now the pig is all right. He has played an honourable and even an exciting part in the child's books of the past, from the Little Pig who went to market, to the other Little Pig who built him a house out of straw against which the Wolf huffed and puffed till he blew it down; and the far more fortunate Little Pig who fooled the Wolf and finally scalded him to death in a big kettle. But the latter-day pig is not a pig of that kind. He is just a plain pig with no mind, a pig who has had no adventures, a pig about whose life there is no dark mystery, no tragedy, and no triumph—in fact, an ordinary pig with as little imagination as an Educationist.

The purely artistic picture-book is different in subject. Its style of picture is very well exemplified in a design which we here reproduce, and which is one of a number drawn by Miss Ethel Reed for a volume of child-verse by Mrs. Moulton.* Miss Reed's designs usually show a female face sometimes looking to the right and sometimes looking to

* In *Childhood's Country*. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Copeland & Day.

the left and sometimes looking at the reader. There is a flurry of buds and leaves and butterflies and other *entrées* gracefully disposed about the figure and that is all. It is very artistic and daintily drawn; but again the Old Child would ask, "What is it all about?" And the answer would have to be that it isn't about anything. We received rather a shock the other day when we spoke to a friend about this matter, and said that we thought that a child could hardly find much to interest him in such drawings as those of Miss Reed.

"Why," cried he, "you're entirely mistaken! My little girl is so fascinated by these pictures that she carries the book to bed with her at night!"

Here was a blow that made us gasp. No one likes to have his theories upset in this way.

"Yes," he went on, "she looks at them by the hour, and insists on my making up a story about each one."

O veritas sanctissima! Here was confirmation strong as holy writ! So the New Child is not so very different from the Old Child, after all. The Story is still the thing, and all that the Educationist has yet accomplished is to throw the burden of providing it on the parent instead of on the author!



FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS NORTON FOR "THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL."

It is in this latter fact that we see some hope of ultimately returning sanity. When the overworked parent begins to realise that the child is going to have the story just the same as ever, he will also begin to reflect that it might just as well be told in the book as extracted from his own inexperienced fancy; that Nature is still a good deal stronger than Art; that though the Educationist may temporarily pitch her out with a psychological dung-fork, she will steal in again through the back-door as irrepresible as ever; and that, granting the necessity of the Story, there will never be any stories like those fine old

tales that have defied the tooth of time and will defy the dogmas even of the all wise Educationist. Then will Jack the Giant Killer stand forth once more in his great nursery epic; and Little Red Riding Hood, whose story has all the subtle elements of a Greek drama, will come again into her own; and Blue Beard will be heard still thundering at the foot of the tower while Sister Anne waves her signal to the rescuers. Not wholly, indeed, have all of these delightful creations been forgotten. One firm of publishers, upon whom be benisons forever, still keeps the sacred fire alight in the face of all this wind of adverse doctrine. Had we the revenues of a multimillionaire we should send each Christmas Day our personal cheque for ten thousand dollars to the Messrs. McLoughlin of this city, who still put forth those good old classics whose pages show the very subtlest literary gifts and which have long ago secured a glorious immortality.

One argument against these books deserves some little serious consideration, because on the face of it, it is not devoid of plausibility. It is asserted that the scenes of killing and wounding and battle and slaughter in which some of them abound are unduly horrifying to the sensitive mind of a child; that they will frighten and excite and alarm, and are therefore unwholesome in their effect upon the mind and nerves. But this assertion only goes to show how little, with all his vaunted psychology, the Educationist really knows about the nature of a child's mind. He ascribes to the child, in fact, attributes that are impossible without an experience which no child can possibly possess. Thus, for example, when you tell the Educationist how Jack drew his sword and decapitated the Two-Headed Giant, he, being a grown man with a knowledge of physiological facts, can conjure up the horrors of an actual killing—the gush-

ing blood, the shriek of agony, the monstrous body swaying and falling, and the inevitableness and finality of death. But what does the child know of all this? To it the cutting off of the head is not in itself more startling than the taking off of a hat. Of course, it is rather uncomfortable for a Giant to be without any head; but he is a bad old Giant anyway and deserves some little annoyance of this sort for stealing the poor people's pigs and cattle. If he should repent, however, there is no reason why his head could not be clapped on again all right and be as good as new, just as when the Maid was in the Garden hanging out the Clothes and her nose was carried off by a predatory blackbird, it wasn't long before little Jenny Wren came and satisfactorily replaced it. To the child's simple faith everything is possible; he knows as little of anatomy as of antiseptic surgery; and his imagination, however active and daring, is necessarily circumscribed and conditioned by the limitations of his knowledge. Consequently, just as young David Copperfield read of Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker and found them harmless creatures because his own mind had not yet eaten of the tree of life that gives a knowledge of good and evil, so to the child in the nursery, the combats and wild scenes of the story-book are as innocent as summer picnics.

We are inclined to think that when the present fad for over-refining the processes of children's education has been dropped, when the Psychological Basis has been laid comfortably to rest, and when we go back to a simpler and more natural way of looking at these things, the child's picture-book will be found to have been modified in only one respect by reason of all this pow-wow. It is likely that the pictures themselves, while keeping to the old themes or to themes that are not different in general spirit, will be more artistic in their execution, and that is all. Then we shall have a quite ideal picture-book—one whose illustrations will suggest the story that lies behind them and at the same



Melanie Elisabeth Norton.

time will deserve respect for the adequacy of their execution. Of the pictures that have been made this year for the delectation of children, there is one particular series that seems to us indicative of what all will have to be in the not far distant future. These are found in a little book soon to be published,* in which the text has been illustrated by Miss M. E. Norton, of whose work the readers of THE BOOKMAN have already seen several striking specimens. In this new field she shows some qualities that

* The Adventures of Mabel. By Rafford Pyke. With illustrations by Melanie Elisabeth Norton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

one would not necessarily have predicated of her earlier drawings, but which make her an ideal illustrator of a text intended for a healthy-minded child. Here are all the imagination and insight, the same startling originality, and the same felicity of execution, but there is also a subtle touch of humour unobtrusively suggested—the sort of underlying humour always present in a child's mind when it is playing robbers, for instance, or anything else that is purely make-believe, and which is quite consistent with the greatest external gravity and apparent faith in the little drama. It is, in fact, the sub-consciousness of the fiction as a fiction, the duality of the thought, the underlying knowledge that the play is really nothing but a play, that so tickles a child's fancy and gives to the whole thing its greatest zest. Now Miss Norton's pictures in some curious way all manage to suggest this very feeling; you feel that she is within the charmed circle herself, that she is playing with the children and making believe

as hard as they are; and all the while you know that her eyes, like theirs, have just a glint of fun in them, just the suspicion of a twinkle that shows how well she understands the rules of the game. Moreover, each picture makes you feel that there is a story behind it, and will excite in the mind of the child who sees it a strong desire to know just what that story is.

We live therefore in the hope that ere long there will come to children a glorious Renaissance of the Natural, when they will no more be fed with formulas or made to learn so many improving things. Childhood is short enough at the best; the dreams of children vanish all too soon; the facts of life confront them grimly even while the baby look still lingers in their eyes; and surely he is no real lover of his kind who would begrudge them this one small corner of delight and enter with sullen tread to mar the heaven that lies about us in our infancy.

H. T. P.

DAYS WITH MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS AND HER FRIENDS.

That we may come without delay to an understanding of the spirit which is behind a delightful new book, *Authors and Friends*, by Mrs. James T. Fields, a passage at the beginning of a paper on Tennyson which it contains may very well be quoted. Its least value does not lie in its being one of the few passages in which the reading of direct autobiography, rather than reminiscence of others, seems to be permitted:

"There is a keen remembrance, lingering ineradicably with the writer, of a little girl coming to school once upon recitation day with a 'piece' of her own selection safely stored away in her childish memory. It was a new poem to the school, and when her turn came to recite her soul was full of the gleam and glory of Camelot. She felt as if she were unlocking a treasure-house, and it was with unspeakable pleasure to herself that she gave, verse after verse, the entire poem of 'The Lady of Shalott.' Doubtless the child's voice drifted away into sing-song, as her whole little self seemed to drift away into the land of fancy, and doubtless also the busy teacher, who was more familiar with Jane Taylor and Cowper, was sadly puzzled. When the child at length sat down, scarcely knowing where she was in her sudden descent from the land of marvel, she heard the teacher say, to her amazement and discouragement,

after an ominous pause, 'I wonder if any young lady can tell me what this poem means?' There was no reply.

"'Can you tell us?' was the next question pointed at the poor little girl who had just dropped out of cloudland. 'I thought it explained itself,' was the plaintive reply. With a slight air of depreciation, in another moment the next recitation was called for, and the dull clouds of routine shut down over the sudden glory. 'Shades of the prison house' then and there began to close over the growing child. One joy had for the present faded from her life, that of a sure sympathy and understanding. Not even her teacher could see what she saw, nor could feel what lay deep down in her own glowing heart. Nevertheless, Tennyson was henceforth a seer and a prophet to this child and to the growing world; but for some, who could never learn his language, he was born too late."

It is because Mrs. Fields herself was born just early and just late enough, and through circumstance and native endowment came into the closest intimacy and sympathy with the men and women whose names shine forth most clearly in our century's record of letters, that her book has an uncommon charm and value.

Even if James T. Fields had not been



MRS. FIELDS'S STUDY.

precisely what he was as a man, his position as one of the large-minded firm of Ticknor and Fields, and as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* at a time when the giants in American literature nearly all lived in and near Boston, would have made his doors a familiar entering-place for those elect ones whose thoughts and talk were best worth hearing. But Mr. Fields was something far more than publisher and editor. He had a gift for friendship, a generosity of mind and heart, and a sympathy with the things of the intellect and spirit which few men of any employment possess, and which peculiarly fitted him for the work he had to do in the world. To remove the name of Fields from the most important chapters of our literary annals would be to give up the one name that appears on nearly every page. Without the least assumption of the dignity of a pope in the hierarchy of letters, he was in the truest sense the *servus servorum* of that divinity which rules the brotherhood of the pen.

To an equal share in this life of service and co-operation Mrs. Fields came by right. It is something to have known the men and women who filled the hours of that life; it is much more to have been able to know them, to have had the powers of understanding and provoking the best things in their natures, and to have held their friendship long after the circumstances which gave it birth had been left in the past.

It is twenty-five years since Mr. Fields, in his familiar *Yesterdays with Authors*, opened the doors of his library, and talked freely of the portraits on the walls, the great friends who had come and gone across the threshold, and the intimacies with them and others with whom he had met only on English soil. These same doors Mrs. Fields opens again in her *Authors and Friends*. Now we are permitted to go in and out with those other intimates of her husband and herself who have outlived him. The reminiscences are drawn from the same sources as those to which Mr.



James T. Fields

Fields turned frequently—letters more or less directly connected with books which concerned him as a publisher; and memorials, written and unwritten, of the friendships with which the business of books came inevitably to occupy a secondary relation.

In these reminiscences of Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, and their contemporaries, Mrs. Fields gives evidence of qualities of the first value, though not of the widest distribution, in biographical writing. For one quality let us give special thanks. She does not tell the reader more than he is entitled to know. He is admitted to high acquaintanceships, and feels that double gratification which comes of being well introduced—a sense that the new acquaintance is seen at his best, and that one is received without a suspicion of coldness. This last sensation may be termed fanciful in a mere reader; but the feeling of personal contact is real enough in the book to make one half

wonder whether one's presence gives any such pleasure to others as to one's self. Yet intimate as the intercourse is, the reader feels again and again, without being told, that reserves are kept, and he is glad of it. There are biographies enough and to spare in these days of ours which leave one with the feeling of having intruded unwittingly upon scenes too private for an outside eye. When one finds one's self in such a room, it is best to say without hesitation, "I beg your pardon, I think I must be going."

With the exception of the short concluding paper on Lady Tennyson, all the portions of the present volume have appeared from time to time in magazines, though new material has frequently, and with great advantage, been added. In the paper on Mrs. Stowe, for example, there is enough that did not appear in the *Atlantic* last summer to make the article practically a new production. Separated, moreover, as the successive magazine papers were in time and place, it was impossible to note, as one now does, how they vary in atmosphere and treatment with the subjects with which they deal. The daily lives of Longfellow and Holmes are more clearly reflected, perhaps, than those of any Authors who were Mrs. Fields's Friends, for with none of the persons in the book was there a more constant personal intercourse. Whittier, in his habit as he lived, walks in and out with some frequency; Emerson, elusive and shy, with less, but the flashes of his talk and letters brighten many pages. Mrs. Stowe, living more continuously at a distance from Boston, is seen mainly in her visits to town, but most vividly in her frank and spirited letters to both of her friends in Charles Street. The paper on Mrs. Thaxter appears elsewhere as an introduction to a volume of her letters, and, lacking letters therefore itself, is a harmonious study of a life and character. So, too, the accounts of Tennyson and his wife, with whom of necessity the personal intercourse was more

broken than with the others, are studies of personality.

As the treatment of the different themes varies, so, to a striking degree, does the atmosphere of personality with which each separate paper is instinct. The simple, loving benignity of Longfellow as a man has entered into Mrs. Fields's picture of him. From the account of Emerson one learns to appreciate keenly the truth and significance of a single phrase—"a kind of squirrel-like shyness and swiftness"—that is used in describing his reading of an essay. Dr. Holmes, the droll, shrewd, true-hearted little man, stands out exactly as the Autocrat should appear. The Friend Whittier is the very person his poems reveal. "He felt a certain brotherhood with Burns," says Mrs. Fields, "and early loved his genius; but where were two more unlike?" Where indeed? Yet where could truer words for Whittier the Abolitionist be found than these of a younger poet, who sings of Burns:

"To him the powers that formed him brave

* * * * *

A mighty gift of Hatred gave—
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of Love.

"He saw 'tis meet that man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity—and be pitiless;
To make and mar,
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far."

The eager strenuousness of Mrs. Stowe, the abundant life of Mrs. Thaxter, the serenity, dark and fair, of Lord and Lady Tennyson are drawn each with a faithfulness no less convincing than that of the cursory remark that has been quoted concerning Whittier.

One could cite many words from the book to show the means by which these various ends of living portraiture are attained; but the book itself is the place to look for them. Two widely separated passages well serve as an illustration of the manner in which two such different persons as Holmes and Whittier reveal their habits of mind under almost similar conditions. At different times each of them had gone to the house on Charles Street, and had found the occupants away from home. When it

happened to Dr. Holmes, this characteristic letter, reproduced in Mr. Morse's *Life*, from Mrs. Fields's article in the *Century*, was promptly written:

296 BEACON STREET,
February 11, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at eight of the clock, P.M.

A cautious female responded to my ring and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge Street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a "sneak thief."

By dint, however, of soft words and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

"I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told"

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the ignis fatuus of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex, and I retired.

On reaching home I read my note, and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for. . . .

Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th of February, at eight o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields, and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson, etc.

Always truly yours,
O. W. HOLMES.

It was an older Whittier who came to the door, during one of his last visits to Boston, and found it closed. As clearly as the joyous Autocrat spoke from his letter, the aged poet was himself in the following lines:

"I stood within the vestibule
Whose granite steps I knew so well,
While through the empty rooms the bell
Responded to my eager pull.



MOTLEY.
WHITTIER.

EMERSON.
HOLMES.
LONGFELLOW.

HAWTHORNE.
LOWELL.

A GROUP FROM THE SATURDAY CLUB CONTEMPORARY WITH MR. JAMES T. FIELDS.

" I listened while the bell once more
Rang through the void, deserted hall ;
I heard no voice nor light footfall,
And turned me sadly from the door.

" Though fair was Autumn's dreamy day,
And fair the wood paths carpeted
With fallen leaves of gold and red,
I missed a dearer sight than they.

" I missed the love-transfigured face,
The glad, sweet smile so dear to me,
The clasp of greeting warm and free.
What had the round world in their place ?

" O friend, whose generous love has made
My last days best, my good intent
Accept, and let the call I meant
Be with your coming doubly paid."

Largely typical as these verses are of one phase of Whittier's spirit, they represent a feeling toward the dwellers in Mrs. Fields's house which could not help expressing itself in each separate account of her friendships. It is inevitable that the letters which Mrs. Fields

has printed should show something of the other side of the personal relation, something of the impression she had made upon her intimates. Therefore one finds in these pages the constant revelation of kindnesses little and large; of a gracious hospitality—whether in Boston or in the cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea—which Emerson called “plus-Arabian;” of the comprehending sympathy which a womanhood deficient in either heart or head is incapable of expressing. Mrs. Fields tells freely of the pleasures the friendships of her fireside have given her. In Mrs. Phelps-Ward’s *Chapters from a Life*, appearing almost simultaneously with Mrs. Fields’s book, it is good to read a few words in which one guest at her house may be supposed to speak the thoughts of many :

“Those of us who received its hospitality recall its inspiration among the treasures of our lives. We think of the peaceful library into which the sunset over the Charles looked delicately, while the ‘best things’ of thought were given and taken by the finest and strongest minds of the day in a kind of electric interplay, which makes by contrast a pale affair of the

word conversation as we are apt to use it. We recall the quiet guest-chamber, apart from the noise of the street, and lifted far above the river; that room, opulent and subtle with the astral shapes of past occupants—Longfellow, Whittier, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, Kingsley, and the rest of their high order—and always resounding softly to the fine ear with the departed tread of Hawthorne, who used to pace the floor on sleepless nights. We remember the separation from paltriness and from superficial adjustments which that scholarly and gentle atmosphere commanded.”

A book which extends this atmosphere beyond the limits of the walls that first enclosed it does something more than to gratify a curiosity, however worthy, about the lives we call great. It takes us for a time into a company of higher spirits, and gives to all, in the measure of their capability for receiving, the refreshment which comes of breathing a clear, pure air :

“’Tis human fortune’s happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole ;
Second in order of felicity
I hold it, to have walked with such a soul.”

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

A PSALM OF LOVE.

Dreadful and lovely, very stern and kind,
Came a vast angel, winnowing down the wind :
A raiment as of lightnings veiled his form ;
And when he spoke, his whisper drowned the storm.

I cried, and fell before him on the ground,
“ Love, Love the long-desired, at last is found ! ”
Then swiftly sped to clasp his awful feet,
Knowing that Love, though linked with Death, were sweet.

But he laughed loud across the breathless air,
“ Fool, draw not near me : knowest thou not Despair ? ”
Yet unappalled to find my fate I came,
—And would have come unshodden over flame.

Wherefore he, smiling, murmured in mine ear,
“ Learn, thou whose love of Love has cast out fear,
Love *is* Despair, since Love began to be,
But Love’s new name awaits eternity.”

Since then we twain across the lands have trod,
As o’er the Syrian fields men walked with God :
O Love eternal ! sacred still Despair !
Awful and gracious ! most austere fair.

G. A. D

LIVING CRITICS.

XI.—WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL.

Within a few years a new and noteworthy critic has quietly arisen in America whose steadiness of grasp and breadth of treatment, whose exquisite tact and insight entitle him to consideration with the greatest. Less sympathetic and appreciative than Mr. Gosse, and correspondingly more sane and tolerantly liberal; less dogmatic and whimsical, if less ruddy, than Mr. Lang; less opinionated and broadly humorous than Mr. Birrell, and less inclined to trust to the illuminative power of epigrams; less discursive and prosaic than Mr. Saintsbury, and, unlike him, under no responsibility to give the world all that occurs to one; with none of Mr. Stedman's feverish alertness and incessant glitter; with a stylistic resemblance to Mr. Henry James and much the viewpoint of Mr. George Moore, to whom (and Hamerton and M. Bourget) he might more fittingly be compared, Mr. Brownell has compassed so adequately the subjects he has attempted that there is no longer any doubt of his high rank and unique place among critics. *French Traits* (1889), *French Art* (1892), and *Newport* (1896), which last has been courteously but inaccurately characterised as a "soufflé whipped to the lightest froth by the most skilful of touches," are three volumes in comparative criticism which have in them the resourcefulness and promise of great achievement. Each is so clearly a masterful accomplishment that one can only express the hope that Mr. Brownell's tranquil attention will in time be turned to literature no less than art and manners.

In the discussion of the latter, he speaks from the literary standpoint, which, in his case, is disturbed by no trace of diletantism or uncertainty of touch. He possesses the candour which enables him to take the point of view even of what he disesteems, and, not being a painter, he is not continually handicapped by the consciousness that "he would have done it differently." The same independence, coupled with the same sympathy and technical thoroughness, if applied to the novel or the drama, would very nearly realise the acme of critical judgment.

The qualities of Mr. Brownell's writing are so subdued, so refined, that many, I think, have overlooked their poise and force. Perhaps some would deny him these very traits because they are manifested in such restraint and proportion. Those who are *en rapport* with Mr. Brownell are charmed inexpressibly; many who cannot withhold their admiration confess, with a puzzled air, that "they cannot read him long at a time;" while not a few outspoken Americans, who perhaps wish to see a reflection of themselves in an author, declare that he is always beating about the bush, and uses *such* long words, and has he never any enthusiasm? they ask. These first impressions, however crude, are worth examining. It is true his manner is not direct, trenchant, like Professor Brander Matthews's or Mr. Stedman's, nor is it simple to the point of banality like Mr. Howells's. He habitually expresses finer shades of meaning than do any of these writers (if they will pardon my urbanity); and his style—no one would deny Mr. Brownell style—suits itself to the silky complexity of his thought. To one who looks beneath the surface there is discernible a logical groundwork which gives it strength and fibre.

Nor is he often, as in his characterisation of Rodin and in his "sensuous beatitude" in the stern-sheets of a catboat in Newport harbor, unqualifiedly enthusiastic. But that he is "cold" or lacks feeling, I deny. The one note of his writings is "feeling," in the French sense of the word. It is never pronounced, or effusive, or obtrusive. Many "frank," "outspoken" people would fail, perhaps, to detect it. His manner is marmoresque rather than pictorial. His sentimental appeal, like Millet's, is subordinate, and the fact of its subordination gives it potency. He is too genuinely sincere in his realism—if one may use two overstrained words—to please always the "average reader," who, as Turgenieff said, "must have generalisations, conclusions, incorrect, if you like, but still conclusions! A perfectly sincere man never pleases him." Mr.

Brownell is tentative when he is not sure. He shrinks from giving the epithets which first suggest themselves, leaving others, for example, to exclaim of Rodin, "majestic, Miltonic, grandiose." One comes to trust a poise and restraint so unembarrassed. Even his wit and sarcasm, so lightly and delicately pervasive, are tempered by a gentleness—a gentlemanliness—that makes them, to me, the quintessence of humour. He never "clears the air," like Tom Jones, with a laugh, but he produces smiles which are beyond repentance.

If one cannot read Mr. Brownell long at a sitting—waiving the indubitable fact that criticism does not usurp the place of fiction—it is just to inquire if there be any tinge of sameness in his literary manner. I should find the difficulty, if anywhere, in his reluctantly abstract method and in certain peculiarities of diction. Being a sculptor rather than painter in words, his mathematical balance of parts and excessive whiteness of light produce a certain monotony. That he is devoid of colour is not strictly true. But his colour does not catch the eye. To read him long is like gazing into a crystal; the lights are prismatic and unexpected, and one thinks rather of the excessive clarity of the crystal than of its rainbow hues. Then, too, his precise, ever-glinting speech flows on, as Lowell said of Pope's couplets, with an ease and immaculateness that are wearisomely perfect. His thought is at times a trifle elusive, too enigmatical to be transparently committal. "The mundane extravagance" (of Newport) he says, "gains immensely by being related, seemingly at least and as to ocular setting, to a background of natural beauty and grave decorum." "The jail on Marlborough Street is absolutely delightful and characteristically domestic; there is a legend of its one prisoner once complaining because there was no lock on her door." Again, rather than a measured march through the subject, his progress is sometimes a corkscrew. St. Gothard tunnelling of it, as in the admirable chapter on "Morality" in *French Traits*. He is impersonal to the end, and persistently refrains from colloquialism. He uses—humorously rather than deprecatingly, we should say—quotation marks to set off the homely idioms of our every-day speech. One is re-



WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL.

freshed beyond bounds to read of M. Rodin: "The grandiose does not run away with him." One rather wishes he had said "other boats" for "extraneities," in Newport harbor; but that is a matter of wit. His highly Latinised diction naturally includes many words ending in "ity" and "ation"—"systematisation," "fantasticity," "modernity," "solidarity." It is not always euphonious, as in "imaginative initiative," "contrives a trifling incident," "the procession's smartness." This is due to no journalistic determination not to be Stevensonian in the choice of words, nor to a failure to appreciate verbal music, but to his dignified absorption in his theme. His sentence structure, considering the subtlety of the thought, is wonderfully flexible and even. One is tempted to inquire where is language more adequate to its purpose.

Personal traits inevitably get reflected in one's writing. The dominant personal note in Mr. Brownell's essays, felt rather than anywhere obtruded, is repose, the repose of complete self-respect. There is a singular pertinence in his own words, "Culture is impossible without cosmopolitanism, but self-respect is more indispensable even than culture;" and

when he elsewhere speaks of "the loss of self-respect involved in the bravado of self-assertion," one cannot but exclaim: "τὸν ἄνδρα ὄρω." His has been a symmetrical growth productive of a sane philosophy, the occasional gleams of which unconsciously lend force and sprightliness to his opinions. It is easy with him to speak in a fresh and memorable way.

"An artless platitude," he says, "is really more artificial than a clever paradox; it doesn't even cast a sidelight on the natural material with which it deals." With a fine urbanity he alludes to "a few contemporary painters and critics, whose specific penetration is sometimes in curious contrast with their imperfect catholicity." When he asks the question, "What do we mean by style?" he answers it with no Arnold-like academic insistence. How gracefully he makes, in passing, an important distinction: "Everything is pictorial; every series of objects is an *ensemble*; the vista in any direction [he is speaking of the Newport landscape] exceeds the interest of the purely picturesque—the picturesque with its crudity, its fortuitousness, its animated and uneasy helter-skelter." When he feels it, he does not hesitate to affirm a mysterious truth: "A picture should be something more than even pictorial. To be permanently attaching it should give at least a hint of the painter's philosophy—his point of view, his attitude toward his material. In the great pictures you cannot only discover this attitude, but the attitude of the painter toward life and the world in general." Quotations from *French Traits* are sure to lack atmosphere. However, with Mr. Brownell's permission, I will insert two. "The attraction France has for Frenchmen," he writes, "is something of which we can form no adequate notion. Everything French suits exactly every Frenchman. Life is a larger thing, or, at any rate, people in general are more alive—not nervously and feverishly, as we are apt to fancy from the novels, but freely and expansively. . . ." Again, from the essay "Morality": "We may say, I think, that the prayer 'lead us not into temptation' is rarely on his lips or in his heart. His attitude toward temptation is not one of timorousness. He believes, rather, with La Bruyère, that 'everything is temptation to him who fears temptation.' He does not seek to fortify himself

against it by acquiring the habit of self-denial. He does not contemplate the notion of yielding in spite of himself, of being assailed by the tempter in an unguarded moment, of the necessity of always having one's armour on. Neither does he comprehend the relaxation and relief all of us know so well of those moments during which we put this armour off for the nonce, when we are sure temptation cannot assail us; nor our occasional excesses when we find ourselves in error as to this security. Discipline in this direction he does not practise. He substitutes philosophy for it. His philosophy may now and then be stoic, but it is not ascetic. He does not strive to obey his higher and control his lower nature. He appears, in fact, to have no higher nature—and no lower; to have, morally speaking, a nature that is simple and single." Those who would wilfully misinterpret the whole trend and nature of Mr. Brownell's work in comparative criticism, as some have that of Mr. James, might invite themselves to a perusal of the final paper, "New York After Paris," where the author, as elsewhere, betrays a sturdy belief in democratic institutions, and explicitly expresses his sensibility to "the prodigious amount of right feeling manifested in a hundred ways" throughout our country.

The "prismatic turn of what is real and actual into a position wherein it catches glints of the imagination" (to turn homeward another chance phrasing) is a function of art which did not come to Mr. Brownell from heaven or all at once, we shrewdly suspect. His fine sense of proportion bespeaks a rigorous academic training. To seven years of metropolitan journalism and his subsequent editorial connection with a weekly paper may be traced his quick observation and facility of expression. From what font he drank during this period he doubtless could tell—with Ciceronian accountability. In the following years he gained an intimate and accurate acquaintance with all that is best in French life and art. Thence his intelligence and style received their unique and inimitable French finish, whereof young men rave and old men should dream. He has been the architect of his own fortunes, and leaves on the reader the impress of a gentle, self-respecting nature.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE BOOKS YOU USED TO READ.

What were the books that you used to read ?
Which were the first you knew ?
Whose was the page with its wondrous seed,
Seed of the will to do ?
Who wrote the words that in printer's ink
Stared from the pages to make you think ?

Have you the books that you used to thumb ?
Wonderful storehouses then,
Filled with such treasures as never will come
Back to your eyes again ;
For the eyes which the dear old volumes knew
Were as fresh as a flower that is sprent with dew.

Tell me the books that you used to know
Back in the dear old home,
Sheltered by trees that were bending low
And by the vines that clomb,
Making, perhaps, a secluded nook
Just for you and your favourite book.

What if their linen be soiled to-day ?
What if their coats be torn ?
Friends are still friends if the hair be grey
Or if the clothes be worn ;
And they will ever seem staunch and true—
These, the friends that in youth you knew.

Do you not know what they told you then,
Even the page and line ?
Could you not turn to it now, as when
You were a child of nine ?
And in your eyes would the words not glow
Just as they did in the long ago ?

Dear were these friends when such were few ;
Dear are they still, I know ;
Tomes that are stately and rich and new
Laugh at the long ago,
But into your favour shall never come
As did the books that you used to thumb.

Osman C. Hooper.



"Yes," said our old friend Tribourdeaux, a man of culture and a philosopher, which is a combination rarely found among army surgeons; "yes, the supernatural is everywhere; it surrounds us and hems us in and permeates us. If science pursues it, it takes flight and cannot be grasped. Our intellect resembles those ancestors of ours who cleared a few acres of forest: whenever they approached the limits of their clearing they heard low growls and saw gleaming eyes everywhere circling them about. I myself have had the sensation of having approached the limits of the unknown several times in my life, and on one occasion in particular."

A young lady present interrupted him:

"Doctor, you are evidently dying to tell us a story. Come now, begin!"

The doctor bowed.

"No, I am not in the least anxious, I assure you. I tell this story as seldom as possible, for it disturbs those who hear it, and it disturbs me also. However, if you wish it, here it is:

"In 1863 I was a young physician

stationed at Orléans. In that patrician city, full of aristocratic old residences, it is difficult to find bachelor apartments; and as I like both plenty of air and plenty of room, I took up my lodging on the first floor of a large building situated just outside the city, near Saint-Euverte. It had been originally constructed to serve as the warehouse and also as the dwelling of a manufacturer of rugs. In course of time the manufacturer had failed, and this big barrack that he had built, falling out of repair through lack of tenants, had been sold for a song with all its furnishings. The purchaser hoped to make a future profit out of his purchase, for the city was growing in that direction; and, as a matter of fact, I believe that at the present time the house is included within the city limits. When I took up my quarters there, however, the mansion stood alone on the verge of the open country, at the end of a straggling street on which a few stray houses produced at dusk the impression of a jaw from which most of the teeth have fallen out.

"I leased one half of the first floor,

an apartment of four rooms. For my bedroom and my study I took the two that fronted on the street ; in the third room I set up some shelves for my wardrobe, and the other room I left empty. This made a very comfortable lodging for me, and I had, for a sort of promenade, a broad balcony that ran along the entire front of the building, or rather one half of the balcony, since it was divided into two parts (please note this carefully) by a fan of ironwork, over which, however, one could easily climb.

"I had been living there for about two months, when one night in July, on returning to my rooms, I saw with a good deal of surprise a light shining through the windows of the other apartment on the same floor, which I had supposed to be uninhabited. The effect of this light was extraordinary. It lit up with a pale yet perfectly distinct reflection parts of the balcony, the street below, and a bit of the neighbouring fields.

"I thought to myself, 'Aha ! I have a neighbour !'

"The idea indeed was not altogether agreeable, for I had been rather proud of my exclusive proprietorship. On reaching my bedroom I passed noiselessly out upon the balcony, but already the light had been extinguished. So I went back into my room, and sat down to read for an hour or two. From time to time I seemed to hear about me, as though within the walls, light footsteps ; but after finishing my book I went to bed, and speedily fell asleep.

"About midnight I suddenly awoke with a curious feeling that something was standing beside me. I raised myself in bed, lit a candle, and this is what I saw. In the middle of the room stood an immense cat gazing upon me with phosphorescent eyes, and with its back slightly arched. It was a magnificent Angora, with long fur and a fluffy tail, and of a remarkable colour—exactly like that of the yellow silk that one sees in cocoons—so that, as the light gleamed upon its coat, the animal seemed to be made of gold.

"It slowly moved toward me on its velvety paws, softly rubbing its sinuous body against my legs. I leaned over to stroke it, and it permitted my caress, purring, and finally leaping upon my knees. I noticed then that it was a female cat, quite young, and that she

seemed disposed to permit me to pet her as long as ever I would. Finally, however, I put her down upon the floor, and tried to induce her to leave the room ; but she leaped away from me and hid herself somewhere among the furniture, though as soon as I had blown out my candle, she jumped upon my bed. Being sleepy, however, I didn't molest her, but dropped off into a doze, and the next morning when I awoke in broad daylight I could find no sign of the animal at all.

"Truly, the human brain is a very delicate instrument, and one that is easily thrown out of gear. Before I proceed, just sum up for yourselves the facts that I have mentioned : a light seen and presently extinguished in an apartment supposed to be uninhabited ; and a cat of a remarkable colour, which appeared and disappeared in a way that was slightly mysterious. Now there isn't anything very strange about that, is there ? Very well. Imagine, now, that these unimportant facts are repeated day after day and under the same conditions throughout a whole week, and then, believe me, they become of importance enough to impress the mind of a man who is living all alone, and to produce in him a slight disquietude such as I spoke of in commencing my story, and such as is always caused when one approaches the sphere of the unknown. The human mind is so formed that it always unconsciously applies the principle of the *causa sufficiens*. For every series of facts that are identical, it demands a cause, a law ; and a vague dismay seizes upon it when it is unable to guess this cause and to trace out this law.

"I am no coward, but I have often studied the manifestation of fear in others, from its most puerile form in children up to its most tragic phase in madmen. I know that it is fed and nourished by uncertainties, although when one actually sets himself to investigate the cause, this fear is often transformed into simple curiosity.

"I made up my mind, therefore, to ferret out the truth. I questioned my care-taker, and found that he knew nothing about my neighbours. Every morning an old woman came to look after the neighbouring apartment ; my care-taker had tried to question her, but either she was completely deaf or else

she was unwilling to give him any information, for she had refused to answer a single word. Nevertheless, I was able to explain satisfactorily the first thing that I had noted—that is to say, the sudden extinction of the light at the moment when I entered the house. I had observed that the windows next to mine were covered only by long lace curtains ; and as the two balconies were connected, my neighbour, whether man or woman, had no doubt a wish to prevent any indiscreet inquisitiveness on my part, and therefore had always put out the light on hearing me come in. To verify this supposition, I tried a very simple experiment, which succeeded perfectly. I had a cold supper brought in one day about noon by my servant, and that evening I did not go out. When darkness came on, I took my station near my window. Presently I saw the balcony shining with the light that streamed through the windows of the neighbouring apartment. At once I slipped quietly out upon my balcony, and stepped softly over the ironwork that separated the two parts. Although I knew that I was exposing myself to a positive danger, either of falling and breaking my neck, or of finding myself face to face with a man, I experienced no perturbation. Reaching the lighted window without having made the slightest noise, I found it partly open ; its curtains, which for me were quite transparent since I was on the dark side of the window, made me wholly invisible to any one who should look toward the window from the interior of the room.

"I saw a vast chamber furnished quite elegantly, though it was obviously out of repair, and lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. At the end of the room was a low sofa, upon which was reclining a woman who seemed to me to be both young and pretty. Her loosened hair fell over her shoulders in a rain of gold. She was looking at herself in a hand-mirror, patting herself, passing her arms over her lips, and twisting about her supple body with a curiously feline grace. Every movement that she made caused her long hair to ripple in glistening undulations.

"As I gazed upon her I confess that I felt a little troubled, especially when all of a sudden the young girl's eyes were fixed upon me—strange eyes, eyes of a phosphorescent green that gleamed

like the flame of a lamp. I was sure that I was invisible, being on the dark side of a curtained window. That was simple enough, yet nevertheless *I felt that I was seen*. The girl, in fact, uttered a cry, and then turned and buried her face in the sofa-pillows.

"I raised the window, rushed into the room toward the sofa, and leaned over the face that she was hiding. As I did so, being really very remorseful, I began to excuse and to accuse myself, calling myself all sorts of names, and begging pardon for my indiscretion. I said that I deserved to be driven from her presence, but begged not to be sent away without at least a word of pardon. For a long time I pleaded thus without success, but at last she slowly turned, and I saw that the fair young face was stirred with just the faintest suggestion of a smile. When she caught a glimpse of me she murmured something of which I did not then quite get the meaning.

"'It is *you*,' she cried out ; 'it is *you* !'

"As she said this, and as I looked at her, not knowing yet exactly what to answer, I was harassed by the thought, Where on earth have I already seen this face, this look, this very gesture ? Little by little, however, I found my tongue, and after saying a few more words in apology for my unpardonable curiosity, and getting brief but not offended answers, I took leave of her, and retiring through the window by which I had come, went back to my own room. Arriving there, I sat a long time by the window in the darkness, charmed by the face that I had seen, and yet singularly disquieted. This woman so beautiful, so amiable, living so near to me, who said to me, 'It is *you*,' exactly as though she had already known me, who spoke so little, who answered all my questions with evasion, excited in me a feeling of fear. She had, indeed, told me her name—Linda—and that was all. I tried in vain to drive away the remembrance of her greenish eyes which in the darkness seemed still to gleam upon me, and of those glints which, like electric sparks, shone in her long hair whenever she stroked it with her hand. Finally, however, I retired for the night ; but scarcely was my head upon the pillow when I felt some moving body descend upon my feet. The

cat had appeared again. I tried to chase her away, but she kept returning again and again, until I ended by resigning myself to her presence; and, just as before, I went to sleep with this strange companion near me. Yet my rest was this time a troubled one, and broken by strange and fitful dreams.

"Have you ever experienced the sort of mental obsession which gradually causes the brain to be mastered by some single absurd idea—an idea almost insane, and one which your reason and your will alike repel, but which nevertheless gradually blends itself with your thought, fastens itself upon your mind, and grows and grows? I suffered cruelly in this way on the days that followed my strange adventure. Nothing new occurred, but in the evening, going out upon the balcony, I found Linda standing upon her side of the iron fan. We chatted together for a while in the half-darkness, and, as before, I returned to my room to find that in a few moments the golden cat appeared, leaped upon my bed, made a nest for herself there, and remained until the morning. I knew now to whom the cat belonged, for Linda had answered that very same evening, on my speaking of it, 'Oh, yes, *my* cat; doesn't she look exactly as though she were made of gold?' As I said, nothing new had occurred; yet nevertheless a vague sort of terror began little by little to master me and to develop itself in my mind, at first merely as a bit of foolish fancy, and then as a haunting belief that dominated my entire thought, so that I perpetually seemed to see a thing which it was in reality quite impossible to see."

"Why, it's easy enough to guess," interrupted the young lady who had spoken at the beginning of his story. "Linda and the cat were the same thing."

Tribourdeaux smiled.

"I should not have been quite so positive as that," he said, "even then; but I cannot deny that this ridiculous fancy haunted me for many hours when I was endeavouring to snatch a little sleep amid the insomnia that a too active brain produced. Yes, there were moments when these two beings with greenish eyes, sinuous movements, golden hair, and mysterious ways, seemed to me to be blended into one, and to be merely the double manifestation of a single

entity. As I said, I saw Linda again and again, but in spite of all my efforts to come upon her unexpectedly, I never was able to see *them* both at the same time. I tried to reason with myself, to convince myself that there was nothing really inexplicable in all of this, and I ridiculed myself for being afraid both of a woman and of a harmless cat. In truth, at the end of all my reasoning, I found that I was not so much afraid of the animal alone or of the woman alone, but rather of a sort of duality which existed in my fancy and inspired me with a fear of something that was incorporeal—fear of a manifestation of my own spirit; fear of a vague thought, which is, indeed, the very worst of fears.

"I began to be mentally disturbed. After long evenings spent in confidential and very unconventional chats with Linda, in which little by little my feelings took on the colour of love, I passed long days of secret torment, such as incipient maniacs must experience. Gradually a resolve began to grow up in my mind, a desire that became more and more importunate in demanding a solution of this unceasing and tormenting doubt; and the more I cared for Linda, the more it seemed absolutely necessary to push this resolve to its fulfilment. *I decided to kill the cat.*

"One evening, before meeting Linda on the balcony, I took out of my medical cabinet a jar of glycerine and a small bottle of hydrocyanic acid, together with one of those little pencils of glass which chemists use in mixing certain corrosive substances. That evening for the first time Linda allowed me to caress her. I held her in my arms and passed my hand over her long hair, which snapped and crackled under my touch in a succession of tiny sparks. As soon as I regained my room the golden cat, as usual, appeared before me. I called her to me; she rubbed herself against me with arched back and extended tail, purring the while with the greatest amiability. I took the glass pencil in my hand, moistened the point in the glycerine, and held it out to the animal, which licked it with her long red tongue. I did this three or four times, but at the fourth time I dipped the pencil in the acid. The cat unhesitatingly touched it with her tongue. In an instant she became rigid, and a moment after, a frightful tetanic convulsion caused her

to leap thrice into the air, and then to fall upon the floor with a dreadful cry—a cry that was truly human. She was dead!

“With the perspiration starting from my forehead and with trembling hands I threw myself upon the floor beside the body that was not yet cold. The starting eyes had a look that froze me with horror. The blackened tongue was thrust out between the teeth; the limbs exhibited the most remarkable contortions. I mustered all my courage with a violent effort of will, took the animal by the paws, and left the house. Hurrying down the silent street, I proceeded to the quays along the banks of the Loire, and on reaching them, threw my burden into the river. Until daylight I roamed around the city, just where I know not; and not until the sky began to grow pale and then to be flushed with light did I at last have the courage to return home. As I laid my hand upon the door, I shivered. I had a dread of finding there still living, as in the celebrated tale of Poe, the animal that I had so lately put to death. But no, my room was empty. I fell half-fainting upon my bed, and for the first time I slept, with a perfect sense of being all alone, a sleep like that of a beast or of an assassin, until evening came.”

Some one here interrupted, breaking in upon the profound silence in which we had been listening.

“I can guess the end. Linda disappeared at the same time as the cat.”

“You see perfectly well,” replied

Tribourdeaux, “that there exists between the facts of this story a curious coincidence, since you are able to guess so exactly their relation. Yes, Linda disappeared. They found in her apartment her dresses, her linen, all even to the night-robe that she was to have worn that night, but there was nothing that could give the slightest clue to her identity. The owner of the house had let the apartment to ‘Mademoiselle Linda, concert-singer.’ He knew nothing more. I was summoned before the police-magistrate. I had been seen on the night of her disappearance roaming about with a distracted air in the vicinity of the river. Luckily the Judge knew me; luckily also, he was a man of no ordinary intelligence. I related to him privately the entire story, just as I have been telling it to you. He dismissed the inquiry; yet I may say that very few have ever had so narrow an escape as mine from a criminal trial.”

For several moments the silence of the company was unbroken. Finally a gentleman, wishing to relieve the tension, cried out:

“Come now, doctor, confess that this is really all a fiction; that you merely want to prevent these ladies from getting any sleep to-night.”

Tribourdeaux bowed stiffly, his face unsmiling and a little pale.

“You may take it as you will,” he said.

Adapted by H. T. Peck from the French of Marcel Prévost.

PROSE POEMS.

I.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

In the fog the lights of the streets were as drowning stars, and the woman often lost her way. When they passed into the white flare before the *café* windows the few people lingered a moment reassured, but when they walked through the uncertain darkness again they hurried by the other shadows suspiciously. Before a tall, still house the woman stopped, and at her ring the door opened with a snap and closed behind her noisily. Then she crept up a

dark flight of stairs, and another, and another till the topmost landing was reached and light flecked the chinks of the door opposite. Her key opened it without noise, and beyond she drew aside a curtain. The room was all dull silver and pale green. Cupids threw each other eternal kisses from its corners, and at either end of the mantel a Sèvres shepherdess and Marquis smiled unceasingly. A man and woman standing before the mirror and stretching their hands to a flaming fire smiled too, till the man looked up and saw in the mirror a face as white as the fog, and

eyes like two great blue lamps with flickering lights. For an immortal moment the mute face spoke and was answered, then the figure in the doorway vanished. And the man bent down to her who had stepped nearer the fire, unconscious.

But when later he looked up again into the mirror, and later still, the lamp-like eyes had remained, while the woman in the street was lost in the shrouding fog.

II.

A PERFUME.

The car was filled with a dusty, giddy heat, the floor crackled, and a curtain of smoke fell across the door. Gusts blew the cinders through any open window. Every place was crowded but the one beside me. And we rushed on, the people too feverish and intent to speak.

Another passenger entered at a way-side station. I heard a stiff silk rustle behind me, and could feel a scrutinising pause, then a quick movement forward, though there was no rival for the empty place. Nodding reluctant assent, I did not turn my head, but read on, now crowded with the rest.

A space of rumbling, whizzing, shak-
ing, and a perfume came toward me.

The woman seemed to sit stiffly erect. My book tumbled at her feet. Picking it up, I saw that her dress was of old-time flowered silk, patterned with little faded roses on brown with bars of black. She held a bunch of old-time flowers, straight out, as if in the heat the flowers panted for breath. I leaned back, shutting my eyes, tired of my book. I thought her bonnet might be of brown straw with velvet geraniums, her face of crumpled tea-roses perhaps . . .

The perfume came to me again, caressingly, appealingly.

The train sped more quickly and more quickly, so that when I looked out the blurred landscape seemed swimming under water.

And another sweet-smelling wave, like low-toned voices from an old-time garden.

Then the train stopped, and the feverish crowd pushed forward. The woman was suddenly hidden when I turned to go, but the perfume called back to me, and I followed, forgetful of everything, dreaming, through the glare of the station and the crowd, till the perfume faded into the city air, was lost, and I stopped and smiled at myself pityingly.

Lily Lewis Rood.

THE HOUSE OF FORGIVENESS.

Remembering most the old, eternal days,
I cannot curse our life—thy life and mine ;
But now, perceiving its complex design,
I go on my intolerable ways,
And, blaming me the more, give thee more praise.
—I dared to think that such a love as thine
Were bounded by each little curve and line
My hand might limn !—by *my* blind yeas and nays !

And now I say not where thy paths shall be,
Or who shall go or come at thy least call ;
Only I know that when thy footsteps fall
Across the silences that cover me,
Both God and I shall deem it best of all
Love liveth yet on earth for such as thee.

Francis Sherman.

SOME NOTES ON POLITICAL ORATORY.

II.

The extent to which false estimates of living orators gain popular acceptance through newspaper influence can be very well illustrated in the case of Mr. Roscoe Conkling. Mr. Conkling was a fair speaker, no better and no worse than scores of others who in his day and generation were heard upon the floor of Congress. His best efforts were those of the earlier part of his senatorial career, during the Reconstruction Period; but if any one will take the trouble to consult the files of the *Congressional Record*, he will find that, while Mr. Conkling often spoke with a good deal of ability, and sometimes with considerable force and point, there is nothing in his speeches to mark him out as oratorically preëminent among the other political leaders of that day, and that not a few of his contemporaries easily surpassed him. He was, for instance, markedly inferior to the late Matthew H. Carpenter of Wisconsin, a very brilliant and effective debater, though by the present generation well-nigh forgotten. Nevertheless, from the beginning of President Grant's first administration, in 1869, down to the time of his own death, in 1888, Mr. Conkling was singled out by the newspaper-press for the most extravagant laudation as being one of the most impressive, stirring, and convincing orators of the day. Even now it is a sort of tradition in newspaper offices and, therefore, in the minds of a large number of intelligent Americans, that Mr. Conkling's name is always to be mentioned in enumerating our great masters of political eloquence. Mr. Conkling's oratorical reputation, in fact, is mainly the artificial creation of a prolonged and elaborate newspaper "boom."

Now, the original inventors of this myth were undoubtedly sincere believers in it; and those who afterward accepted it did so largely as a matter of faith in an established tradition. The explanation of the thing is a twofold explanation. The first reason is found in Mr. Conkling's personality; the second in the influence that he was able to exert through certain fortunate political con-

nections. Mr. Conkling, as every one knows, was a man of rather striking presence, powerful in build, and one who always sought to make the most of his own physical advantages. He was, indeed, excessively vain, dressing in a way to attract attention, continually posing for the admiration of the galleries, and doing everything with an air that was meant to be impressive and that did impress a good many inexperienced persons who were unable accurately to distinguish between swaggering arrogance and the dignity that is the accompaniment of real power. Whenever he made a formal speech, the way for it was prepared as carefully as when a dramatist works up a situation to afford an effective entrance for the leading actor. Mr. Conkling's strut, his portentous frown, his dramatic gestures, and even the arrangement of his famous curl were all studied out by him as minutely as his Roman prototype, Hortensius, is said to have studied out the arrangement of the folds in his forensic toga. Mr. Blaine, in fact, in the very celebrated speech that made Conkling his implacable enemy for life, found in this display of personal vanity the feather that winged his sharpest shaft. This speech, whose studied antitheses prove it to have been no impromptu sally but a carefully prepared attack, must be regarded as wholly unparliamentary, and in view of the place in which it was delivered, as lacking in the very first elements of good taste; while throughout its whole comparison of Mr. Conkling with Henry Winter Davis it extravagantly over-rated Davis and was in reality too severe upon Conkling; yet there was so large an element of truth in its characterisation as to make it rankle in the latter's memory down to the very day of his death. The comparison of Mr. Conkling to a turkey-cock was at once caught up by all the political cartoonists, and thereafter the strut and the pompous *pose* appeared and reappeared in a pictorial form as ludicrous as it was felicitous. Mr. Conkling's theatric self-assertion, however, though repellent to most persons of refined taste, did nevertheless impose upon a great many people, inasmuch as the world at large

generally takes a man at his own valuation; and the newspaper correspondents in particular were deeply impressed by his airs and graces. They spoke and wrote of him habitually as "Lord Roscoe," and regarded his swagger as superb. The power which at this time he undoubtedly wielded may be taken as affording some excuse for their delusion. President Grant, who was rather famous for his misjudgment of men in civil life, gave his personal and political friendship to Mr. Conkling, and by allowing him to dictate the federal appointments in the State of New York, enabled him to play for many years the congenial *role* of political dictator. Thus with those who saw his "Olympian" bearing apparently quite justified by his possession of acquired power, there grew up an unquestioning belief in his greatness, and the tradition survived the wreck of his political fortunes.

It was said of Mr. Conkling that while in Washington he had made himself proficient in boxing, and that he took the greatest delight in getting some inexperienced friend, who had not heard of his accomplishment, to put on the gloves for an amicable bout with him. Then would he buffet the unfortunate man most unmercifully, and feel an exquisite joy in his own vast superiority as he knocked his victim about the room. This was a very characteristic trait, because it was so typical of a bully's nature. That he was, in fact, a bully was made perfectly clear in many of the most important crises of his public life—a bully in his attempts to browbeat his way to the attainment of his ends, and a bully in his conduct when he encountered a firm and manly opposition.

The way in which he took Mr. Blaine's oratorical attack upon him is an excellent illustration; for it is the very first virtue of a politician to accept with good nature the punishment that he may receive in the course of his public career, and not to bear malice for any length of time; whereas Mr. Conkling never forgave this verbal chastisement, which he had neither the courage nor the ability to answer at the time, but which he stored up vindictively in his memory to make of it an excuse for many exhibitions of petty spite throughout the rest of his career.

Another lamentable revelation of his

real nature was that which he made before the Rochester Convention in 1877, when, on certain questions of party policy, he came into conflict with Mr. George William Curtis, the gentlest, most dignified, and most courteous of men, and made a personal attack upon him which went completely over the line that separates oratorical invective from ordinary blackguardism. Mr. Conkling's biographer, in chronicling this unpleasant incident, quotes a eulogy upon the speech from the columns of a newspaper which regards it as one of the greatest in the whole annals of oratory, and compares Mr. Conkling with Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan; but the biographer himself, while professing to reproduce the speech in full, expunges, out of shame, some of its phrases, and supplies their place with asterisks.

Again, every one remembers his arrogant attempt, in the early days of the Garfield administration, to impose his will upon the President and to stretch the senatorial prerogative until it should overshadow and in part destroy the independence of the Executive. Had it been only the amiable Garfield who confronted him in this attempt, he might have succeeded; but here again behind the President stood his old antagonist, Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State—cool, watchful, a master of fence, and wielding a weapon whose perfect temper made Conkling, with his clumsy bludgeon, appear the veriest tyro. Unable to carry his point, the Senator, like a sulky school-boy, resigned his seat, in the hope of a "vindication" at the hands of the New York Legislature, and thereby played into the hands of his opponent, who skilfully blocked the "vindication," and in the end brought about Mr. Conkling's political downfall.

Yet in spite of all these revelations of himself, the tradition of his greatness still survived; and the last occasion on which he appeared as an orator probably gave the myth a final lodgment in the minds of his countrymen. This was in the campaign of 1884, when Mr. Blaine was the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Conkling, naturally enough, when one considers the previous relations of the two men, longed for Mr. Blaine's defeat; yet he was appealed to as a loyal adherent of his party to make at least one speech in the campaign, and at last consented. A

vast audience gathered to hear him, and he discoursed for an hour or more in an oration in which he did not once mention the name of his party's candidate. The speech was read by him from manuscript in a most perfunctory manner ; it was one mass of political platitudes ; and it was deadly dull. No one, in fact, with any knowledge of human nature, could have expected it to be otherwise. But this is not the point. The next morning the newspapers of all shades of opinion burst forth in a chorus of laudation. It was, they said, in a phrase that had not then become entirely ridiculous, " the greatest effort of his life ;" and to read them one would suppose all previous efforts of American oratory to have been surpassed by this halting bit of unwilling talk. The journals of his own faction praised it because they wished to please their leader ; the Blaine organs of course exalted it, because in doing so they enhanced the importance of Mr. Conkling's nominal accession to their cause ; and many of the Democratic newspapers, even, that were giving a reluctant support to Mr. Cleveland described it, out of malice, as a stirring and statesmanlike oration. It was in reality a most feeble thing, and Mr. Conkling doubtless intended that it should be so ; yet, as we have already said, it gave the final touch to the tradition of his oratorical eminence, and this tradition has now become a fixed belief in the minds of a great majority of the American people.

If Mr. Conkling affords a good instance of an orator whose reputation has been unduly exalted in the popular mind, Senator Hill, of New York, may be taken as one who, on the whole, has had scant justice done him. This, also, is quite easily accounted for. A good deal of prejudice has sprung up in estimating his ability as a public speaker, from the circumstance, now pretty generally admitted to be true, that he has at times delivered addresses that were not wholly original with himself—to put it plainly, that he has sometimes had his speeches written for him. Accepting this assertion as a fact, some explanation is necessary to show that in reality it should not seriously affect one's judgment of such speeches as are beyond any question all his own.

In the first place, if the truth were known, it would probably be found that

Mr. Hill is by no means singular in availing himself of another's aid in getting up some of his formal speeches. And though in our own country such a thing is generally held to be rather discreditable to an orator, in other countries it is accepted as a very ordinary incident. Few European monarchs, for example, ever make a speech of their own composition, but impressively pronounce the words that are carefully prepared for them by their Ministers of State ; nor is this necessarily due to any inability on their part to give a fit expression to their own ideas, but because, having often to speak in places and on subjects of which they have themselves no minutely accurate knowledge, they make use of the special experience of other men, lest by some careless phrase or indiscreet allusion they should give unintentional offence. The only exception that occurs to us is the German Kaiser, whose utterances are absolutely his own, and are, from an oratorical point of view, often extremely picturesque and stirring. Yet this very exception affords a strong justification of the rule adopted by his brother sovereigns ; for all Europe is uneasy whenever it is known that he is expected to make a speech, and every one can recall a dozen instances when the over-frank expressions of the harebrained War Lord have not only given grievous offence to other governments, but have excited the bitterest resentment among large sections of his own subjects.

The rule holds good, also, of many personages whose position is less political than ornamental. The Prince of Wales, for instance, a hundred times a year is expected to preside at functions where a speech from him is necessary—now at the meeting of a charitable society, now at the opening of a hospital, now at a dinner of artists or literary men or scientists, and now at some ceremonial more closely connected with the immediate interests of the State. It would be impossible for him to speak with pertinence and accuracy upon so many subjects requiring special knowledge and often special tact, and as a matter of fact, upon every one of these occasions his innocuous little speech is carefully prepared for him beforehand by some discreet person who understands the situation and is able to infuse into the address the necessary amount of techni-

cal allusion and local appropriateness. Every one in England fully understands this, though the newspapers cherish a decorous fiction by occasional bursts of perfunctory enthusiasm over the Prince's gifts as a versatile and tactful speaker. In private, however, no one thinks it worth while to adopt this superstition, and the present writer knows of one individual who was once invited to prepare an address for the Prince to deliver before a gathering of archæologists, and who, since then, pretty nearly always manages to bring a conversation around to the point where he can inform the company of the vast honour that was done him in asking him to play the part of oratorical jackal to his Royal Highness. Nor is this vicarious eloquence despised by foreign statesmen generally. When the subject on which they have to speak is one in which they are personally interested or with which they are already especially familiar, they trust to their own resources and their own inspiration; but in other cases, the departmental clerk or the convenient and often very able private secretary gets up the facts, and provides the backbone of the speech, and frequently also much of its actual flesh and blood in the way of argument and phrase and rhetorical embellishment. It is likely, too, that, as said above, our own statesmen are not in reality so very different from their foreign brethren. One of the oldest and most respected members of Congress once showed us the manuscript of an address that he was going to deliver on the subject of the tariff, and casually remarked:

"My son-in-law did that, and a very good speech it is, too."

The writer ventured to ask, knowing him very well, whether all his political speeches were from the same source.

"Oh, no," he answered. "Only, you see, I don't care a straw myself about the tariff question, and he is full of it; so I just let him get up the speech."

Consequently, it must not be viewed as a serious charge against Mr. Hill if he has followed the many distinguished precedents that are at hand. There is in his case a broad distinction to be drawn between the various orations that he has from time to time delivered; and this line of demarcation is to be fixed by remembering a perfectly obvious truth in

connection with his political career. Mr. Hill's early training and his long possession of party leadership in the State of New York produced a very natural effect in making the politics of that State more personally interesting to him than those which are connected with national affairs. He is in this respect the natural successor of Mr. Tilden, knowing thoroughly every district of the State, every local politician of importance, the history of every issue and of every movement for a quarter of a century; and he can gauge to a dot the motives and the measures of enemy and friend alike. This sort of thing has by many been described in a contemptuous but rather telling phrase as "peanut politics;" yet those who use the term forget that New York State, with its fifty thousand square miles of area, its six millions of inhabitants, its enormous wealth, and its vast commercial interests, is a political entity of far greater importance than many of the minor European kingdoms; and that what they sneer at in Mr. Hill they would commend as statesmanship in a Dutch or Danish or Norwegian politician. It is, in fact, only by comparison with the immensity of our whole great national domain that the local interests of New York seem relatively unimportant.

However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Hill, when first elected to the Senate, went very reluctantly to Washington, and only as a *pis aller*; that for a long time he felt politically homesick in his new and untried surroundings; and that, as was entirely natural, he could not all at once get fully into touch with the men and the measures that he had hitherto, like the rest of us, looked at only from a distance. Consequently, when it became necessary for Senator Hill to speak upon questions that were still to him comparatively unfamiliar, he felt a very natural mistrust of his own ability to avoid the pitfalls that were certain to be dug for him; and if he then availed himself of another's aid we need not blame him overmuch. That which does, however, call for censure is the wretched choice he must have made of a collaborator; for the first set speech pronounced by him before the Senate is one of the most ghastly things that the records of Congressional oratory can show. In it Mr. Hill was so ill-advised as to attempt a humorous *rôle*, and

to string together a lot of wretched puns upon the names of the leading New York newspapers—the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and so forth—the effect of which was painful and pathetic to a degree. Even the opposition journals passed it over lightly, so melancholy was the spectacle that the Senator afforded; and they gave him the benefit of the charity which men accord to those who have lately died.

Mr. Hill never again made himself responsible for anything so unfortunate as this; yet one may, in general, set aside, when considering his oratorical ability, those speeches that belong to the period of his first entrance upon the field of national politics. In them he had to do with themes that had not yet begun to interest him, and in discussing these he showed the intellectual *gaucherie* of one who is ill at ease amid unusual surroundings.

It is not likely that there are many who really lay much stress upon Mr. Hill's ability as an orator, no matter what his subject; and if oratory be so defined as to include only the impassioned and emotional forms of public speaking, then there is little or nothing to be said in his behalf. But no such restricted definition is reasonable; and with a broader standard of judgment it is likely that Mr. Hill deserves some serious consideration as an orator. Whenever he has had to advocate a policy which concerned the things that were nearest to his own heart, or to defend a course of action taken by him in relation to the affairs of his own State, he has shown no small power of exposition and argument and persuasion. When, as Governor, he from time to time addressed great audiences on State affairs, he often rose to a high level. The theme was a congenial one; he knew it thoroughly; and his audiences were gathered not to be amazed or thrilled or startled, but to be convinced. Under such conditions Mr. Hill's efforts were models of earnest, lucid, and straightforward speech, and their effect in gaining him a popular support was undeniable. A life-long Republican, who is also a gentleman of great cultivation and critical ability, once met the present writer soon after attending a great meeting at which Governor Hill had spoken, and in answer to a question said:

"He seems to me to speak with very

great ability and force, and after hearing him I am convinced that he is thoroughly sincere."

Now, as political sincerity is the very last virtue with which Mr. Hill's enemies would be willing to credit him, it must be admitted that to produce an impression such as this upon a prejudiced opponent is evidence of genuine oratorical power. It was, however, a great tactical mistake when, at the Chicago Convention of this year, Mr. Hill was put forward by the gold men as their chief orator. Wholly unimpassioned at all times, excitement on the part of those about him seems always to make him colder and more unbending still, and on this occasion his manner was one of absolute frigidity. The address he made was wholly argumentative, a pure appeal to reason, and one which, if pronounced before a deliberative body, would have had considerable weight. But in these days a national convention is no longer a deliberative body. With the galleries packed by a yelling mob, and the floor filled by a surging mass of delegates frantic with excitement, mere argument and reason make no impression; and only the orator who can appeal to sentiment and passion can obtain the mastery, and rule by the power of words that burn and blaze their way to the mind through the path of the emotions.

It is doubtful whether even the warmest friends of President Cleveland regard him as an orator; and it may therefore seem a waste of time to speak of him in dealing with a subject such as this. Nothing, indeed, could be more remote from eloquence than his infrequent political addresses. Couched in polysyllabic words that clumsily clog themselves into sentences of more than Johnsonian ponderosity, Mr. Cleveland's ideas when given in a public speech are nearly always found to be distinctly platitudinous. That the citizen should always cherish virtue, that unbridled selfishness and greed are serious dangers to the body politic, that intelligence and public spirit are especially desirable in a Republic—such are the by no means startling and original thoughts that appear and reappear in Mr. Cleveland's deliverances. The only question that arises in one's mind is whether this enumeration of the baldest truisms must be accepted as the best thing that the

President can do in the way of oratory, or whether this style has been deliberately selected by him as being ultimately the wisest means of accomplishing a distinct and definite object. It has been very shrewdly pointed out (we think by Mr. E. L. Godkin) that for a statesman who is seeking public confidence rather than popular admiration, this rather tame and unoriginal vein is exceedingly judicious; and we are inclined to believe that there is much to be said in favour of such a hypothesis. There is nothing, in fact, that the average citizen so much distrusts as mere brilliancy in a public man. He is not brilliant himself, and he has a vague suspicion that one who is so extremely clever may be altogether too clever to be trusted. He will admire him immensely, but he will be always just the least bit afraid of him. On the other hand, a statesman who is prosaic and apparently even a little dull, and who will roll out plenty of good sound morality in a comfortable jog-trot way, with nothing to startle or to excite, appeals very strongly to the representative citizen. It reminds him of his minister (good man!), who, to be sure, puts him regularly to sleep, but under whose ministrations he feels that he can sleep with perfect safety, knowing that no theological fences will be broken down and no fine old dogmas shattered. This is precisely the reason why our Presidents have nearly always been selected because they were "safe" men rather than political geniuses; and it may be that Mr. Cleveland, who is by no means lacking in shrewdness, has framed his oratorical style with this very thought in mind.

There are, indeed, some indications that did he but choose he might give utterance to speeches in quite a different style. Not many of our Presidents have been known as makers of epigrams or as forgers of phrases; yet of these few Mr. Cleveland ranks next to President Lincoln and President Grant. Some of the sentences and verbal combinations contained in his letters and messages are exceedingly crisp and pointed; and, in fact, they long ago obtained a wide popular currency. Such is his famous maxim, "Public office is a public trust," which Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, declares to be not original with Mr. Cleveland; but as nothing in this world is in reality original, this criticism need not be taken

very seriously. Every one recalls the expressions "innocuous desuetude," "offensive partisanship," "pernicious activity," and "ghoulish glee." Perhaps we should also include "the communism of capital," a phrase exploited in his message to Congress in 1888, though precisely what it really means must remain uncertain. In some of his State papers, also, while the form is still Johnsonian, there may be found a point and vivacity not visible in his formal speeches. Several of his pension vetoes, in which he exposed the absurdity of some malingering claimant's case, were very neatly put. His Venezuela message, too, was a bit of English of which any one might be proud; and one of the London journals, even while condemning the substance of it with great severity, felt bound to speak of its language as marked by "stateliness and force."

Finally, in several of his non-political speeches, when he perhaps felt less restraint in saying what he had to say, there are passages which abandon altogether the portentous and truistic vein and exhibit quite unusual qualities. Such passages may be found in the speech that he made at the Harvard celebration in 1886. In the intensely academic atmosphere of that interesting occasion, surrounded as he was by scholars and men whose university associations united them in a bond of intellectual brotherhood, Mr. Cleveland spoke very simply and naturally of his own regret that the circumstances of his life had given him no Alma Mater; and in what he said there was a certain suggestion of wistfulness, conveyed with great dignity and good taste, that touched the hearts of all who heard him. On just one occasion Mr. Cleveland has shown that he possesses a fund of quaint humour and a gift for its expression. This was in 1891, at a local celebration near his former home on Cape Cod, when Mr. Cleveland put aside his sesquipedalian manner altogether and spoke just as a neighbour speaks to neighbours, with perfect naturalness and ease, and with many touches of quiet fun that one may look for in vain in his other public utterances. There was nothing the least forced about it all, and it revealed a genial side to his character that was very winning. Altogether, then, we really think that Mr. Godkin's hypothesis (if indeed the hypothesis be Mr.

Godkin's) is very plausible ; and that Mr. Cleveland may actually have adopted a laboured and conventional style of oratory from a desire to win confidence rather than applause, and to avoid the snares that beset the possessor of a too conspicuous cleverness.

If this was really his serious intention, he was perhaps confirmed in it through the awful example afforded by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Depew, as every one knows, possesses a rare union of sound judgment, vivid imagination, and lively wit, and is an adept in the art of putting things to the multitude. In the early seventies it looked as though he intended to cultivate this gift in a serious way and to develop a style in which judgment and imagination should be the chief elements, with humour strictly subordinated to the other more solid qualities. Had he done so, there is no doubt that he would have exercised a very marked political influence. But either because his defeat in New York State in 1872 put him out of conceit with a purely political career, or because the temptation to say good things overpowered his discretion, he presently took up the line of after-dinner speaking, with which his name is now so generally associated. His after-dinner speeches are among the best of their kind ; but to be known first of all as an after-dinner speaker is to abandon any claim upon serious consideration. Once in a while Mr. Depew will speak at length and with earnestness upon some weighty theme, and will speak most admirably, but his hearers hardly relish such an innovation, and persist in regarding him (we use the word in no offensive sense) as a sort of public jester. This means the negation of any real influence ; for no oratory can seriously sway the mind when each person present, as he settles himself down comfortably in his chair at the entrance of the orator, displays upon his countenance the premonitory flicker of an expectant grin.

Perhaps the best contemporaneous example of self-restraint, and ease, and perfect taste in public oratory is to be found in some of the addresses of ex-President Harrison. As a speaker he is an instance of the curious development that seems to attend the occupancy of the Presidential office. Before his election he had for many years been in public

life and had spoken much ; yet no one ever regarded him as having any especial facility as an orator. In fact, while in the Senate he once made use of the expression "I lift up a prayer"—a form of locution which suggests the stereotyped vocabulary of the country prayer-meeting ; and the *Post* of this city caught it up and rang the changes on it until the only thing that a mention of Mr. Harrison suggested to many intelligent citizens was the act of "lifting up a prayer." Nevertheless, as President he never made a flat or feeble speech ; but, on the contrary, surprised the whole country by the finish and ease of all his public utterances. Especially notable were the brief addresses that he made during his Presidential progress across the continent, and above all to the audiences that met him in the Southern States. Here he was surrounded by those who were politically his opponents and against whom he, as a soldier, had fought in the days of the Civil War. It was no easy matter to speak a score of times under conditions such as these without saying anything to give offence, or else descending to the most *banal* conventionalities. Yet Mr. Harrison never once did either, but rose above all criticism in a series of little speeches that are perfect gems in their way—graceful, winning, suggestive, and tactful to a degree. In the longer addresses that he made during his tenure of the Presidency, the same qualities are always present. One recalls especially his speech before the Peace Congress at Washington, which was an oration marked by equal dignity and urbanity, expressing as it did a sympathetic approval of the aims of his auditors while holding fast, as became the guardian of the national honour, the view that, under existing conditions, the sword is often the best auxiliary of the olive branch.

Taking a retrospective glance at recent American history, it is probable that of all the speakers who have been heard in the national forum during the past quarter of a century, the most naturally gifted orator was General Garfield. He had, indeed, many advantages that other politicians have not often shared. In the first place, he was one who, as Presidents go, must be regarded as a man of unusual cultivation. This attribute need not, indeed, be

pressed too hard nor made too much of, for it had its obvious limitations. He received, to be sure, while young, a college training; but it is not likely that anything more than a glimmering of real culture could have been imparted by Williams College as it was some forty years ago, in spite of Mr. Garfield's own much-quoted but rather absurd saying about Mark Hopkins and the pine table. That he subsequently exhibited attainments that are rare among politicians is quite true; yet now and then the limitations already mentioned would still appear and bear evidence to the difficulty of escaping from early influences. Mr. Garfield had been at one time and for a number of years a teacher, and in private life something of the pedagogue kept always cropping up in his fondness for advising his friends as to what they ought to read, and in his readiness to correct small errors of pronunciation and of syntax. This trait was curiously illustrated not long before his death in an occurrence that, when one considers the occasion, was almost grotesque. Soon after Guiteau had fired the shot that was to prove so fatal, and while General Garfield lay on his bed tormented with ceaseless pain, a friend who had been admitted to the room spoke a few words of comfort.

"Mr. President," he said, "this thing has blotted out all party feeling in the nation. Every American to-day feels the deepest sympathy for you."

The sufferer turned his face and spoke with difficulty in a low, gasping voice:

"Sympathy *with*," said he, "not sympathy *for*."

And later, when his death had been pronounced inevitable, and some one asked him to write a line with his name, as a last gift, he traced these words:

Strangulatus pro re publica.

Now, it was a little odd that at such a moment he should have chosen to express himself in Latin, and that, having chosen Latin, he should employ this particular verb *strangulare*, which, in the sense here given it, is perfectly classical and good, but somewhat rare. It showed, indeed, his learning, but it showed a certain pedantry as well.

Not always, however, did he have his erudition quite so well in hand. In the course of his speech at the National Convention of 1880, when he presented the name of Senator Sherman, he com-

pared himself and his delegation to Leonidas and his devoted band at Thermopylæ, concluding with the words:

"And we shall stand firmly here, no matter how many *Greeks* you may bring against us."

Which makes it clear that, for the moment at least, his Greeks and his Persians were very badly mixed.

At times, also, some slight evidences of defective taste were to be noticed by the careful observer. We are inclined to describe as such the scene when, after taking the inaugural oath upon the steps of the Capitol, he turned and kissed his mother, who was seated just behind him. Of course, from one point of view, this thing was mighty fine, and it threw the editors of Sunday-school papers, both here and in England, into a prolonged ecstasy: yet we rather doubt whether in reality it was quite so fine after all; for, apart from its being just the least bit too theatrical, it most inappropriately injected the purely domestic relations of an individual into the midst of a supremely national ceremony, and one in which the stateliness and dignity of a great public function ought to have been the only thing before all minds.

However, with these few reservations, it may be unhesitatingly asserted that Mr. Garfield was, by nature and by training alike, a most impressive orator. Next to Jefferson, he was of all our Presidents the most highly trained; and next to Mr. Arthur who succeeded him, he was the most of a man of the world. Wide reading, travel, and long intercourse with men of every type had given him a broad and comprehensive outlook; and unlike most of our public men, he had thought out for himself the views both economic and political that he advocated, and he did not shuffle about in the currents of changing opinion as do those politicians who have no convictions of their own, but wait subserviently upon the caprices of the mob. He led rather than followed; and this is why his speeches in Congress were not mere ephemeral splurges, but are to this day continually quoted for their apt and lucid statement of fundamental truths. Unlike other party leaders, also, there was nothing petty or personal in his treatment of political opponents. He struck hard blows, but they were fair, and left no bitterness behind. As a man, he made no enemies by his ora-

tory ; and he left the impression of a spirit too broad and too nobly generous for petty altercations. Mr. Garfield was singularly fortunate also in his personal endowments. Gifted with a fine presence, a resonant and expressive voice, and an easy and singularly winning manner, he charmed his listeners from the very first sentences of an oration. He had, too, a certain sensuousness of temperament which with a different environment and early training might have developed into sensuality, but which, in fact, merely imparted a richness and warmth to his utterances, and indicated only the virility which is absolutely essential to the successful orator, and which was so noticeable in Webster and in Clay. With all these qualities, then, both natural and acquired, Mr. Garfield stood forth, we think, as the very greatest of recent American orators ; and all his speeches, whether they be his carefully prepared deliverances in the halls of Congress or his spontaneous utterances upon the stump, are vivid, clean-cut, and forceful to a degree, marked everywhere by thought and imagina-

tion, with a certain large and luminous quality about them, and often rising into splendid and stirring eloquence.

Altogether, then, it is not easy to believe that the days of oratory have departed forever, that orators are born no more, and that men can never again be roused to action by the arts of eloquence ; but, as has been already stated, we believe that to-day it is only the occasion and theme that are momentarily lacking. Human nature does not change from generation to generation ; but its impulses and its elemental motives still remain the same. As it has always been true in the past, so will it always, we believe, be true throughout the future, that when great bodies of men are stirred by intense emotion and when the wind of passion is blowing over human hearts, then will the fire once more descend and touch the lips of some born orator, who will as heretofore smite down all opposition, take reason and imagination captive, and impose his single will on all who hear him, by the indescribable magic of the spoken word.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LINES.

AFTER STEPHEN CRANE.

(*Vide* October BOOKMAN, page 149.)

I EXPLAIN THE CROOKED TRACK OF A COON AT NIGHT,
 THE SWISH OF HIS SHORT, THICK TAIL,
 THE DWINDLING CRACK OF THE FURRED THING'S CLIMBING ;
 THE LITTLE CRY OF AN OWL TO AN OWL,
 A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS THE GREYER NIGHT,
 AND THE GOING OUT OF THE PINE TORCH.
 THEN THE GLOOM, THE DANK GLOOM OF THE SWAMP,
 AND THE HARSH BARKING OF THE CUR DOGS,
 FOR LONG AND IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

REMEMBER, O THOU SON OF AFRIC,
 THOU LEAVEST THE DANK GLOOM OF THE SWAMP,
 AND THE HARSH BARKING OF THE CUR DOGS,
 FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS !

W. S. Bean.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

By IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGET HOWE'S CONFESSIONAL.



WHEN the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It iss a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he iss waiting to know whether there will be any answer."

And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognised the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter standing on a tiger-skin, with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read :

"MY DEAR CARNEGIE,—When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have rode side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl

with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be married whenever he can meet with one whom he loves and who is worthy of him.

"Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. 'Time enough,' he would say, or 'The other person has not turned up,' and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

"It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh ?

"Well, I am coming to my point, for in those circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and unless I'm much mistaken she will decide for herself, but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

"Don't you think that it looks like an

arrangement of Providence to unite two families that have shared common dangers and common faith in the past, and to establish a Carnegie once more as lady of Drumtochty? Now that is all, and it's a long screed, but the matter lies near my heart, and we shall wait the answers from you both with anxiety.

"Yours faithfully,"
"KILSPINDIE."

Kate's letter was much shorter, and was written in big schoolboy hand with great care.

"DEAR MISS CARNEGIE,—They say that a woman always knows when a man loves her, and if so you will not be astonished at this letter. From that day I saw you in Drumtochty Kirk I have loved you, and every week I love you more. My mother is the only other woman I have ever cared for, and that is different. Will you be my wife? I often wanted to ask you when you were with us in November and last month, but my heart failed me. Can you love me a little, enough to say yes? I am not clever, and I am afraid I shall never do anything to make you proud of me, but you will have all my heart, and I'll do my best to make you happy.

"I am, yours very sincerely,

"HAY."

Carnegie could see Kate's face from his place, and she was looking out of the window with a kindly expression, and her father, who was of a simple mind, and knew little of women, was encouraged by such visible friendliness. He was about to go over, when her face changed. She dropped the letter on the seat, and became very thoughtful, knitting her brows and resting her chin on her hand. In a little something stung her—like a person recalling an injury—and she flushed with anger, drumming with her fingers on the sill of the window. Then anger gave place to sadness, as if she had resolved to do something that was inevitable, but less than the best. Kate glanced in her father's direction, and read Lord Hay's letter again; then she seemed to have made up her mind.

"Father," as she joined him on the skin beneath those loyal Carnegies on the wall, "there is Lord Hay's letter, and he is a . . . worthy gentleman. Perhaps I did not give him so much encouragement as he took, but that does not matter. This is a . . . serious de-

cision, and ought not to be made on the spur of the moment. Will you let the messenger go with a note to say that an answer will be sent on Monday? You might write to Lord Kilspindie."

She was still standing in the place when he returned, and had been studying the proud, determined face of Black John's mother, who had not spared her only son for the good cause.

"Did you ever hear of any Carnegie, dad, who married beneath her, or . . . loved one on the other side?"

"Never," said her father. "Our women all married into loyal families of their own rank, which is best for comfort; but why do you ask? Hay is a . . ."

"Yes, I know; it was only . . . curiosity made me ask, and I suppose some of our women must have made sacrifices for their . . . cause?"

"Far more than the men ever did, for, see you, a man is just shot, and all is over, and before he falls he's had some good fighting, but his wife suffers all her days, when he is living and when he is dead. Yet our women were the first to send their men to the field. Heavens! what women do suffer—they ought to have their reward."

"They have," said Kate, with emphasis, "if they help those whom they love. . . . Father, would you be quite satisfied with Lord Hay for a son-in-law, and . . . would you let us live with you here as much as we could?"

"Kate, if you are to marry—and I knew it must come some day—I have not seen a more honest man; but you are forgetting that Tochty Lodge will soon be out of our hands; I'll have to get a den somewhere, not too far away from Muirtown, I hope."

"If I marry Lord Hay, Tochty Lodge will not be sold, and you will never be disturbed, dad. We shall not be separate more than we can help," and Kate caressed the General.

"Do you mean, lassie," said the General, with a sudden suspicion, lifting her face till he saw her eyes, "that you are going to accept Hay in order to keep the old home? You must not do this, for it would not . . . don't you see that I . . . could not accept this at your hands?"

"You can not prevent your daughter marrying Lord Hay if your daughter so decides, but as yet she is in doubt,

very great doubt, and so I am going for a long walk on the big moor, and you . . . well, why not take lunch with the Padre at the manse?"

"Hay is a straight young fellow, and Kate would supply what he wants—a dash of go, you know"—so the General was summing up the situation to his old friend; "but my girl is not to marry Hay or any other man for my sake, and that is what she thinks of doing."

"Did it ever occur to you, Carnegie, that Kate had a . . . well, kindly feeling for any other man?"

"Plenty of fellows tried their luck: first subalterns, then aides-de-camp, and at last commissioners; it was no easy affair to be her father," and Carnegie gave Davidson a comic look. "I used to scold her, but upon my word I don't know she was to blame, and I am certain she did not care for one of them; in fact, she laughed at them all till—well, in fact, I had to interfere."

"And since you came to the Lodge"—the Doctor spoke with meaning—"besides Lord Hay?"

"Why, there is just yourself"—the Doctor nodded with much appreciation—"and that Free Kirkman. . . Davidson, do you mean that—oh, nonsense, man; she was quite angry one day when I suggested a parson. Kate has always said that was the last man she would marry."

"That is an evidence she will."

The General stared at the oracle, and went on:

"She has made his life miserable at the Lodge with her tongue; she delighted in teasing him. Your idea is quite absurd."

"Carnegie, did you ever hear the classical couplet—

'Scratching and biting
Mak Scots fouk's 'ooing;'

and although I admit the description applies in the first instance to milkmaids, yet there is a fair share of national character in the Carnegies."

"Do you really think that Kate is in . . . has, well, a eh, tenderness to Carmichael? it would never have occurred to me."

"How would you look on Carmichael as a suitor?"

"Well, if Kate is to marry—and mind you I always prepared myself for that—I would of course prefer Hay, not be-

cause he is a lord, or rich, or any snobbery of that kind—you know me better than that, Sandie—but because he's . . . you know . . . belongs to our own set.

"Don't you think there is something in that?" and the General tried to explain his honest mind, in which lived no unworthy or uncharitable thought. "I have not one word to say against Carmichael; he's good-looking, and monstrous clever, and he's always made himself very agreeable, very, and the people swear by him in the Glen; but . . . you must understand what I mean, Davidson," and the General was in despair.

"You mean that though he's a first-rate young fellow for a clergyman, he does not belong to your world—has a different set of friends, has different habits of living, has a different way of thinking and speaking—is, in fact, an outsider."

"That's it—just what I was 'ettling' after—lucky fellows we Scots with such words," and the General was immensely delighted to be delivered of his idea in an inoffensive form.

"It is my own belief, Carnegie—and you can laugh at me afterward if I be wrong—that this will be the end of it, however. Yes, putting it plainly, that Kate is in love with Carmichael, as he is certainly with her; and you will have to make the best of the situation."

"You don't like the idea any more than I do, Davidson?"

"Speaking in perfect confidence and frankness, I do not. I look at the matter this way"—the Doctor stood on the hearth-rug in a judicial attitude, pulling down his waistcoat with his two hands, his legs apart, and his eye-glass on his nose—"Carmichael has been brought up among . . . plain, respectable people, and theological books, and church courts, and Free Kirk society, all of which is excellent, but . . . secluded"—the Doctor liked the word, which gave his mind without offence—"secluded. Kate is a Carnegie, was educated in France, has travelled in India, and has lived in the most exciting circumstances. She loves soldiers, war, gayety, sport, besides many other . . . eh, good things, and is a . . . lovely girl. Love laughs at pounds, but if you ask me my candid opinion, the marriage would not be . . . in fact, congruous. If it is to be, it must be, and God bless them both, say I, and

so will everybody say ; but it will be an experiment, a distinct and . . . interesting experiment."

"Kate is not to marry any one for my sake, to save Tochty, but I do wish she had fancied Lord Hay," said the General, ruefully.

"The Free Kirk folk in the depths of their hearts consider me a worldly old clergyman, and perhaps I am, for, Jack, I would dearly like to see our Kate Viscountess Hay, and to think that one day, when we three old fellows are gone, she would be Countess of Kilspindie." That was the first conference of the day on Kate's love affairs, and this is how it ended.

Meanwhile the young woman herself had gone up the road to the high Glen and made her way over dykes and through fields to Whinnyknowe, which she had often visited since the August Sacrament. Whinnie came out from the kitchen door in corduroy trousers, much stained with soil, and gray shirt—wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after a hearty dinner—and went to the barn for his midday sleep before he went again to the sowing. Marget met her at the garden gate, dressed in her week-day clothes and fresh from a morning's churning, but ever refined and spiritual, as one whose soul is shining through the veil of common circumstances.

"It's a benison tae see ye on this bright day, Miss Carnegie, an' ye 'ill come tae the garden-seat, for the spring floorers are bloomin' bonnie and sweet the noo, an' fillin' 's a' wi' hope.

"Gin there be ony sun shinin'," as she spread a plaid, "the heat fa's here, an' save when the snow is heavy on the glen, there's aye some blossoms here tae mind us o' oor Father's love an' the world that isna seen."

"Marget," began Kate, not with a blush, but rather a richening of colour, "you have been awfully good to me, and have helped me in lots of ways, far more than you could dream of. Do you know you've made me almost good at times, with just enough badness to keep me still myself, as when I flounced out from the Free Kirk."

Marget only smiled deprecation and affection, for her heart went out to this motherless, undisciplined girl, whom she respected, like a true Scot, because, although Kate had made her a friend,

she was still a Carnegie ; whom she loved, because, although Kate might be very provoking, she was honest to the core.

"To-day," Kate resumed, after a pause, and speaking with an unusual nervousness, "I want your advice on a serious matter, which I must decide, and which . . . concerns other people as well as myself. In fact, I would like to ask a question," and she paused to frame her case.

It was a just testimony to Marget Howe that Kate never thought of pledging her to secrecy, for there are people whom to suspect of dishonour is a sin.

"Suppose that a man . . . loved a woman, and that he was honourable, brave, gentle, true, in fact . . . a gentleman, and made her a proposal of marriage."

Marget was looking before her with calm, attentive face, never once glancing at Kate to supplement what was told.

"If . . . the girl accepted him, she would have a high position, and be rich, so that she could . . . save her . . . family from ruin, and keep . . . them in the house they loved."

Marget listened with earnest intelligence.

"She respects this man, and is grateful to him. She is certain that he would be . . . kind to her, and give her everything she wanted. And she thinks that he . . . would be happy."

Marget waited for the end.

"But she does not love him—that is all."

As the tale was being told in brief, clear, slow sentences, Marget's eyes became luminous, and her lips opened as one ready to speak from an inner knowledge.

"Ye hev let me see a piece o' life, an' it is sacred, for naethin' on earth is sae near God as luv, an' a'll no deny that ma woman's heart is wi' that honest gentleman, an' a' the mair gin he dinna win his prize.

"But a man often comes tae his heicht through disappointment, and a woman, she hes tae learn that there is that which she hes the richt tae give for gratitude or friendship's sake, and that which can only be bestowed by the hand o' luv.

"It will maybe help ye gin a' tell ye anither tale, an' though it be o' humble life, yet oor hearts are the same in the

castle and the cottar's hoose, wi' the same cup o' sorrow tae drink an' the same croon o' joy tae wear, an' the same dividin' o' roads for oor trial.

"There was a man showed a wumman muckle kindness, and to her fouk also, an' he wes simple an' honest, an' for what he hed done an' because there wes nae evil in him she married him."

"And what has happened?" Kate, being half Highland, had less patience than Marget.

"He hes been a gude man tae her through the dark an' through the licht, an' she hes tried tae repay him as a pair imperfect wumman can, an' her hert is warm tae him, but there hes aye been ae thing wantin'—an' it hes been that wife's cross a' her life—there wes nae ither man, but her husband wesna, isna, canna be her ain athegether an' forever—for the want o' luv—that luv o' luv that maks marriage."

Her voice was laden with feeling, and it was plain that she had given of her own and deepest for the guiding of another.

"Marget, I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have shown me this day." As she passed Whinnie with his bag of seed, he apologised for his wife.

"A'm dootin', Miss Carnegie, the gude wife hes keepit ye ower lang in the gairden haiverin' awa' about the flooers an' her ither trokes. But she's mighty prood for a' that about yir comin' up tae veesit us." Such was the second conference on Kate's affairs on that day.

No place could be more thoroughly cleansed from vulgar curiosity than our Glen, or have a finer contempt for "clatters," but the atmosphere was electrical in the diffusion of information. What happened at Burnbrae was known at the foot of Glen Urtach by evening, and the visit of spiritual consolation which Milton, in the days of his Pharisaism, paid to Jamie Soutar on his deathbed was the



"MARGET, YOU HAVE BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME."

joy of every fireside in Drumtochty within twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was not, therefore, remarkable that the arrival of Lord Kilspindie's groom at Tochty Lodge post haste with two letters on Saturday morning—one for the General from his Lordship, and one from his son for Miss Kate—should have been rightly interpreted, and the news spread with such rapidity that Hillocks—a man not distinguished above his fellows for tact—was able to inform Carmichael in the early afternoon that the marriage between the young lord and the "Miss" at Tochty was now practically arranged.

"It's been aff and on a' winter, an' the second veesit tae the Castle settled

it, but a'm hearin' it wes the loss o' the Lodge brocht the fast offer this mornin'. She's an able wumman, an' cairried her gear tae the best market. Ma certes," and Hillocks contemplated Kate's achievement with sympathetic admiration, "but she 'ill set her place weel, an' haud her ain wi' the Duchess o' Athole."

Carmichael ought to have taken his beating like a man, and said nothin' to any one, but instead thereof he betook himself for consolation to Marget, a better counsellor in a crisis than Janet, with all her Celtic wiles, and Marget set him in the very seat where Kate had put her case.

"It has, I suppose, been all a dream, and now I have awaked, but it was . . . a pleasant dream, and one finds the morning light a little chill. One must just learn to forget, and be as if one had never . . . dreamed," but Carmichael looked at Marget wistfully.

"Ye canna be the same again, for a' coont, gin ony man loves a wumman wi' a leal hert, whether she answer or no, or whether she even kens, he's been the gainer, an' the harvest will be his forever."

"It hes seemed tae me that nae luv is proved an' crooned for eternity onless the man hes forgotten himsel' an' is willin' tae live alane gin the wumman he luv sees prosperity. He only is the perfect lover, and for him God hes the best gifts."

"Yes, a've seen it wi' ma ain eyes"—for indeed this seemed to Carmichael an impossible height of self-abnegation—"a man who loved an' served a wumman wi' his best an' at a great cost, an' yet for whom there cud be no reward but his ain luv." Marget's face grew so beautiful as she told of the constancy of this unknown, unrewarded lover that Carmichael left without further speech, but with a purer vision of love than had ever before visited his soul. Marget watched him go down the same path by which Kate went, and she said to herself, "Whether or no he win is in the will of God, but already luv hes given his blessin' tae man and maid."

Kate did not go to kirk on Sunday, but lived all day in the woods, and in the evening she kissed her father and laid this answer in his hands:—

"DEAR LORD HAY,—You have done me the greatest honour any woman can

receive at your hands, and for two days I have thought of nothing else. If it were enough that your wife should like and respect you, then I would at once accept you as my betrothed, but as it is plain to me that no woman ought to marry any one unless she also loves him, I am obliged to refuse one of the truest men I have ever met, for whom I have a very kindly place in my heart, and whose happiness I shall always desire.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"KATE CARNEGIE."

"You could do nothing else, Kit, and you have done right to close the matter, . . . but I'm sorry for Hay."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE IS LORD.



T could not be said with a steady face that the proceedings of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown increased the gayety of nations, and there might be

persons—far left to themselves, of course—who would describe its members as wearisome ecclesiastics. Carmichael himself, in a mood of gay irresponsibility, had once sketched a meeting of this reverend court, in which the names were skilfully adapted, after the ancient fashion, to represent character, and the incidents, if not vero, were certainly ben trovato, and had the article ready for transmission to *Ferrier's Journal*. "A Sederunt" did not, however, add to the miseries of a most courteous editor, for Jenkins, having come up for an all-night conference, and having heard the article with unfeigned delight, pointed out that, if it were accepted, which Carmichael's experience did not certify, the writer would be run down within fourteen days, and that, so unreasonable a thing is human nature, some of the Presbytery might be less than pleased with their own likenesses. "It's in the waste-paper basket," Carmichael said next morning, which, as the author was twenty-five years of age and not conspicuously modest, is a conclu-

sive testimonial to the goodness of one Presbytery, and its hold on the affection of its members.

Scots take their pleasures sadly, and no one can imagine from what arid soil they may not draw their nutriment, but it was not for motions of ponderous ambiguity and pragmatismal points of order a country minister rose before daybreak on a winter's morning and worked his way to the nearest station, with the stars still overhead and the snow below his feet, so that when the clerk made a sign to the Moderator punctually at one minute past eleven to "constitute the Presbytery," he might not be missing from his place. It was the longing of a lonely man, across whose front door no visitor had come for weeks, for friendly company, of a weary minister, discouraged by narrow circumstances, monotonous routine, unexpected disappointments among his people, for a word of good cheer. A cynical stranger might discover various stupidities, peculiarities, provincialisms in the Presbytery—he knew himself who had a temper and who was a trifle sensitive about his rights—but this middle-aged, hard-working, simple-living man saw twenty faithful brethren—the elders did not count in this connection, for they did not understand—who stood beside him on occasion at the Holy Table, and gave him advice in his perplexities, and would bury him with honest regret when he died, and fight like wild cats that his widow and children should have their due. His toilsome journey was forgotten when Doctor Dowbiggin, in an interstice of motions, came across the floor and sat down beside him and whispered confidentially, "Well, how are things going at Kincairney?"—Dowbiggin really deserved his leadership—or when the clerk, suddenly wheeling round in his seat, would pass his snuff-box across to him without a word, for the clerk had a way of handing his box which being interpreted ran as follows: "You suppose that I am lifted above all ordinary affairs in my clerkly isolation, and that I do not know what a solid work you are doing for God and man in the obscure parish of Kincairney, but you are wrong. You have a very warm corner in my memory, and in sign thereof accept my box." And the said minister, trudging home that evening, and being met at a certain turn of the road by his

wife—sentimental at fifty, you see, after a quarter of a century's toiling and preaching—would enlarge on Doctor Dowbiggin's cordiality and the marked courtesy of the clerk, and when they were alone in the manse his wife would kiss him—incredible to our cynic—and say, "You see, Tom, more people than I know what a good work you are doing," and Tom would start his twenty-first lecture on the Ephesians next morning with new spirit. Such is the power of comradeship, such is the thirst for sympathy; and indeed there is no dog either so big or so little that it does not appreciate a pat, and go down the street afterward with better heart.

The Presbytery had always a tender regard for the Free Kirk of Drumtochty, and happened to treat Carmichael with much favour. When the "call" to him was signed at once by every member of the congregation, the clerk—who had been obliged to summon Donald Menzies from Gaelic by the intimation that Drumtochty was by the law of the Church "uno lingual, and that all proceedings must be conducted in the English language"—arose and declared that "such unanimous attention to their ecclesiastical duties was unexampled in his experience;" and when at Carmichael's ordination a certain certificate was wanting, the clerk, whose intervention was regarded with awe, proposed that the court should anticipate its arrival, dealing with the matter "prolepically," and the court saw in the very word another proof of the clerk's masterly official genius. It was he also—expressing the mind of the Presbytery—who proposed that the court should send Carmichael as a commissioner to the General Assembly in the first year of his ministry, and took occasion to remark that Mr. Carmichael, according to "reliable information at his disposal," was rendering important service to the Free Church in his sphere at Drumtochty. Carmichael was very happy in those days, and was so petted by his ecclesiastical superiors that he never missed a meeting of court, where he either sat in a demure silence, which commended him greatly to the old men, or conversed with his friends on a back bench about general affairs.

It gave him, therefore, a shock to sit with his brethren in the month of June—when the walk through the woods

had been a joy, and Muirtown lay at her fairest, and the sunshine filled the court-room, and every man had a summer air, and Doctor Dowbiggin actually wore a rose in his coat—and to discover that he himself was sick of his old friends, of his work, of his people, of himself. The reasons were obvious. Was it not a sin that thirty Christian men should be cooped up in a room passing schedules when the summer was young and fresh upon the land? Could any one of the Rabbi's boys sit in that room and see his accustomed place—a corner next the wall on a back seat—empty and not be cast down? Besides, does not a minister's year begin in September and end in July, and before it closes is not the minister at his lowest, having given away himself for eleven months? "One begins to weary for a rest," he whispered to Kincairney, and that worthy man explained that he and his wife had been planning their triennial holiday, and hoped to have a fortnight at Carnoustie. Carmichael realised his hypocrisy in that instant, for he knew perfectly that he had lost touch with life because of a hopeless love, and a proud face he had not seen a year ago. He flung himself out of the court with such impatience that the clerk stayed his hand in the midst of the sacred words *pro re nata*, and Kincairney mentioned to his wife in the evening that Carmichael had never got over Doctor Saunderson's death.

Carmichael wandered up one of the meadows which are the glory of Muirtown, and sat down by the queen of Scottish rivers, which runs deep and swift, clean and bright, from Loch Tay to the sea, between wooded banks and overhanging trees, past cornfields and ancient castles; a river for him who swims, or rows, or fishes, or dreams, in which, if such were to be his fate, a man might ask to be drowned. Opposite him began the woods of Muirtown Castle, and he tried to be glad that Kate . . . Miss Carnegie would one day be their mistress: the formal announcement of her engagement, he had heard, was to be made next week, on Lord Kilspindie's birthday. A distant whistle came on the clear air from Muirtown Station, where . . . and all this turmoil of hope and fear, love and despair, had been packed into a few months. There is a bend in the river where he sits, and the

salmon fishers have dropped their nets, and are now dragging them to the bank. With a thrill of sympathy Carmichael watched the fish struggling in the meshes, and his heart leaped when, through some mishandling, one escaped with a splash of silver and plunged into the river. He had also been caught quite suddenly in the joyous current of his life and held in bonds. Why should he not make a bold plunge for freedom, which he could never have with the Lodge at his doors, with the Castle only twelve miles away. He had been asked in his student days to go to the north-west of Canada and take charge of a parish fifty miles square. The idea had for a little fired his imagination, and then faded before other ambitions. It revived with power on the banks of that joyful, forceful river, and he saw himself beginning life again on the open prairie lands—riding, camping, shooting, preaching—a free man and an apostle to the Scottish Dispersion.

With this bracing resolution, that seemed a call of God to deliver him from bondage, came a longing to visit Kilbogie Manse and the Rabbi's grave. It was a journey of expiation, for Carmichael followed the road the Rabbi walked with the hand of death upon him after that lamentable Presbytery, and he marked the hills where the old man must have stood and fought for breath. He could see Mains, where he had gone with the Rabbi to the exposition, and he passed the spot where the Rabbi had taken farewell of George Pitillo in a figure. What learning, and simplicity, and unselfishness, and honesty, and affection were mingled in the character of the Rabbi! What skill, and courage, and tenderness, and self-sacrifice, and humility there had been also in Weelum MacLure, who had just died! Carmichael dwelt on the likeness and unlikeness of the two men, who had each loved the highest he knew and served his generation according to the will of God, till he found himself again with the Drumtochty doctor on his heroic journeys, with the Rabbi in his long vigils. It was a singular means of grace to have known two such men in the flesh, when he was still young and impressionable. A spiritual emotion possessed Carmichael. He lifted his heart to the Eternal, and prayed that if on account of any hardship he shrank

from duty he might remember MacLure, and if in any intellectual strait he was tempted to palter with truth he might see the Rabbi pursuing his solitary way. The district was full of the Rabbi, who could not have gone for ever, who might appear any moment—buried in a book and proceeding steadily in the wrong direction. The Rabbi surely was not dead, and Carmichael drifted into that dear world of romance where what we desire comes to pass, and facts count for nothing. This was how the Idyll went. From the moment of the reconciliation the Rabbi's disease began to abate in a quite unheard-of fashion—love wrought a miracle,—and with Kate's nursing and his he speedily recovered. Things came right between Kate and himself as they shared their task of love, and so . . . of course—it took place last month—and now he was going to carry off the Rabbi, who somehow had not come to the Presbytery, to Drumtochty Manse, where his bride would meet them both beneath the laburnum arch at the gate. He would be cunning as he approached the door of Kilbogie Manse, and walk on the grass border lest the Rabbi, poring over some Father, should hear the crunch of the gravel—he did know his footstep—and so he would take the old man by surprise. Alas! he need not take such care, for the walk was now as the border with grass, and the gate was lying open, and the dead house stared at him with open, unthinking eyes, and knew him not. The key was in the door, and he crossed the threshold once more—no need to beware of parcels on the floor now—and turned to the familiar room. The shelves had been taken down, but he could trace their lines on the ancient discoloured paper that was now revealed for the first time; there, where a new shutter was resting against the wall, used to stand the "seat of the fathers," and exactly in the midst of that heap of straw the Rabbi had his chair. . . .

"Ye've come tae see hoo we're gettin' on wi' the repairs"—it was the joiner of Kilbogie; "it's no a licht job, for there's nae doot the hoose hes been awfu' negleckit. The Doctor wes a terrible scholar, but he wudna hae kent that the slates were aff the roof till the drap cam intae his bed.

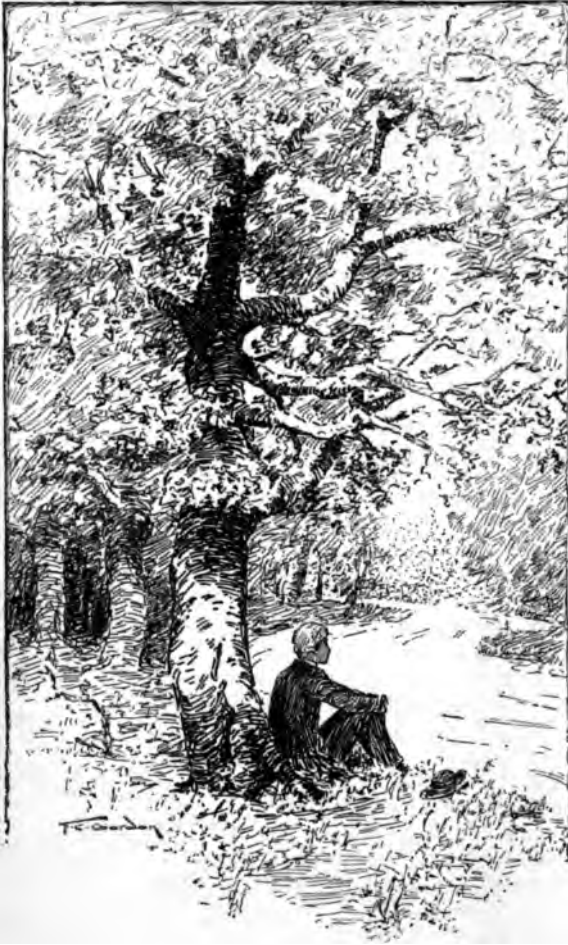
"Ou aye, the manse is tae be papered, an' pented for the new minister; a' cud show ye the papers; juist as ye please;

they're verra tasty an' showy. He's tae be married at once, a'm hearin', an' this is tae be the drawin'-room; he wes here ten days syne—the day aifter he wes eleckit: they're aye in a hurry when they're engaged—an' seleckit a sma' room upstairs for his study; he didna think he wud need as lairge a room for bukes, an' he thocht the auld study wud dae fine for pairties.

"There's juist ae room feenished, an' ye micht like tae see the paper on't; it's a yellow rose on a licht blue grund; a'm jidgin' it wes the Doctor's ain room. Weel, it's a gude lang wy tae Drumtochty, an' ye 'ill no be wantin' tae pit aff time, a' daresay."

It was a terrible douche of prose, and Carmichael was still shivering when he reached the kindly shade of Tochty woods. He had seen the successful candidate at the Presbytery arranging about his "trial discourses" with the clerk—who regarded him dubiously—and he had heard some story about his being a "popular hand" and bewitching the young people with a sermon on the "good fight," with four heads—"the soldier," "the battlefield," "the battle," and "the crown"—each with an illustration, an anecdote, and a verse of poetry. Carmichael recognised the type, and already saw the new minister of Kilbogie, smug and self-satisfied, handing round cream and sugar in the Rabbi's old study, while his wife, a stout young woman in gay clothing, pours tea from a pot of florid design and bearing a blazing marriage inscription. There would be a soiree in the kirk where the Rabbi had opened the mysteries of God, and his successor would explain how unworthy he felt to follow Doctor Saunderson, and how he was going to reorganise the congregation, and there would be many jocose allusions to his coming marriage, but Carmichael would by that time have left the district.

No one can walk a mile in Tochty woods, where there are little glades of mossy turf, and banks of violets and geraniums, and gentle creatures on ground and branch, and cool shade from the summer sun, and the sound of running water by your side, without being sweetened and comforted. Bitter thoughts and cynical criticisms, as well as vain regrets and peevish complaints, fell away from Carmichael's soul, and gave place to a gentle melancholy. He came to the heart of the



HE SAT DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE TO MEDITATE.

wood where was the lovers' grave, and the place seemed to invite his company. A sense of the tears of things came over him, and he sat down by the riverside to meditate. It was two hundred years and more since the lassies died before they were wedded, and for him there was not even to be love. The ages were linked together by a long tragedy of disappointment and vanity, but the Tochty ran now as in the former days. What was any human life but a drop in the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity and summon his courage to endure? Then at the singing of a bird his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his

soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree"—Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends, and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know"—Kate was herself again—"the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place. Half an hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . . life.

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard"—Kate spoke hurriedly—"that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness, as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochty, although the Lodge be not your home. You will always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.

"Do you think that I can ever forget the Glen and my . . . friends here? Not while I live; the Carnegies have their own faults, but ingratitude is not one. Nor the dear Rabbi's grave." Then there was a silence, which Carmichael found very trying—they had been so near that day in Kilbogie Manse, with only the Rabbi, who loved them both, between; but now, although they stood face to face, there was a gulf dividing them.

"It may not be easy for me to visit Drumtochty often, for you know there has been a change . . . in our circumstances, and one must suit one's self to it."

Carmichael flushed uneasily, and Kate supposed that he was sympathising with their losses.

"I hope to be a busy woman soon, with lots of work, and I shall use every one of my little scraps of knowledge.

How do you think I shall acquit myself in my new rôle?"

It was a little hard on Carmichael, who was thinking of a countess, while Kate meant a governess.

"You need not ask me how I think you will do, as . . . in any position, and I . . . wish you every success, and . . . (with a visible effort) happiness."

He spoke so stiffly that Kate sought about for reasons, and could only remember their quarrel and imagine he retained a grudge—which was rather ungenerous.

"It occurs to me that one man ought to be thankful when we depart, for then he will be able to call Queen Mary names every Sunday without a misguided Jacobite girl dropping in to create a disturbance."

"Drumtochy will have to form its own opinion of poor Mary without my aid," and Carmichael smiled sadly in pardon of the past, "for it is likely, although no one knows this in the Glen, that I shall soon be far away."

"Leaving Drumtochy? What will Marjorie do without you, and Dr. Davidson, and . . . all the people?" Then, remembering Janet's gossip, and her voice freezing, "I suppose you have got a better or more convenient living. The Glen is certainly rather inaccessible."

"Have I done anything, Miss Carnegie, to justify you in thinking that I would leave the Glen, which has been so good to me, for . . . worldly reasons? There is enough to support an unmarried man, and I am not likely to . . . to marry," said Carmichael, bitterly; "but there are times when it is better for a man to change his whole surroundings and make a new life."

It was clear that the Bailie's daughter was a romance of Janet's Celtic imagination, and Kate's manner softened.

"The Rabbi's death and . . . your difference of opinion—something about doctrine, wasn't it? we were from home—must have been a great trial, and, as there was no opportunity before, let me say how much we sympathised with you and . . . thought of you."

"Don't you think, however, Mr. Carmichael"—she spoke with hesitation, but much kindness—"that you ought not to fling up your work here on that account? Would not the Rabbi himself have wished you to stick to your post? . . . and all your friends would like to think you had been . . . brave."

"You are cruel, Miss Carnegie; you try me beyond what I can endure, although I shall be ashamed to-night for what I am to say. Do you not know or guess that it is your . . . on account of you, I mean, that I must leave Drumtochy?"

"On account of me?" Kate looked at him in unaffected amazement.

"Are you blind, or is it that you could not suspect me of such presumption? Had you no idea that night in Dr. Davidson's drawing-room? Have you never seen that I . . . Kate—I will say it once to your face as I say it every hour to myself—you won my heart in an instant on Muirtown Station, and will hold it till I die."

"Do not speak till I be done, and then order me from your presence as I deserve. I know that it is unworthy of a gentleman, and . . . a minister of Christ to say such things to the betrothed of another man; only one minute more"—for Kate had started as if in anger—"I know also that if I were stronger I could go on living as before, and meet you from time to time when you came from the Castle with your husband, and never allow myself to think of Lady Hay as I felt to Miss Carnegie. But I am afraid of myself, and . . . this is the last time we shall meet, Miss Carnegie. Forgive me for my love, and believe that one man will ever remember . . . and pray for you."

Carmichael bowed low, the last sunshine of the evening playing on his fair hair, and turned to go.

"One word, if you please," said Kate, and they looked into one another's eyes, the blue and brown, seeing many things that cannot be written. "You may be forgiven for . . . loving me, because you could not help that"—this with a very roguish look, our Kate all over—"and I suppose you must be forgiven for listening to foolish gossip, since people will tell lies"—this with a stamp of the foot, our Kate again—"but I shall never forgive you if you leave me, never"—this was a new Kate, like to the opening of a flower.

"Why? Tell me plainly," and in the silence Carmichael heard a trout leap in the river.

"Because I love you."

The Tochtly water sang a pleasant song, and the sun set gloriously behind Ben Urtach.

THE END.

THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ALDINE CLUB, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1896, BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen : I have to thank you first for the great kindness and the great honour of this reception. I do not count it the less but all the more honour that I am well aware it has been given to me for the sake of my friend and not for my own. I might assure you of a cordial welcome in return. Sydney Smith's promise to your own Prescott still holds good, and there is awaiting for you in England a Caspian Sea of soup. But I am aware that the only acknowledgment you would care to receive is that we should go back to England with larger, more enlightened, more generous thoughts of your great country and your great people, and I can safely answer for it that we will.

One of the many pleasant American habits is to enliven the dreary stage of the finger-bowls with peppermints. On our side as well as on yours I know it is the custom to enliven after-dinner speeches with anecdotes. I am not, believe me, without anecdotes, being indeed the proud proprietor of eleven. It is some years since these assumed a canonical form, and they are now neither to be added to nor taken away from. That you are to hear none of them this evening is entirely attributable to Mr. Barrie, who is so profoundly familiar with all that I am intimidated by his presence and am unable to do them justice.

I thought of saying something to you on American literature in its present stage as it appears to an English traveller, but first I should wish to confess the incalculable and lifelong debt I, in common with all Englishmen of my age, owe to the great American authors. We were formed, most of us, upon your Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emerson, and the rest. These authors were the pioneers of cheap publishing. I am very far indeed from approving of what is now called piracy, and yet I cannot confess that I am altogether sorry for having been brought up before these ethical, enlightened times. When our English authors

were inaccessible to persons of small means, Emerson was far more read among us than Carlyle, and Longfellow had fifty readers where Tennyson had one. I cannot but think that to this, among other causes, is due the profound affection and respect with which America is generally regarded in England.

I observe that with us even more than with you all other forms of literature are gradually being ousted by fiction and journalism. Not so very many years ago—let us say in the times of Fielding—no forms of literature were more despised than these; and now they have acquired an almost exclusive and a singularly intolerant predominance. I should be the last man to say anything against the noble art of fiction, and especially to say it in the presence of so many recognised masters of the craft. But I cannot help thinking that it is much to be regretted that poetry, for example, has so largely lost its hold. Poetry is even a more noble and enduring form of literature than fiction; and great as has been the influence of many of the prose writers in the last generation, I do not think that their power can be compared with that of the poets Tennyson and Longfellow and Bryant. It is also much to be deplored that criticism has suffered so serious a decline. The descent from Hazlitt and Coleridge to Matthew Arnold seems to me great, and the descent from Arnold to our present critics is, I am afraid, greater still. Then we seem to miss now the enduring and monumental works of history. We do not find instances of such consecration as that of your own illustrious Francis Parkman or of Prescott or of Motley. Many clever and scholarly little books of history are being written, but they are mostly designed for use in schools and colleges. I might persevere in this line, but it is not necessary; enough has been said to illustrate my point. The pecuniary rewards of the other forms of literature cannot compare with those of fiction, and I contend that we should do what we can to equalise the other recognitions.

I say it with great diffidence, but I am persuaded that the machinery at present in work for the introduction of American authors to the English public is very seriously defective. It is my business to keep a close watch on American literary periodicals and new books, but since coming to this country I have been amazed to find how much excellent work has escaped my observation. This may be in part the fault of the critics. There are two kinds of criticism, each necessary and useful in its way. There is the criticism which guards the doors of fame, which applies catholic and permanent standards, which refuses to be carried away by the clamour of the hour. We need such criticism, and are prepared to honour it. One great English literary journal, in the course of its long and honourable career, has steadily pursued this policy of scrutiny. It has discouraged many young authors who deserved to be discouraged and many who did not deserve to be discouraged; but so far as I know it has never, in all its history, brought prominently and generously before the public a new writer who could afterward look back and say that the paper had been the making of him. I do, indeed, recall one instance in which a new American writer received from it an almost extravagant generosity of praise—I refer to Dr. W. S. Mayo. There is another kind of criticism which watches eagerly for signs and tokens of promise, and which is never afraid of falling into extravagance in hailing them. I shall be glad to see this kind of criticism much more practised. I do not believe in slating new authors. It appears that a fine of sixty pounds for the heinous crime of producing a bad book is a sufficient punishment, and as a rule it is mercilessly exacted. I abhor the insolence of those critics who ordered poor Keats "back to the gallipots." You may say that everything finds its level; that good work is sure sooner or later to be recognised, and that writers with genuine stuff in them will not be discouraged by attacks. I do know that genius is a very rare and delicate product. I happened to discover recently that one of the great world writers of fiction published anonymously a three-volume novel before his literary career, as it is known to the public, began. The novel, as will be seen when I publish it, as I may, is fit to rank with

his other works, but it received no recognition at the time. If this hint had been taken—and it very nearly was taken—the whole world would have been measurably the poorer; and I am convinced that many writers who have it in them to do great things are discouraged by the coldness with which their beginning is received and go no further. Besides, while a work of poetry may not receive recognition in the author's lifetime and yet be quickly received afterward—Shelley, I believe, never received sixpence for his literary work, and is now recognised as the greatest poet of the century—I know very few instances where a novel, neglected at first, has ultimately made its way. There are a few, but they may almost be counted on the fingers.

I feel also that a great public in England and America is, under the new copyright law, being deprived of what it had come to find almost as necessary as bread; I mean a supply of new books at low prices. I find many of your shops where nothing else is sold than non-copyright editions of English books; this trade must decline; and we on our side suffer a similar impoverishment. We all, I repeat, are enthusiastically in favour of the copyright law as a matter of plain justice, but I doubt whether authors who are not in the first flight have gained much from it, and I should seriously suggest to them and to their publishers whether it would not be worth while for them to allow some at least of their books to be published at the old low prices, in order that the public may come to know of them. I feel tolerably certain that they would not ultimately have reason to regret such a policy.

And now, gentlemen, it remains to express our overwhelming sense of the simple, cordial, constant kindness which we have received from the American people. I cannot adequately say how much we have admired the blithe and sunny carriage with which they have addressed themselves to the immense task of subjugating and unifying their great country. I am persuaded that in the face of growing duties—and it may be growing dangers—the spirit of your people will not quail. We have all through your great contest been the most sanguine and assured men in America. We have been amazed at the opinions telegraphed from England and amazed at the misgivings expressed by some of yours.

Our only surprise has been that the majority was not even greater than it turned out to be. We are confident that you are equal to the solution of your problems and to the bearing of your strain, and it is not to be desired that you should be wholly delivered from your burdens. There is an Arabian proverb, "All sunshine makes the desert," and this is true in the lives of individuals and in the lives of nations. And it makes America all the more attractive that your task is not completed, that in many places you might write what Titian was in the practice of inscribing on his picture *Faciebat*, implying that the work was still in progress.

I approach a delicate subject when I say a word of the misunderstanding between England and America. As a journalist I have full opportunity of observing the feeling of the English people. We were in various troubles at that time, and while we took all calmly, our attitude to our troublers varied. When that mighty potentate the German Emperor sent his famous message, one would have imagined that every Englishman's hand was finding its way to his sword. When your message, which was, shall I say, too astringent, too minatory, came to us there was an attempt on the part of the various journalists to inflame a feeling that refused to be inflamed. The English people steadily, stubbornly resolved that only in the last extremity would they commit the great crime of going to war with you,

and they opposed all counsels of battle with invincible good humour and patience.

A great writer of our day has told us how, in his ambitious and dreamful youth, he went to see an old weaver who in his time had literary aspirations. They had taken some embodiment in the form of a series of portraits of the poets. The young man turned over the portfolio, and his friend, divining his thought, quoted the lines of Cowley :

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come mine own?"

The lines caught the boy and wandered up and down in his head. He went home and kept repeating them over the house until his mother caught them too and repeated in her turn,

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come mine own?"

Her son turned upon her and charged her with the same thought as his own. She disclaimed it passionately, but said as passionately, "But I would be proud of being his mother." Gentlemen, I do not see the signs of decay in England. Some may fancy that her sun is far down the sky, but it seems to us as if it were high noon.

"Weakness is not in her heart,
Weariness not on her brow."

But the day of weakness and weariness and decrepitude and decay may come. If it comes we shall have one consolation left to us--we shall be proud of being your mother.

PARIS LETTER.

No strikingly new names have to be mentioned in this monthly record of literary events in France. We have heard more of late of Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, of George Sand and Alfred de Musset than of any living writers; perhaps because, though sleeping under the dome of the Pantheon or on the slopes of Père La Chaise there is still more life in them than in any of those who are pacing up and down the Boulevards with a cigar between their teeth or sipping their absinthe just before dinner-time.

The first volume of Hugo's correspondence has just appeared. It goes down to the year 1835, and it must be confessed that it is somewhat disappointing. One cannot but feel that the

editors have held back most of what would have been curious reading, and also that a great deal of material has failed to reach their hands at all. Perhaps the publication was still somewhat premature. Nothing in the stout octavo volume has attracted so much attention as the letters addressed to Sainte-Beuve, whose connection with the poet's home life, as well as the cessation of that connection, have long been a matter of public record. Nothing need be said now of the cause of the estrangement between the two writers, except that it had nothing to do with literature; but if literature be mostly a record of that in each man's feelings which is most deeply human, the letters of Hugo's which relate to that somewhat obscure

incident in his life will certainly be considered literature. Hardly anything in the history of ended human friendship, not even the celebrated words that passed between Charles Fox and Edmund Burke, gives a true and more pathetic ring than the letters in which Hugo plainly and plaintively says to Sainte-Beuve that he loved him when away, but can see him no more, because his presence has become the cause of the keenest suffering.

The rest of the volume is interesting, mainly because showing how, early in his life, Hugo adopted a practice which was formerly believed to have belonged only to his last years—the practice of extravagantly praising the practical (?) productions of others. No one seems to have been more careful of not hurting the *genus irritabile vatum*. But the reader vainly looks for anything that would lead him into the secret of the formation of the poet's literary genius, for such letters, for instance, as passed between Lamartine and his friend Virieu. Perhaps the future may bring out something of the kind; perhaps, too, no one was near enough to Hugo's heart to be the recipient of such intimate communications.

In regard to Musset and George Sand, we are coming nearer to a correct statement of the facts than could almost be expected. Soon we shall know about as much as could be desired, some would say even more, in regard to the famous *Elle et Lui* affair. Only a few months have elapsed since Viscount Spoelberg de Lovengoul in *Cosmopolis* tried to give out a complete version of the incident that placed George Sand in almost the best of lights. His articles are queer reading by the side of the revelations contained in one of the last issues of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. The ubiquitous interviewer has at last got hold of an important actor in the much talked of and written about love drama, the now aged and formerly handsome Italian physician, Dr. Pagello, who displaced Alfred de Musset in the great novelist's affections; and Dr. Pagello has been more garrulous than was exactly good for the name of his former friend. Whatever the faults of Musset, the facts remain that he was still between life and death when things took place which fully justified him in entirely casting George Sand out of his heart; and with what we now know we

fully appreciate the motives of Madame Clésinger, George Sand's daughter, in forbidding Mr. Plon to publish any more letters of her mother's, especially concerning her relations to Dr. Pagello. What literature proper gains in the publication is a curious love declaration handed by George Sand to the physician in Alfred de Musset's sick chamber—a declaration which is not unworthy to rank with the most eloquent passages of her novels.

There are still extant some curious letters of Alfred de Musset's which, according to the poet's sister, Madame Lardin de Musset, George Sand swore she had destroyed; but they are not likely to be made public for some time to come. Perhaps so much the better, for with a little more we should have of *Elle et Lui ad nauseam*.

In the *Temps*, which devoted a number of columns to interviews with Pagello, with Madame Clésinger and Madame Lardin de Musset, have been appearing for some time over the signature "Sganarelle" a number of articles on various topics under the somewhat strange heading of *Fagots*. There has been a good deal of speculation in regard to the authorship of these articles. I now hear on pretty good authority that Sganarelle is no less a person than Francisque Sarcey. This explains why so many of the articles relate to theatrical or educational topics. No one ignores that the celebrated dramatic critic began his career as a college instructor, and passed through the *École Normale*.

Through the *École Normale*, too, passed a man who has just disappeared, and who may be claimed by literature almost as much as by politics, Challemeil Lacour. The great republican orator and journalist, the former adviser of Gambetta, was a richly equipped scholar. Before he had written a word about politics he had been the introducer to the French people of the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, and almost his last great public utterance was his *discours de réception* in the French Academy, where he succeeded Renan, and so completely broke away from the well-established custom of fulsome eulogy of one's predecessor, that the Renan family abstained to a man (or to a woman) from attending the meeting. The two best scholars in Gambetta's *entourage*, Challemeil Lacour,

who was, and Spaller, who wished to be, in the Academy, have now gone within a few months of each other.

Another man has gone who also would have been in the Academy had he so desired, and had he not, after being an unsuccessful actor in a great historical tragedy, sentenced himself to complete retirement; I mean General Trochu. It was, indeed, the misfortune of the French people that in the latter part of their death struggle with Germany they had as their foremost military leader a man who believed in words more than in deeds. The writer of these lines well remembers being, a few weeks after the surrender of Paris, in the same room with the general. Count d'Har-court, a former diplomat, who had been away from Paris during the siege, was the third person present. The two fell into a conversation about the events just concluded, and their talk was ended by the following words of Trochu: "*Et malgré tout, monsieur le Comte, j'espérais, parceque je crois en Dieu!*"

But whatever his shortcomings as a military commander, Trochu was a superb orator and a fine writer. His books, *L'Armée Française en 1867, Pour la Vérité et Pour la Justice*, will outlive the circumstances for which they were produced, and his *Mémoires*, extracts of which have just appeared in the *Correspondant*, and which are to be published by Alfred Marne, will be an important and well worth reading contribution to the history of our own times.

Trochu goes almost at the same time when Alfred Duquet, *le savant et sévère Duquet*, as Arthur Chuquet calls him, publishes one of his severest condemnations of his military conduct; it is the seventh, and not the last, volume of his remarkable history of the Franco-German War, and is devoted to the part of the siege of Paris that goes from October 31st, 1870, to the last days of the same year. The next volume will conduct the narrative to the fall of Paris, and there will still remain to be written the history of Gambetta's armies in the provinces.

If we pass from truth to fiction we do not find much to record this month; no great novel, no great poems, not even the Franco-Russian ones, no great play. *Les Bienfaiteurs* at the Porte Saint-Martin, *Le Portage* at the Vaudeville, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, in a rather tame version, at the Odéon, have not been suc-

cesses. Coquelin, who tries to bring out new plays, does not fare half as well as Sarah Bernhardt, who draws crowds to the Renaissance with the worn-out *Dame aux Camélias*. In regard to Sarah and Dumas's famous play, I have just come across a rather characteristic anecdote. It relates to the great actress's recent tour in Australia. She was playing *La Dame aux Camélias* (or *Camille*, if you prefer) in Melbourne, and in a hurry to catch the train for some other town. So she rushed through the performance as fast as she could—faster, in fact, than the others could. It brought out remonstrance after remonstrance from her camarade, Angèle: "Why! don't go so fast, Sarah; we can't follow you," or something like that. Whereupon: "Hush," la divine Sarah exclaimed, "if you don't stop I die at once!" (*Je crève tout de suite*).

What she will play next no one knows, but she will *not* play George de Porto-Riche's *le Passé*, which she was to play. She has fallen out with the author of *Amoureuse*, claiming that his play had not been ready in time. I understand that the true inwardness of the story is that she wants to have nothing tying her when Sardou is ready with the new play he is writing for her, which is, by the way, like the *Passé*, moreover, an absolutely modern play, acted in costumes of our own day; no more *Tosca*s and *Theodoras* and the like. Sardou seems to be as tired of them as the public. As for Porto-Riche's play, which was to be acted in France by Sarah, and will not, which was to be acted in America by Olga Nethersole, and will not, it *will* be played by Rejane, having been accepted by Porel at the Vaudeville. Porto-Riche's works are always highly finished literary productions; they are worth reading as well as seeing.

Léon Bourgeois, the ex and future Prime Minister, also comes out as a bookman this month, with a small volume, *Solidarité*, published by Armand Colin. I ought to mention also an admirable selection from Hugo's poems, published by Delagrave, for the schools. The editor is Jules Steeg.

The volume on Taine in Hachette's *Collection des Grands Écrivains Français* will be by Professor Léopold Mabilleau, who has already contributed a very readable Victor Hugo to the same series.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, November 1, 1896.

NEW BOOKS.

AN EPOCH'S EPIC.*

It has now become a truism that every great and soul-stirring event which arises in the history of a nation inevitably finds some singer to put into words that breathe and thoughts that burn the feelings which mutely plead for expression in the hearts that are stirred by it. It is a truism also that it is often only in the *monumentum ære perennius* that the event itself is finally remembered; for the literary trophy erected in its honour frequently outlasts the objective source of inspiration.

On the first day of June last, the proud Commonwealth of Tennessee celebrated the hundredth year of its political existence. What a magnificent and stately event was that! History views it as a milestone in the march of American civilisation. Yet we think that centuries hence this glorious day will derive its chief interest to the scholar, the antiquarian, and the literary historian from the fact that it inspired the stupendous poem which is now before us in its final form—which has, in fact, been standing before us for several months—and which we have long hesitated to touch, shrinking as we did with natural modesty from an attempt to cope with the many questions that project themselves upon the camera of our consciousness from nearly every line.

Right at the outset we were embarrassed in trying to find a word that would fitly describe and classify it. We have, to be sure, styled it an epic, yet it does not wholly conform to the strict requirements of the epic canon. In many places its quality is distinctly lyrical; and, besides, it eschews the element of the supernatural. Yet it is manifest that we had to call it something. We might perhaps have spoken of it as a census bulletin; and there are, in truth, passages that would seem to bear out such a classification not only in their subject matter but in their style; for not infrequently the cadences and lilt are suggestive of some of Mr. Robert P. Porter's most impassioned strains. Yet, again, the passages of pure imagination un-

doubtedly make such a description impossible. We might, perhaps, have described it as a roundelay; but it is evident that a roundelay of 174 pages and some 6300 lines would not be the kind of roundelay that the critics know. Had we, therefore, chosen such a title for it, within twenty-four hours somebody over in Brooklyn would have written a column letter to the *Dial*, exposing once more our well-known ignorance, and asserting that we don't know what a roundelay is. This would have hurt our feelings, because we do know. If we met a roundelay on the darkest night we should recognise it in a minute. We have written roundelays ourselves, and they were real roundelays, too, in spite of the fact that we never could get any one to publish them except at advertising rates. So we just put it down as an epic, and if any one says that it isn't an epic we shall insist on his coming right forward and telling the world just what it is.

But the reader must be impatient to listen to its bursts of melody. And, in fact, it is really easier for us simply to let Mrs. Fry sing for herself. So here is a burst:

“ General Gaines was born in Virginia, and
when a lad
His father moved to Tennessee, where lands
could be had.
He settled in Sullivan, when General Blount
first came,
Was a lawyer, and had attained as a soldier
some fame.
General Gaines spent his boyhood days on the
plantation.
He developed his mind with books; his
recreation
Was hunting. 'Tis said he knew an Indian
trail at sight,
And when quite a boy accompanied Sevier in
the fight.
At eighteen was a lieutenant in East Tennes-
see,
Four years in active service against the Chero-
kees.
Congressman Claiborne then recommended
him to be
Appointed ensign in Sixth United States In-
fantry.
He was made second lieutenant before the
year ended,
And in Eighteen and One he was again rec-
ommended
To the War Department and appointed to
survey
From Nashville to Natchez a military road-
way.

* Tennessee Centennial Poem. By Mary A. A. Fry. Chattanooga: Published by the Author.

President Jefferson then appointed him collector
At Mobile, and afterwards post-office inspector.
He was appointed to arrest Aaron Burr for treason,
Whose friends ever after disliked him for this reason."

Here is another passage, in which the poet touches on the mysterious prehistoric times suggested to her by the strange structures of stone that are found along the Nollichucky district and by the Nickajack, as memorials of a race now vanished from the earth :

" Below Telford's Station there will be found
another
With walls three feet in thickness, built in
the same odd way ;
Near Limestone one built by a Gillespie of
that day,
Near Fullen's depot another, the old Ripley
place,
Several others whose history I have not time
to trace.
A ' Woman's Suffrage Club ' has been formed
within the State ;
Its movers are not natives, I am happy to
relate.
Though some few, it is said, are hoping for
this reward,
They will not amount in all to a ' corporal's
guard.'
Our present rights give us employment and
contentment,
Besides we have knowledge of the ' Fifteenth
Amendment.'
Which would allow negro women to vote—
there's the rub !
Then the kitchen would be neglected and the
washtub.
They would ride in on bicycles in bloomers
and blazers,
And there would be fights with those myste-
rious razors !"

This strophe is interesting both to the psychologist and to the student of metrical technique. The casual person might ask what natural connection there is between the architecture of the aborigines and the formation of a Woman's Suffrage Club. But such a question would only show that the inquirer failed to appreciate the subtlety of the poet's art. Here is really an admirable illustration of the law of the association of ideas. First, the mention of aboriginal structures brings to the mind of Mrs. Fry the autochthones, the true natives of Tennessee. The thought of them at once suggests, on the principle of antiphrasis, those who are *not* natives ; and, finally, since the most conspicuous of these are the persons who form the Woman's

Suffrage Club, Mrs. Fry glides by an easy transition from one theme to the other. There is a profound psychology in this which, if no one else appreciates, will be plain at least to the Educationist. Note, too, the art with which, after sternly smiting the Suffragists, Mrs. Fry allows a gleam of humour to gild like sunshine the last words of the canto.

Even more interesting is the metrical ingenuity of some of these lines. Take, for instance, the introduction of the word " washtub " in the thirteenth line. Now a purely academic critic would object that " washtub " in its accepted accentuation is paroxytonic and should not be accented on the last syllable. But Mrs. Fry secures especial effect by treating the word as an oxytone—the rising slide to the voice giving to the indignant line an indescribable touch of disdain mingled with astonishment. Another thing may be noted here which applies to the poem as a whole. Coleridge, in *Christabel*, exploited a theory by which the English language could be made more free in its metrical treatment, by basing the normal line on a given number of accents rather than on a given number of syllables. This was well enough for a person like Coleridge ; but (to use the language of higher literary criticism as employed at Harvard University) Coleridge isn't in it with Mrs. Fry. A great genius can take great liberties ; and in her usage she has given a freedom to the English language of which she never dreamed. She doesn't tie herself down to either syllables or accents. She just sails along on one line till she gets ready to begin another, and then she stops and begins it. What could be simpler than that ? Yet very few would have thought of it. It reminds one of Columbus and the egg. As a matter of fact, the poets who count up their metrical feet on their fingers get no encouragement from Mrs. Fry, nor do those other pedantic persons who are always thinking about the rules of prosody. Mrs. Fry doesn't worry herself about the rules of prosody, but her Muse gets right down and paws around among them till everything comes her way, and we guess that she wouldn't take any back talk from anybody.

But to resume our quotations. Here is an admirable blending of the personal note with a proud lyrical exultation over the vastness and richness of the wealth

of Tennessee. Note the skill with which she leads up to it :

" Colonel A. M. Shook, of Franklin County, Tennessee,
Has been years engaged in the coal and iron industry.
He was a Confederate soldier—one of Forrest's men ;
His record is understood ; we know where he has been.
He began selling coal and iron railway supplies,
But soon became able both to manage and advise.
He built and managed for years the furnace at Cowan ;
Was associated with Baxter and John H. Inman.
He is vice-president of a coal and iron company,
Lives in Tracy City and practises philanthropy.
Our pioneers carried iron into the State on horseback ;
The iron horse now carries it out on the railway track.
Four hundred and sixty-five thousand gross tons per year,
From twenty-six furnaces and improvements appear.
There are eighty-seven coal mines operated in the State,
Some are suspended for awhile, but have not long to wait.
The total coal production for Eighteen Ninety-one
Was two million five hundred twenty-seven thousand tons."

Here is a bit of studied antithesis worked up to a climax which is pointed and accentuated by the piquancy of the final rhyme :

" Two candidates now appeared ; each desired to stand guard
Over the State's interest, William Carroll and Edward Ward.
The newspapers of the State for the first time engaged
In a contest of this kind, the battle fiercely raged.
Carroll was elected by the people, the masses,
Ward's friends were the office-holders and all such classes.
William Carroll moved to the State eleven years before
From Pittsburg to Nashville, where he opened a nail store.
First brigade-inspector, then major of militia,
In the Creek War joined General Jackson in the issue."

Still more striking in the way of climax is the following strophe, whose restrained emotion, coupled with its Tacitean terseness, makes the sudden tragedy startlingly intense :

" At twenty-four years of age he began to practise,
Then moved to Henry County, the county seat Paris.

He was one of the first settlers in this community :
Its rich lands caused others to seize the opportunity
To improve their condition. First-class citizens moved there.
Judge Harris was prosperous and had a practice fair ;
He served nine years as circuit judge, then moved to Memphis.
When Judge Turley died he was appointed to his office.
First appointed, then elected judge of Supreme Court,
He served three years, his term was destined to be cut short :
On a Mississippi River steamboat he was killed !
The boilers exploded, his eloquent voice was stilled !"

We can quote but one more passage. It is near the end of the whole poem, and in it Mrs. Fry gathers up all her powers for a great epic sweep that rolls along with the crash and thunder of a coal-wagon :

" She has the greatest variety of resources,
More kinds of mineral from which to gather forces—
Gold, copper, sulphur, diamond, graphite,
Chalcotrite, pyrrhotite, chalcopyrite, barnhardtite,
Tetrodymite, clancanthite, galena, spalerite,
Pyrite, marcasite, mispickel, rutile, covellite,
Fluorite, chalcotrichite, corundum, hematite,
Melanochroite, menaccanite, antomolite,
Xanthosiderite, psilomelane, wad, limonite,
Pyrolusite, gothite, manganite, quartz, spodumene,
Opal, pyroxene, amphibole, garnet, kaolin,
Zircon, allanite, zoisite, albite, astrophylite,
Muscovite, orthoclase, tourmaline, talc, staurolite,
Calamine, allophane, cyanite, plumbogummite,
Deweylite, saponite, halloysite, pyromorphite,
Monazite, vivianite, wavellite, apatite,
Gypsum, chlorite, epsomite, melanterite, barite,
Azarite, malachite, hydrozincite, lanthanite,
Smithsonite, cerrussite, chalcanthite, kalinite,
Calcite, carbonate of lime, dolomite, siderite,
And coal, bituminous, cannel, and anthracite,
To an iron manufacturer very well known
I am indebted for this list, W. M. Bowron.
These treasures long hidden he has brought to public view,
Found in Chattanooga district ; he can locate them, too."

It may be objected that there is too much "ite" about this last passage, but for ourselves we prefer to see in it the skilful use of what is technically styled *homoteleuton*, the repetition of a final syllable, accentuating and driving home a thought to the mind as with a hammer's blow, and by the very repetition conveying to the listener an impres-

sion of the enormous mineral wealth that has roused her to such enthusiasm.

We should like to say something about Mrs. Fry's view of rhyme, about her colometry, about a certain strophic theory that we think we can detect underlying the poem as a whole; but lack of space forbids. We shall continue, however, our studies and may perhaps in time put forth some special monographs which, when taken together, will form the prolegomena to the poem. In the meantime we advise our readers to send for it and read it with the care and thoughtfulness which it so richly merits.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.*

Mr. Barrie's new novel proceeds upon a daring and hazardous plan. It centres upon the history and character of a young genius whose mother was out-cast from Thrums, after one of the strangest, wildest, most dramatic episodes that were ever committed to print. The boy is born in London, where, when he is five years old, his mother—a widow now, and wearing to her grave in shame and poverty—gives him a little sister; and the main intention of the book is a study of these two as children, and of the children who are their companions. Tommy has the foremost place, of course; it is his book; and few are the pages from which his name is absent. But equal pains have been given to the picture of Shovel, London street-boy; to Corp Shiach, lad of Thrums; to Elspeth, born to be an adoring, humble sister; and to Grizel, daughter of the Painted Lady who is suffered to live on the outskirts of Thrums: she, indeed, the same Grizel, is the most original, most firmly drawn and attractive little figure of them all.

Now he who undertakes to dramatise the thoughts, dreams, speculations, impulses, innocences, and un-moralities of childhood, has before him a very trying enterprise. Though we have all been children we are strange to childhood—so much estranged that we never speak of it without confessing to a wondering ignorance or surprise. The road back to that country seems as wide as the whole world; but he who would re-

turn upon it finds it barred by an impenetrable hedge, through which only a very little may be seen and dimly understood. How many men of genius have tried to push through the barrier is not known: the number of them who have partly succeeded, or who have fancied a partial success, does not tell the tale. All we do know is that to the approaching foot of only one did a clear path open: to Victor Hugo of gigantesque romance. That Mr. Barrie has also found a way—by means of a keen and studious imagination applied in the realistic manner—is the first question that lies before the readers of *Sentimental Tommy*. They are challenged on that point, and can have no complete satisfaction without answering it. It will not do, it will not be fair, to recall Hugo in order to assist judgment by comparison. More splendid in results, Hugo's method of display was far easier than Mr. Barrie's; for the novelist of Thrums has made it his business to show, upon a groundwork of the general characteristics of childhood, the working of the young, unchastened, unformed and forming elements of individual character. Obviously, this is an extremely delicate and difficult task; one which, as I have said, is hazardous for even the greatest skill and courage.

With a single drawback, to be mentioned presently, it will be agreed that Mr. Barrie has succeeded wonderfully well. As we close the book upon these young people—Tommy being then fifteen years old, Grizel thirteen, Tommy's sister Elspeth ten—we look back upon a series of scenes and episodes which, in a blend of pathos, oddity, humour, insight, accomplish all that we may suppose their author set out to achieve. The best of these scenes are in the first half of the book; where the arrival of the new baby, the conversations and intrigues of Tommy and Shovel, the adventures of these chums and opposites at the *soirée* of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Criminals (a remarkable chapter for its workmanship alone) lend to Tommy's biographer abounding opportunities; and fine use he makes of them. But for his purpose as mover of hearts or expositor of childish character, none of these chapters equals that in which Elspeth and Tommy plan to give their dying mother, in a London slum, a regular Thrums hog-

* *Sentimental Tommy*—the Story of his Boyhood. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

manay. This is a beautiful bit ; simple, true, and extremely touching. In the latter half of the book (the scene being moved to Thrums, where Jean Myles's orphans are provided for by her strangely outraged lover) Mr. Barrie devotes yet more care to the exhibition of Tommy's native character. In a dozen ways ingeniously contrived he exposes the breast of that child of genius to the Röntgen rays of an exact and merciless discrimination, as we are to understand ; and there it is that the drawback comes in. What faults of the savage many of us show (and shed) in childhood, what bold un-moralities we practise in the blithest ignorance for a while, is a familiar story. Now, rightly enough, Tommy's biographer makes a point of including all the boy's little vices and weaknesses ; but not, I think, with fortunate results. In real life we glance at these faults in silence and let them pass as (though bad while they last) rootless and unsubstantial. Attentive notice they will hardly bear without taking an appearance of fixity ; and by the mere mechanical fact of being chronicled in print, Tommy's boyish imperfections are, I fear, stamped on him indelibly. But there is another reason for that fear. There are various kinds of childish imperfection, and the faults attributed to Tommy would be nicer if they were ruder. They are not nice faults, nor of those that are most likely to rub off. The truth is, I suppose, that they could not be other than they are ; yet I can but wish that a different choice had been possible, for they expose him to the risk of downright dislike. The little Elspeth is lightly pencilled in, but with manifest potentialities of advancing interest in that part of the story which is yet to come. Grizel, who is the strangest little figure in this novel gallery of juvenile heroes and heroines, is at the same time the strongest, truest, most fascinating. Child as she is, an outcast daughter of a painted lady, she moves in an atmosphere of high pathetic tragedy, the creation of her own qualities. Pity that once or twice her author, in his anxiety to make her clear, pushes the illustration of her character into a little extravagance. The over-much is *his* most common fault ; though no living story-writer knows better the use of simplicity and restraint.

And it is practised here with extraordinary effect. *Sentimental Tommy* is not all about the sentimentalisms of Jean Myles's boy. There are some chapters about Jean Myles herself ; her innocent and happy sweethearting with Aaron Latta, weaver ; the end of that little idyll, when Magerful Tam appears—handsome, insolent, hateful, irresistible—to sweep her out of Aaron's feeble arms and into misery at the same moment ; and Mr. Barrie has never excelled these chapters for simplicity of relation and intensity of effect. I have left myself no room to speak the eulogy which, as I think, the whole of Jean Myles's story deserves ; and with its bold invention, its fine insight, its masterly description, its unstrained pathos, it covers a good many pages. Aaron Latta also stands out in strong and well-conceived originality—a distinct and singularly consistent figure, though few words are spent upon him and little does he say. His relations with Jean Myles's children, whom he takes to live with him when she dies, are human nature itself. Except as a means of bringing Grizel forward, there is no use for the Painted Lady and no pleasure in her ; an entirely artificial personage, not unlike one of the worst conceptions of Charles Dickens. But then Miss Ailie and Miss Kittie, with their sweet, old-fashioned sensitiveness and gentleness— Here, however, I must stop ; with a word for the many humorous turns and touches that stud the pages of *Sentimental Tommy*, and for the remarkably close and careful workmanship in the writing thereof.

Frederick Greenwood.

THE UNITED STATES IN RECENT TIMES.*

When the editors and publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* had conceived the plan of publishing in serial form a connected account of the history of the United States from 1870 to 1895, with a wealth of illustrations, they were in possession of the most brilliant idea that has come to any periodical in the pres-

* The Last Quarter Century in the United States, 1870-95. By E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. With 350 illustrations. 2 vols. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.00.

ent generation, and one that ought to have resulted in a perfectly fabulous circulation. There is nothing in the world that one likes to read so much as an ably and impartially written narrative of those events amid which he has himself lived, but which are beginning to sink into the past with a friendly haze just dimming the sharpness of the outlines. We all remember them in a general way, they have the fascination of being part of our own lives, only we have not for ourselves yet seen them in anything like their real historical perspective. Hence a brilliant writer who sums them up for us with a sense of due proportion and with some charm of style, provides us with a literary banquet that derives especial piquancy from its being in some measure almost personal to ourselves. Had the plan of which these handsome volumes are the outcome been carried out by a writer with the neat touch and entertaining literary manner which Justin McCarthy brought to the composition of his *History of Our Own Times*, no novel, not even *Trilby*, would have had a vogue so great. The book would have sold by the hundred thousand, and have been *the* book of the entire year. As for war records and Lincoln biography and Napoleonic revivals, they would not have been mentioned in the same breath.

The work that is at last before us deserves to have and doubtless will have a large and long-continued sale. It is invaluable as a work of reference. Yet it falls far short of what it might have been had it been assigned to some one with perhaps less technical historical training but with a greater gift of literary expression. As the narrative appeared in the pages of *Scribner's* it was thoroughly detestable in form, being chopped up into short sections, each with a heading in small capitals, like a newspaper description, and suggesting in its general effect a series of clippings put together from the pages of a scrap-book. It is now in book-form much improved, the narrative is made continuous and consecutive, and one can read it with much greater satisfaction. Yet it still is very far from being what it ought to be. Dr. Andrews does his work like a professional compiler rather than a professional writer. He sets forth the facts in due order, the account of what happened is accurate and fair, but this

is all. He seems to have little or no power of description and to be quite devoid of insight into character and motive. The result is naturally disappointing. If he has to put before us an impressive scene like that of the cyclone at Apia, or the burial of Grant, or the Anarchist riot at Chicago, he can merely enumerate the details. He will tell us how the American and German ships were wrecked, or how many police, soldiers, marines, and what not marched in the procession, or what the Anarchists were doing at the time; but the vivid touches that would make us *see* these things are lamentably lacking. It is a chronicle, not a history, that he gives us.

Again, we think that too often he stops short just when he ought to go on, which tantalises the reader beyond endurance, or else he treats of the thing in so dry a manner that one gets a false impression of it. Thus, his accounts of the *Virginus* affair, of the Sand Lot agitation, of the riots of 1877, of the third-term movement in 1880, of Blaine's feud with Conkling, of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign, of the Chilian imbroglio of 1891, of the American opposition to Germany in Samoa, and of a dozen other things, are written with no perception whatever of their strikingly picturesque features. His description of the wonderfully dramatic scene when Blaine read the Mulligan Letters before the House of Representatives and put Proctor Knott to ignominious confusion is told most admirably, but it stops too soon, says nothing about the sunstroke episode, and leaves one utterly unsatisfied. So of the Blaine-Belmont verbal duel, the stormy scene between Conkling, Platt, and Garfield in the Riggs House, the killing of Sitting Bull, and the account of negro rule in the South; those of us who can remember these things can see how inadequate is the treatment. There are hundreds of omissions, some of them of real importance. Thus, in relating the causes of Mr. Blaine's defeat, great stress is laid on Dr. Burchard's foolish alliteration, but the millionaires' banquet—a far more potent cause—is not even mentioned. Nothing is said also of the personal side of the Hayes administration, nor of those circumstances connected with Mr. Cleveland's marriage, that undoubtedly helped to defeat him in 1888.

Space forbids a farther enumeration of special points, but we have sufficiently indicated the general features in which the book will be found particularly weak. At the same time, as already said, we can heartily commend it to all our readers, in spite of its limitations. There exists as yet nothing like it, and those even who do not care for the text will take real pleasure in the numerous and extremely interesting illustrations.

P.

ASPECTS OF FICTION.*

One of the best of the papers in Mr. Matthews's new volume is very suggestive of the treatment its author has received in his former ventures as a critic. It is entitled "The Penalty of Humour," and its thesis is the way in which we Americans have always fought shy of bestowing our highest praise and most important offices on the writers and statesmen who have been gifted with the faculty of amusing us. Mr. Matthews has amused us so often and so well that when he comes to instruct us we are disinclined to take him seriously. Yet if we do not take him seriously we shall be ourselves the greater losers, for there is not to-day in this country a more suggestive or illuminating critic than Mr. Matthews when he is at his best. He writes too much, of course, to be always at his best; but even when, as in the present volume, he republishes work that is by its very nature ephemeral, he never lacks that quality of suggestiveness that seems to me to be the distinguishing note of his criticism. But a suggestive critic, especially if his style be as light and, therefore, apt for suggestion as Mr. Matthews's, is generally deemed to be a superficial one, and so we are likely to do him the further injustice of thinking that he wants us to take an airy jaunt with him through realms which we should prefer to traverse soberly and on foot.

The careful reader of this volume, however, will not be so misled. He will see that the graceful suggestiveness of such an essay as that on the parallelisms between the ancient drama and the modern should not hide from any penetrating eye the hard, keen thinking needed

* *Aspects of Fiction and other Ventures in Criticism.* By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

for the working out of many of the ideas presented. He will not think that the notable essay on American literature owes its existence solely to its author's well-known propensity to accentuate the national idea in our literature and life. He will not believe that the paper on "Pleasing the Taste of the Public" was merely dashed off for a magazine by a clever observer of men and events. For underneath the spontaneous ease of all these essays he will perceive the firm grasp of subject and the clear penetration that always characterise the true critic. He will, of course, feel that here and there something more needs to be said, or that occasionally a caveat needs to be uttered, as, for example, in the very ingenious classification of novelists in the last-named essay. Mr. Matthews reads Dr. Pole's classification of whist players, and he forthwith conceives a similar classification of novelists, ranging from those who deal with the frankly impossible through those who deal with the improbable and probable, to those who deal with the inevitable. Such a classification is in many ways apt and illuminating, but it leaves too much out of sight the fact that there is an element of the inevitable in all good story-telling, and it waives the question whether the absorption of other elements of interest, such as those depending upon the play of the fancy, has not rendered the latest type of novelists inferior to their immediate predecessors. In short, I should think that many of the things Mr. Matthews says would make a thoughtful reader desire to have the pleasure of a little friendly argument with him, and I know of no better test of good, stimulating criticism than this.

The volume under notice contains thirteen papers, five of which are on general literary topics, two on contemporary writers, Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson, and six on various aspects of fiction, with discussions of authors as far apart as Cervantes and Mr. Kipling. I have already named the essays that seem to deserve most attention, although I should be more than human if I did not like "Two Studies of the South," which notices most sympathetically a little book of my own. The group relating to fiction has, naturally, an added interest from the fact that Mr. Matthews is himself a practitioner of the art about which he discourses so well, but I do

not think that any one of the papers comes up to the masterly essay on the short story which he published some years ago in his volume called *Pen and Ink*. The paper on American literature is, however, almost as valuable in its way as the last-named essay; and if Mr. Matthews had written nothing but these two fine pieces of criticism he would have ample claim to our gratitude. But he has done more. Besides his excellent volume on the *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century* he has now given us no less than four collections of essays, and having read them all with pleasure and profit, one must express the wish that he may live to give us as many more.

W. P. Trent.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A QUEEN.*

In this year of grace, when all the world is saying pleasant things about Queen Victoria, because that most amiable old lady has had the good fortune to sit upon the English throne longer than any of her predecessors, there is a peculiar diversion, the character of which depends on the individual so engaged, in contemplating the aspect which Mr. M. A. S. Hume presents of England's other great queen, the last of the Tudors, whose reign was anything but tranquil. There is also occasion for instruction; and for moralising, no end. If, as we are now assured, the Virgin Queen's flirtations were the bulwarks behind which her kingdom grew great and glorious, may not those of us who are quick at detecting providential dispensations perceive a shining example of them in the fact that Elizabeth, the frivolous spinster, and Victoria, the sedate matron, were not transposed?

That the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was an accomplished coquette even Mr. Froude could not deny. Indeed, had she aspired to the title of "Queen of Hearts," which was won by that unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, who was her namesake, by qualities the very reverse of the English queen's, she would hardly have been a more persistent poser for the attentions of the gallants who swarmed about her court. There is far more history than romance in Scott's

story of her love passages with Leicester before the death of Amy Robsart, and no fresh evidence was needed to prove how hungry she was for the admiration of the royal suitors for her hand. But from the documents he has had at command as the editor of the Calendar of Spanish State Papers of her reign in the Public Record Office, Mr. Hume has gathered many facts about Elizabeth's more serious courtships that throw side lights on the political history as well as the manners and customs of her age; and it should be remembered that such records, compared with much of our history, possess the peculiar value Horace Walpole had in mind when he wrote that "though memoirs *written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, these *published* nearest to it are generally falsest."

It is Mr. Hume's purpose to show that Elizabeth's levity and fickleness were deliberately used to further the interest of England at a time when craft had to make up for weakness; that in the rôle of Aphrodite she played the part of Minerva. For this, however, he gives her scant credit, professing not to know where sheer vanity and a sort of passion ended and far-sighted policy began. The view he gives is of the woman rather than the queen; and though citations from the records are numerous, no important assertion being made on his own authority, the reader feels—and if with satisfaction he is likely to go unstoned—that he has got among gossips of the court rather than serious chroniclers of the reign.

It is not difficult to feel sympathy for Elizabeth as the most eligible person of royal blood in Europe. If her self-esteem was great and she demanded homage for herself as well as her position she surely did not thereby forfeit all claim to respect and genuine admiration; vanity, as we well know, is by no means incompatible with greatness and lofty qualities, and love of praise and adulation does not preclude noble action. It is to be borne in mind, also, that eager as Elizabeth herself was in the game of love-making, she was at all times urged on to matrimony by her councillors, in their desire to see the succession settled in a manner that would save the kingdom from the quarrels of rival claimants. In such circumstances it was not unnatural that a woman of

* The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. By Martin A. S. Hume. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

high spirit in such exalted station should be fastidious in her choice of a consort, and that her father's daughter should not avoid in this high affair of State the more tender side of the proceedings. It has been therefore with some hesitation that the latter-day testimony concerning her peculiarities in this respect has been accepted. The great namesake of our author regretted that she had not possessed "some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished," and even the impartial Green found her cold and unresponsive to all but Leicester.

Mr. Hume shows her darting from one affair of the heart to another, like a bee from flower to flower, careless of what the world thought, utterly indifferent generally, after the adieux were exchanged, to the feelings of the disappointed swain, but almost savagely jealous of them while the comedy or tragedy, whichever it was, was in progress. There is a certain inevitable unfairness in such a picture as he draws, however true to life. Plucked of its feathers the peacock would be but a sorry spectacle; so Queen Elizabeth, divested of every splendid accomplishment that marked her reign, is not an heroic figure, and the reader of this book who would do her justice should never forget that while "the projects of marriage of Queen Elizabeth," as Count Ferrière calls them, occupied an important and most interesting part of her life, her career had other claims to distinction.

From the early passages with her guardian, Sir Thomas Seymour, when Elizabeth was a mere girl, through her dallying with the various scions of the royal houses of Europe and the Earls of Arundel and her favourite Leicester of England and Arran of Scotland, there is little new in the narrative until we reach the attempt of the dowager queen of France, Catherine de' Medici, to gain first for one of her sons and then for the other the hand of England's queen. The preceding negotiations for her marriage, as set forth in the state papers from which Mr. Hume quotes, afford abundant evidence of her wanton mendacity mingled with crafty subterfuge and the careless cruelty of a heartless belle; but through all of them it is evident enough that motives of public policy were the chief inspiration of her conduct. But from the time when Henry of

Valois, afterward Henry III. of France, was proposed to her as a husband there appears a stronger personal element, the revelation of which is the chief contribution that Mr. Hume's book makes to our knowledge of Elizabeth. She was then thirty-seven years of age, not quite the "painted old harridan" this unsympathetic historian designates her in the later years of her life, but still far enough advanced, one would think, to have attained to years of discretion. Yet if these papers make plain anything, they disclose the queen less resolute now in defence of her celibacy than ever before, more needlessly demonstrative, at times frolicsomenly affectionate, particularly with the younger Frenchman, whose mother, in point of age, she might well have been. She hoodwinked the astute Catherine most egregiously, to be sure, and succeeded in escaping from many a difficult position in these tortuous courtships. It is also true that by these means she undoubtedly staved off troublesome demands both from France and Spain, while at the same time keeping these countries from forming an alliance that would have been dangerous to England, until she was in a position to defy those who chose to be her enemies. Unfortunately for her good name, in doing so she allowed herself to be compromised, not, it would appear, through pressure of political conditions so much as on account of her own feelings.

The long dallying between her and the Duc d'Alençon, the French king's brother, forms the main part as well as by far the most entertaining and instructive part of the book. She called him "my frog," and lavished upon him endearments which should have satisfied the most ardent lover. That she seriously thought of marrying him, though she swore she did, can hardly be credited. Apart from the disparity between their ages, the duke was anything but attractive, being small and of insignificant appearance and badly pock-marked about the face into the bargain. No one can read the notes of the Spanish minister, however, without wondering at the liberties she allowed him and took, to say nothing of the public show of affection for him which she made on several occasions. It was all a comedy of course, as Mr. Hume says; but may there not have been in it some note of

pathos that drew from the queen at the death of her youthful lover this message to his mother: "If you could see a picture of my heart you would see a body without a soul; but I will not trouble you with my grief, as you have enough of your own."

We lay down the volume feeling that the courtships of Queen Elizabeth were very gay, very clever, very important; ready to admit that Mr. Hume has made them appear heartless; but still, it must be confessed, not altogether persuaded that good Queen Bess was absolutely proof against Cupid's darts.

C. LeF. Wright.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

Kate Carnegie has already made partial appeal to the public in serial form, but we should be inclined to say that this is a very doubtful advantage, if not a serious injury, for it is only in its full and connected form that we can attain any adequate idea of its remarkable qualities. Let us say at once, and frankly, that this book goes a long way toward settling Ian Maclaren's position as a literary artist. In the right significance of the word he is not a novelist. Of the complications and inevitable sequences of plot he knows nothing. He does not stand at all in the same category with Mr. Crockett, for example, who is a novelist and romancist pure and simple. He is nearer to Mr. Barrie as he was in his earlier writings; but Mr. Barrie has since occupied wider fields. He is nearest of all to another writer, whose name has never been collated with his—Charles Lamb. Lamb, of course, is essentially English, and even Cockney; and Ian Maclaren is Scotch to the very marrow of his bones; but there are in each the same delightful qualities—humorous and acute observation of manners, delicate irony, over-brimming human sympathy, and an infinite tenderness. Lamb, brought up on porridge, housed in a Scotch glen, and taught the fear of God, would have been just what Maclaren is. The parallel may not be perfect at all points, but it can be easily justified; for again and again in reading this book some exquisite passage recalls to us the gentle spirit of Elia.

* *Kate Carnegie*. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Kate Carnegie herself and her father may be dismissed with a mild caution. They do not rightly belong to Ian Maclaren's stage, and they afflict us with the sense of the out-of-place. They would be well enough in a score of popular novels, but here they are neither interesting nor convincing. But the moment we turn to the genuine Drumtochty people we begin to appreciate the full force and delicacy of Ian Maclaren's art. One may choose at random among them: each is in his way perfect. When Peter applied for the situation of guard, he simply sat down, said nothing, and glowered at the board of directors (two lairds and a farmer); whereupon it was instinctively felt that "experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman afterward as a formality." Who does not recognise Margaret Meiklewham, the typical clerical housekeeper, "who is said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham"? And then we have Janet, whose contempt for Simon Peter is great because he made such a poor business of his assault on the High-priest's servant, and who is, moreover, of opinion that "it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His apostles;" and the orderly Synod clerk, whose preaching "turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions," and who boasted on a critical occasion that "under his unworthy ministry three beadles had been converted to Christianity;" and many other occasional vivid thumb-sketches, such as that of the West End clergyman who was made Doctor for writing "the *Life of Dorcas* and other pleasing booklets;" and the middle-aged female "whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue-work;" and the evangelist who "had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years"—which is a sentence of parabolic and possibly theological significance, one supposes. It is in felicitous touches such as these that Ian Maclaren excels, and by them we know him to be a rare and true artist. The irony is always keen, but never cruel, the observation of manners perfect, the pathos unstrained and effortless; and the whole is so

pervaded by a warm human geniality that the very persons depicted, if they indeed exist, should be the first to laugh at the humour of their own oddities.

But the great creation of this book is the "Rabbi"—one of the most pathetic and beautifully executed figures in modern literature. The untidy old scholar, with his immense learning and entire ignorance of life, his oddities of dress and habit, his long and extraordinary sermons (anxious mothers "pooled" the peppermints when he preached, passing them furtively to needy families); his loneliness, his patience, his fortitude; his stiff Calvinism and tender heart; who does not love him? A soft glory of reverence and affection seems to fall across the page whenever he is mentioned. His farewell to George Pitillo is a thing so moving and noble, that it were a shame to a man to read it without tears. Beside him Carmichael shows poor and thin; the Rabbi is indeed the supreme figure of the book. And behold this miracle: a man of "unlovely habits" (it is the Rabbi's own pathetic judgment of himself), and of unlovelier creed, is so interpreted to us by Ian Maclaren, that we love him perfectly, and our hearts grow more pious, our sense of spiritual things more real, as we know him. It is not an easy thing for men who hold the more genial modern theology even to understand, much less to love, a man so steeped in the bitterness of the old Calvinism. Such a man rarely appears in modern fiction save as a figure of contempt, and it is easy to be contemptuous. But Ian Maclaren gets at the spiritual secret of the man, and makes us acquainted with it.

Apart from its striking qualities as a work of literary art, the great merit of the book lies here. The clerical type as it exists in Scotland—so virile, idiosyncratic, and wholly different from any other type—has never been depicted before by a hand so true, wise, and kindly. The ministers of this book are real men, whose very foibles endear them to us. We are all of us apt to forget what our land, and especially Scotland, owes to these bare, gray, wind-swept conventicles, scattered in glen and hamlet, where quiet and pious men work out their lives in patient heroism and simple joy. To us, perhaps, the life seems dreary, the men dull, the work insignificant, and

the very service within these cold walls a little barbarous, and sometimes even repulsive. But it is in such places that the roots of religion strike deepest, and it is by such men that the soul of a nation is nourished. Ian Maclaren makes us feel this, and in so doing has wrought not only a piece of admirable work in the field of letters, but has done much to strengthen the endurance of the faithful.

W. J. Dawson.

THE OTHER HOUSE.*

Tony Bream's wife dies at child-birth; but, before death, mindful of her own tragic youth under a stepmother, she binds him by a promise not to marry again during the lifetime of her child. The facile Tony, who hardly will admit the seriousness of his wife's condition, ardently takes the pledge. Then he is left, a man easily pleasing to women and easily pleased by them—so that even before his wife's end he has guilelessly committed himself to the interest of two of them—yet intending to be chivalrous to his wife's memory and quite unconscious of his real situation. The story opens with studied cynicism; it continues to follow the lead of subtle character motives, and a subtle irony too gay to be called humour, with so trifling a manner that we are hardly prepared for the culminating tragedy. The child is the central figure of it. In their opposing attitudes to her, the two women who have come to love Tony Bream and have a place in his destiny embody the dramatic contrast which is a part of Mr. James's character study. The growth of their passion furnishes him with a story to his purpose. Jean Martle loves the child because it belongs to the man she cannot marry. Rose Armiger hates it while it stands between her and the possibility of her union with its father. When she finds that the real obstruction to that is Tony's love for Jean, she kills the child to incriminate her rival and destroy the love that she cannot herself win. This plot is the plot of strong tragedy; but it seems better fitted to the world of crude and elemental passions than to the sophistications and refinements of Mr. James's art. The essential inhumanity of the

* *The Other House.* By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

story is less its subject than its author's handling.

Those who have watched what one can only call the decline of Mr. James's art during the last few years must have been more and more painfully conscious of its steady retreat from life. His original humour was not only so penetrating but so delightful, his work was so poetic at its best, that one overlooked the excess of refinement that threatened an art otherwise perfect. His early books, too, had a vigour that belonged to life rather than to the artist's studio, and that removed their author as a critic far from the æsthetic dilettante. But the dreary stories which have been appearing within the last few years under Mr. James's name, and now this last novel from his pen, lack the vital spring of art. Merely in point of construction, *The Other House* is as artificial as the stage. Indeed, in its abandonment of narrative and comment, its paucity of scene, its complete dependence on the dialogue, it seems, until its closing chapters, like a play without the necessary excitement of action or the direct and speaking passion that alone carries conviction from the boards. It is like a drawing-room farce interminably and dully prolonged until the last scene. Then, with an artistic shock that is hard to bear, it becomes a tragedy of awful proportions.

In the chapter next the last, one hears the first real note of life that has not yet sounded through all the course of the story. Before the reader seems to walk with abstractions of personality and the embodiments of Mr. James's critical observations. There are no Isabel Archers or Christina Lights, no Hyacinths or Roderick Hudsons in the dramatic list; and he stumbles toward a purpose through a style that extenuates until it blinds one to the author's intention.

"She spoke without discernible excitement, and Tony had already become aware that the face she actually showed him was not a thing to make him estimate directly the effect wrought in her by the incongruous result of the influence he had put forth under the pressure of her ardour."

Sentences like this have to be read more than once to get a hold on the understanding. But there is a chapter of redeeming passion and directness before the story goes out, which seems to rise to the demands of Mr. James's subject.

We are glad to quote it as proof of his possible power.

"In an instant he had met her; in a flash the gulf was bridged, his arms had opened wide to her and she had thrown herself into them. They had only to be face to face to let themselves go; he making no answer but to press her close against him, she pouring out her tears upon him as if the contact quickened the source. He held her, she yielded, with a passion no bliss could have given them; they stood locked together in their misery, with no sound and no motion but her sobs. Breast to breast and cheek to cheek, they felt simply that they had ceased to be apart. Their long embrace was the extinction of all limits, all questions—swept away in a flood which tossed them over the years, and in which nothing remained erect but the sense and the need of each other."

This recalls May Garland as she flings herself on Roderick's body, or Isabel Archer at Ralph's death-bed. It is supremely beautiful. It is the one moving passage in the book, unless we count as moving the moral shock that the reader sustains in coming upon a tragedy so awful as the *dénouement* of a book apparently so cool and so little serious. *The Other House* has the virtues of Mr. James's usual conscientious work and his subtle dealing with character—the last most happily illustrated in the study of Tony Bream. But it trifles with its theme; it does not hold the sympathies with the conviction of life. Its general failure in emotion has spoiled a conception which might have been poetic, and made it artistically unpleasurable.

Edith Baker Brown.

IN INDIA.*

It is not often that a critic after weighing a book in the balance can conscientiously bestow upon it infinite praise. *In India*, which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a masterpiece.

As the author is unknown in this country, and little trace of his work is found in the French journals, we must conclude that he has not been long before the public; but, whoever he is, André Chevrillon must be termed an artist in the rich interpretation of the word. He has given to the world a book which takes rank as literature, an event sadly rare in this material and unpoetic age.

In India must be regarded as a series

* In India. By André Chevrillon. Translated from the French by William Marchant. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

of exquisite paintings in prose, presenting movement, play of light and shadow, fleeting colours, sounds, and scents, all of which are charged with atmosphere. None of the masters of style, not even Théophile Gautier, possesses greater command of the literary palette than Chevrillon, who has learned his chromatic scale from nature's loveliest and most illusive tones. Do you know the hues that glow in the scarlet and purple panoply of dawn and sunset? those that rise like apparitions of rose and violet on the polished globe of a pearl? and those that lurk and melt away upon the iridescent blue of the peacock's breast?

In such deep, delicious, and fantastic colours Chevrillon dips his pen. He is an impressionist, who seeks for truth and beauty, not for exaggerated and bizarre effects; and he resembles Shelley in possessing what we may perhaps be permitted to call the ethereal sense.

This will be appreciated by all who read his description of the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful one ever written, of which we give a short extract:

"It is a floating dream, an aerial thing without weight, so accurate is the balance of the lines and so faint the shadows on the virginal translucent stone. These black cypresses which frame it; these masses of verdure, through which here and there the blue sky is seen; this turf in the strong sunlight, with the sharp, black shadows of the trees falling across it—all these solid things render more unreal the whiter vision which seems ready to vanish into the light of the sky. . . . The garden is the complement of the building, both uniting to form the one artistic conception. The avenues leading to the Taj are bordered with funereal trees, yews and cypresses, that render still whiter the far-off whiteness of the monument. Behind their slender cones trees of luxuriant foliage are massed, adding depth and opulence to the more sombre growth. The stiff, dark trees, relieved against this light foliage, stirred by the wind, rise solemn out of the thickets of roses and the great masses of unknown, perfumed flowers of this solitary garden. Combinations like these are the work of an artist. Broad, open lawns, the crimson cups of flowers, petals of gold, swarms of humming-bees and particoloured butterflies bring light and joy into the gloom which befits a cemetery. The place is at once luminous and serious; it has all the rapture of a Mussulman paradise, amorous and religious; and the poem in verdure unites with the poem in marble to tell of peace and splendour. . . . In the centre are the tombs of the two lovers, two small sarcophagi, on which rests a faint light from some unknown source. This is all. There they lie in the silence, surrounded by these perfect things which celebrate their love lasting into death, isolated from all

the world by the mysterious marble lace which enwraps them and seems to float around them like a dream."

What of this for a rapid impressionist sketch as the author leaves Jaipur?

"The hills have closed in about the charming city. Now a golden dust floats in the air. A solitary heron stands motionless on the edge of a lake, which is all rose-colour and blue in the twilight radiance."

And what of this at Bombay?

"Little waves are running in; they rise with a pale transparency, tremble in a silvery gleam, and break with a soft splash. A Parsi has come down to the edge of the water, and, his lips moving in prayer, watches the sun whose throbbing disk is about to disappear. Just as it touches the water-line the Parsi bends his head twice, and then stretches out his arms toward the great rosy radiance which floats in the west."

We wander through the forests and jungles of Ceylon overwhelmed with the masses of vegetation, dripping with silvery dew, and inhaling the perfumes from the exotic flowers; we visit Kandy, the ancient capital of the Cinghalese kings and the Buddhist shrines and temples; feel the coming of the weird, equatorial stars; and when the twilight falls upon the phantoms of gigantic ferns, we hear the monotonous breaking of the waves of the Indian Ocean and the "sad rustling of the cocoanut-trees" that tell us it is not a dream. Here our author gives his theory of the Buddhist cult, which he thinks was evolved by the human being who felt "an immense need of rest and quiet in the presence of natural phenomena that are so violent, disproportionate, and full of change; where all visible things undergo incessant renewal, are forever springing into existence, and forever perishing."

Calcutta impresses him as being all white: "white light, white houses, and white-clad people streaming through the streets." This is a *mélange* of Asia and London—hurrying crowds in a commercial centre, thousands of restless, white-robed Bengalis in "hot pursuit of money." From Calcutta he takes us to the thick forests of the Himalaya. Thence to classic India—Benares, the city of religion. Chevrillon gives us a description of the Hindu devotions at sunrise in the Ganges, which is a *tour de force*. One realises the delirium, the opium-like vision, the fanatical orgy of these thousands of bronze figures, per-

forming their rites with their background of temples, pyramids, water-stairs, and the shining river, with its floating patches of flowers, while thousands of pigeons flutter in the luminous air into which rise the blue columns of smoke from the cremation of dead bodies. "You seem to feel," he says, "the infinite life of India, the overwhelming sensation, which, repeated for generations, modifying the structure of the Aryan brain, has translated itself into their poems and philosophies."

Another shifting of scenery takes us to Muhammadan India: Lucknow, where there is much beautiful Saracenic architecture, and a colony of English residents; and Agra, city of marble palaces, tombs, and kiosks, suggesting the *Arabian Nights*, the city of the Mogul emperors, who "crushed and kneaded the human material that they might render eternal their own vision of beauty." Thence Delhi, both English and Hindu, and Jaipur. The latter—city of Rajahs, the India of fairy tales, opera, and legends—is pink in effect: "Pink houses, pink temples, pink palaces, pink bell-towers; the pink a most delicate rose-colour." Bombay, another cosmopolitan dew-drop on the earth's surface, is visited; and finally we pass over the burning sands and brushwood, and clamber over rocks to enter the Caves of Siva, where the religious history of India lies in sculptures and bas-reliefs.

It is not an exaggeration to compare Chevrillon's fantasia on India to one of those glassy pools which he speaks of in the jungle, into which are reflected the luscious wealth of vegetation, the pink trails of the lotus, and the yellow and white blooms of the champak and frangipani with such fidelity that the water itself is invisible. Into this book is cast such a vivid reflection of the country, its people, its architecture, and its religion that we become unconscious of the printed page, for we see and feel that mystery of the world—India.

Esther Singleton.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.*

A most interesting study in connection with contemporary literature would

* *The Wheels of Chance. A Bicycling Idyll.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

be an attempt to ascertain the reasons for the popularity of certain authors. Why some should be taken and others left seems, in many cases, almost impossible to determine. The standards of popularity, moreover, may differ very greatly between countries even so closely allied as England and America. Many of the books published in England are never handled at all by American booksellers, and even the successes of the day in America are by no means assured of an English audience. An interesting case in point is afforded by the novels of Mr. H. G. Wells. Regarded, as they are, with the most unbounded favour by the English public, judging by their rapid sales, and by the praises of the reviewers, they have, nevertheless, been received in America with comparative indifference. *The Time Machine*, *The Wonderful Visit*, and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* are tales in which humour and satire play the leading part; and it would be an interesting question to consider whether the difference commonly held to exist between the conceptions of humour in the two countries may not be held accountable for the inadequate attention which Mr. Wells's work has received in America.

In the case of his latest book, however, there can hardly be any difference of opinion. Not for a long time have we run across a more striking instance of fresh and spontaneous humour. The fantastic quality of Mr. Wells's former work is still in evidence in *The Wheels of Chance*, but so humanised, so transformed by kindness and sympathy, as to invest the tale with a delightful air of unconventionality and romance. Indeed, it is this all-pervading kindness of spirit that forces us to recognise in Mr. Wells a not unworthy successor to the author of *Great Expectations*. For we are reminded of Dickens, not alone by the quality of the humour, but also, and more especially by the underlying seriousness, deepening at times into pathos, that serves to throw into relief the high comedy of the situations and that saves it from degenerating into farce. The characters, too, though extremely amusing, are not exaggerated by caricature; and the result is a collection of personages so delightfully and convincingly human as to be almost too unorthodox for a book—on the same principle as that which

prompts artists to conventionalise what they see about them, for fear that their pictures will be regarded as untrue to nature. The hostlers and barmaids; Mr. Briggs, the assistant draper; the schoolmistress with advanced ideas; the officious clergyman; the villain who finds villainy unexpectedly tame; the stepmother, with her three attendant cavaliers, Messrs. Widgery, Dangle, and Phipps, who bring to mind faint reminiscences of the immortal heroes of *The Pickwick Papers*—all stand out before us as clearly as if they were in reality people we had known.

As for the hero and heroine, rarely do we meet in life individuals who impress their personality so forcibly upon us. To render attractive a most unattractive hero shows skill of no mean order, yet that Mr. Wells has succeeded undeniably in his task, even the most ardent lover of romance will admit. For though the story deals only with an episode in the life of an awkward, insignificant cockney, the assistant in a suburban draper's shop—"a mere counter-jumper, a cad on castors, and a fool to boot," as the author contemptuously characterises him—we are conscious, nevertheless, of a sentiment toward him of respect, of affection and of passionate sympathy, much warmer than any even the charming, wayward little heroine is able to evoke, though she is his social and intellectual superior. It is this vein of idealism in dealing with the commonplace which has made Mr. Wells's work remarkable, but it is the successful blending of this idealism with the humour of common things that has given his last book a place apart.

Among its other merits this story has the honour of being the first really excellent bicycling romance. Mounted on a bicycle, so antique in character as to render the term "second-hand" but mildly descriptive of it, our very modern Don Quixote has set forth for his allotted ten days of summer vacation; and before half the precious time has elapsed, he has been able to confound villainy and to rescue a damsel in distress, and that in as approved a manner as did ever knight of olden days. For strained as the central situation may appear, the naturalness and probability of the action are so convincing as to make the book not so much a satire upon the New Woman movement as an attempt

to present a study of the prevalent spirit of unrest and social discontent. The unhappy little heroine might well be one of the daughters whose revolts find expression in the pages of certain staid British journals, and her most delightful stepmother is, the author confides to us, "Thomas Plantagenet," the writer of the most daringly indecorous "novels with a purpose," though in private life a highly respectable and conventional member of society. We may say in passing that an occasional jarring note is felt in the book, which seems due wholly to a lack of taste on the part of the author; yet, on the other hand, the hero and heroine are treated with such charm of sentiment as to render the romance of the story its most attractive feature. They are hardly more than a pair of children, these simple lovers with their warm hearts and their pathetic ignorance and inexperience, yet their fortunes have so dominated the entire book that at its close we almost forget the unceasing fun and merriment that have rippled through the comedy, so torn are our hearts with a yearning pity for the unheroic hero. We wonder if Mr. Wells remembered that very beautiful sonnet of Mr. Austin Dobson's on Don Quixote. It ends thus:

"Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possesst!

Yet would to-day when Courtesy grows chill
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,

Some fire of thine might burn within us still!

Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!"

Mathilde Weil.

A GLANCE AT MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Many English readers of French literature must often have felt the need of an authoritative word to clarify their own impressions and vague knowledge; for the abundance and brilliancy of French criticism is bewildering to an English mind. The modern method of discussing each author as a "human document," interpreting his own work, does not result in a synthetic impression of a period. And as Mr. Wells suggests, French critics take a great deal for granted of which the foreigner has no intuitive comprehension. In his care-

* Modern French Literature. By Benjamin Wells. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.

ful compilation of an English scholar's notes, enriched by an intimate acquaintance with the wisest and most recent French criticism, Mr. Wells has made a brave and successful effort to do for French what he did recently for German literature, "to give some clew to the books that are significant whether as products or as causes of changed critical standards and æsthetic principles." In *Modern French Literature* he supplements the familiar *Short History* of Mr. Saintsbury, and gives us a value that no French history can supply, for he writes from a perfectly English point of view. He sifts out all the facts of French literary development which have general interest with an intellectual rather than a sympathetic appreciation. One noteworthy characteristic is the absolute impartiality of his treatment. In this book of careful gleanings the estimate of each writer or school is untinged by any personal bias. Mr. Wells seems to view his whole subject with even interest, and to form his conclusions after reading the work, in consultation with Lemaitre, Brunetière, Bourget, Faguet, Rod, Cellissier, and others. The result is a calm and always interesting exposition from which the author's personality is rigorously suppressed.

However capable as a whole, a history of literature usually becomes unsatisfactory when it discusses recent work, and often leaves the reader in an entanglement of loose ends. In the difficulty of estimating what is close at hand the historian is apt to hurry with perfunctory ungraciousness through a list of names which must be mentioned. Under Mr. Wells's treatment the blurred maze of modern literary tendencies is wonderfully illuminated, and the disciples of romanticism, realism, naturalism, symbolism, and other creeds fall into place. To his possession of one attribute of French style, an incisive clearness, Mr. Wells owes, perhaps, his success in the difficult task. Rigidly defined in his mind is the statement he wishes to make, and he never obscures it with superfluous phrases. He understands judicious omission and avoids confusion by ignoring the names which have not influenced literary growth.

No abler short study of the beginnings of a literature has perhaps ever been made than that of his three introductory chapters, which afford a perfectly

distinct view of early forms down to the nineteenth century. Mr. Wells has a gift of conciseness which happily avoids dry abstractions. He impresses salient fact upon us without assuming that we are grossly ignorant, and is always the tactful instructor. He has none of the Germanic pedantry which delights in dissecting technique; and the emotional quality, the principle of development, is what primarily appeals to him. He recounts the fluctuations of French genius from primitive exuberance of feeling to cold formalism, and thence to self-conscious emotion, with just enough historical allusion to connect literary with political events. In national issues he finds partial solution for the expression of now the ardent hopes of the Renaissance spirit, and now the child-like pessimism of disappointed illusion. His graphic form of statement catches the attention, impresses the memory, and vivid phrases translated from the critics play an illustrative part.

In his fourth chapter Mr. Wells begins his study of the nineteenth century with the rise of romanticism inaugurated by Chateaubriand, "renovator in imagination, criticism, and history," and Madame de Staël, "the nurse if not the mother of the romantic school." Under his capable direction we follow its growth and decline, the evolution of naturalism or realism, the transformations of the drama and of lyric verse with those curious products the cenaclists and the symbolists.

A noteworthy chapter traces the growth of modern criticism as a result of modern science from the historic conceptions of Michelet and Thierry to the interpretations of Sainte-Beuve, whom he thus characterises: "What I sought in criticism," said Sainte-Beuve, "was to put in it a sort of charm, and, at the same time, more reality." He succeeded in both endeavours. He made criticism the most popular of the serious forms of literature, and he rescued it from its old intolerant artificiality forever.

Sainte-Beuve called himself a disciple of Bacon, by which he may have meant that books seemed to him inseparable from the men who wrote them, and equally dependent on moral and psychological conditions. Hence arose for him the necessity of a scientific study of character. He would aspire to do for

man what Jussieu had done for plants, and Cuvier for animals. Nothing human can be foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from the gay to the demure, from the philosopher to the jester. Everywhere he finds the best and makes it his own. "He is the very personification of criticism considered as a science of sagacious analysis, and at the same time as the most delicate of the arts." Mr. Wells shows criticism transformed by Taine's materialism, and Renan's dilettanteism, and finding a varied expression to-day of which Lemaitre, Brunetière and Bourget may serve as types.

Dominating the intellectual activity of the century, certain great figures stand out as founders of different schools; among them George Sand, Victor Hugo, Renan, Taine, Balzac, Flaubert. To bring out their values in his limited space, Mr. Wells is forced to analyse on general lines and to omit much detail. Of Victor Hugo, "the greatest French writer of this century," he concludes:

"Hugo was distinctly an average man both intellectually and ethically. He had the rancour and vanity of the typical bourgeois; his treasure was in an earthen vessel; his genius wholly disproportionate to his mind."

Les Misérables is

"a chaos of glowing eloquence, deep emotion, weary stretches of commonplace, and a few treacherous quicksands of bathos that reveal a cyclopean lack of humour,"

which seems severe to the great romanticist.

To characterise the gigantic scheme of the great naturalist Balzac, he thus translates and adapts a figure of Zola's:

"The *Comédie Humaine* is like a tower of Babel that the hand of the architect had not and could never have had time to finish. Some walls seem ready to fall with age. The builder has taken whatever material fell to his hand—plaster, cement, stone, marble, even sand and mud from the ditch—and has built his gigantic tower without heeding always harmony of lines or balanced proportions, mingling with the careless power of genius the grandiose and the vulgar, the exquisite and the barbarous, the good and the bad. And so it remains to-day one of those cyclopean monuments, full of splendid halls and wretched corners, divided by broad corridors and narrow passages, with superpiled stories in varied architecture. You may lose your way in it twenty times, and always feel that there are still undiscovered miseries and splendours. It is a world, a world of human creation, built by a marvellous mason who at times was also an artist. Time has worn holes

in it. A cornice has fallen here and there, but the marble stands whitened by time. The workman has built his tower with such an instinct of the great and eternal that when all the mud and sand have been washed away, the monument will still appear on the horizon like the silhouette of a city."

In his discussion of those popular literary forms, the drama and the novel, Mr. Wells contents himself with careful enumeration of the influences which have affected their latest development. "It was the beginning of the realistic study of social problems that has changed the face of the drama," as he proves in a study of Dumas *fils* and his successors. He passes lightly over the exuberant lawlessness of the Théâtre Libre as an evil dying naturally of its own excess. This, too, is his attitude toward naturalistic fiction. But he throws no light upon what is likely to succeed, and terminates with a vaguely hopeful word apropos of the latest novel of Paul Margueritte, which he says

"suggests the evolution from the present chaos of a new, profounder, purified realism from which shall spring a healthier literature than could have been hoped from debased naturalists, intense psychologists, canny egoists, moonstruck symbolists, or Bohemian decadents."

Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

A QUIET ROAD.*

The superabundance of poem-makers to-day is of itself conducive to a certain literary epicureanism among those who love poetry. The ear is instinctively dulled to the too-frequent occurrence of well-turned verse, and we look for the Idea, and that satisfying interpretation, which is called Art. There are but fifty poems numbered in Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese's latest book, *A Quiet Road*, but their quality is such as tempts a critic to yield to the delight of simple enjoyment and perhaps turn eulogist. Miss Reese undoubtedly has a literary individuality so entirely her own that she cannot be classified with any of the contemporaneous poets. There is primarily about her poems a note of positive sincerity which is very impressive, her personality being entirely merged into that of the narrator. The Old-World atmosphere surrounding her earlier book, *A Handful of Lavender*, recurs in this volume as the writer's sustained

* *A Quiet Road*. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

style, which is instinctive, and has no trace of pose or of unreality.

The effect of all Miss Reese's work is distinctly that of the Past, but not that ghostly and inevitable Past whose wail resounds through so much of our modern poetry. She is too truly a poet to be a pessimist. In all her poems there is a certain intellectual restraint which denotes the mastery of one of Art's primal secrets; the holding back of the uttermost word; the finger laid upon the lips while the eyes speak. This expressive reserve is particularly noticeable in Miss Reese's earlier book, which is pent with the odour and colour of Spring. The shorter poems—and none of them are long—are the very essence of thought distilled until most strong and sweet and fine. Here and there in *A Quiet Road* one remarks a freer and more fearless manner, which denotes maturity. Especially is this marked in "To a Town Poet" and "The Thrush in the Orchard." Indeed, we may safely say that in the former Miss Reese has touched a high-water mark; while the poem to Robert Louis Stevenson is by far the finest we have had on the subject.

The following, from "To a Town Poet," is well to remember:

"What if your heritage be
The huddled trees along the smoky ways;
At a street's end the stretch of lilac sea;
The vender, swart but free,
Crying his yellow wares across the haze?"

"Your verse awaits you there;
For Love is Love though Latin swords be
rust;
The keen Greek driven from gossiping mall
and square;
And Care is still but Care,
Though Homer and his seven towns are
dust.

* * * * *

"Be reverend and know
Ill shall not last, or waste the ploughed
land;
Or creeds sting timid souls; and naught at
all,
Whatever else befall,
Can keep us from the hollow of God's
hand."

The poem called "Inspiration" is so unusual and so subtly poetic that it belongs to the spirit and not to the letter of criticism. And one lyric, "Love

Came Back at Fall o' Dew," is particularly fine.

"Love came back at fall o' dew,
Playing his old part;
But I had a word or two
That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candlelight
That should come before,
Must betake him to the night
From a barrèd door.

"This the word that made us part
In the fall o' dew;
This the word that brake his heart—
Yet it brake mine too!"

To-day, when the literary waters through which we wade are by no means altogether translucent, it is good, indeed, to read a poem such as the following from *A Quiet Road*:

TRUST.

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day; beneath Thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine?
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown;
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me down;
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die that after I may grow
As tall and sweet again.

Miss Reese's art is more exquisite, perhaps, than if she were a more prolific poet. She plays upon an exceedingly quaint and delicate reed, and which is untouched by any other. But the few clear, low notes are a delight; they are the pure breath of perfect poetry.

It is really unnecessary to give Miss Reese higher praise than was bestowed by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman on the advent of her earlier book, *A Handful of Lavender*. "Miss Reese," says Mr. Stedman, "has the touch, the feeling, the English mastery and traditions that we of the craft do love," and of her book he declared that no poem in it could be spared. Three of the poems, "The Garden of Bemerton," "In Sorrow's Hour," and "Anne," were included by Mr. Stedman in his *Library of American Literature*.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GRAY MAN. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett must be wishing by this time he had never written *The Raiders*. That masterpiece among adventure stories is cast up to him whenever he attempts anything on the same lines. A crime in his past would not be more inconvenient. Well, he must continue to suffer until he gives us something that throws over us the glamour of the earlier book. Perhaps it owed something to its novelty; and perhaps *The Men of the Moss-Hags* and *The Gray Man* suffer a little because of their place in the series. But of this latter we have no intention of judging harshly. It is not the equal of *The Raiders* in the pleasure or in the vividness of its effect; but it is a good second, and would have been even a better had its subject been more agreeable. Yet a romance-writer knowing the legend was driven to use it.

It is the story of a certain Mure of Auchendrayne, a cunning, clever schemer, a conscienceless rascal, a scholar, a canting hypocrite, a consorter, for his wicked ends, with murderers, having himself a guilty knowledge of a cave of Death full of the remains of butchered human victims. He contrives the marriage of his son with Marjorie Kennedy, who thus becomes a witness of their misdeeds, and who brings evidence against them when they are brought to justice. Her sister Nell is the lighter heroine of the story, and Nell's lover, Lancelot Kennedy, a young and active hero, in at all the rides and fights and scuffles, is the main instrument in bringing the Mures to their doom. The burning and raiding and skirmishing never cease. Danger is never out of the air of this stormy Galloway, and the tussles and skirmishes are excellently pictured. Mr. Crockett's genius is not peaceable. When his heroes have something to knock down, and have a horse under them, they are the best fellows in the world, just as his best women are those that are always finding something to gird at with their tongues—only they are less genial company than their lovers. More than once already have we read the

chapter called "The Flitting of the Sow," the story of how a sow was tethered from sundown to sunset on the lands of Kerse, as the wager of battle between the Kennedys and the Craufords. The gathering to the fight is a gay scene, and our excitement rises and grows sympathetically even to the climax, where the messenger brings to Crauford the tidings of the fray. "Is the sow flitted?" is the old man's constant interruption to the continued flow of mournful news.

"O Kerse, hear me and weep; your braw and bonny son Jock, the flower of Kyle, is stricken through the heart and lies cauld and dead on the ground.' 'Scoundrel, dolt, yammering calf, answer or die. Is the sow flitted?' . . . 'The sow is flitted,' cried the man. . . . The old man fairly danced in a whirling triumph, cracking his fingers in the air with joy like a boy. 'My thumb for Jock!' cried he, 'the sow's flitted!'"

Auchendrayne as the Gray Man, a mysterious figure that looms on the eve and in the neighbourhood of treachery and danger, impresses us less, does not frighten us so much as in his sinister daylight appearances. There is something wrong there, but perhaps only with our dulled susceptibility. His death-scene is striking. Indeed, the book is well provided with dramatic scenes—the appearance of the king, James VI., before the lords and gentlemen of Carrick assembled to try Auchendrayne, Marjorie Kennedy with the body of her old lover Gilbert, and the slaughter in the snow, stand out among the confusion of riding and raiding which is a necessary circumstance of the story. Save on the mysterious side the book is very powerful. Indeed, what seems faulty in the story, this same confusion and monotony of fighting, is really involved in the subject. And when we say, "Ah, but *The Gray Man* is not as *The Raiders*," we are not so much depreciating the power of the later work as we are thinking of the happier material of the other that contained no gruesome Sawny Bean's Cave.

THE WONDERFUL WHEEL. By Mary Tracy Earle. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

With this story the author enters the field into which many others have fol-

lowed Mr. Cable. But no one of them all—scarcely Mr. Cable himself—has made a more exquisite presentation of Louisiana Creole life. Moreover, the work may be considered not only fine but new, in that it deals with an aspect of the environment which no other writer has touched. The owner of "The Wonderful Wheel" is a poor potter who is an artist at heart, although he does not know it, and who fashions his clay into useless dragons and fantastic vases instead of plain, saleable pots. He lives alone with his motherless baby, whom he calls the little fiddler, because she scuttles about "so quick, like Toululu, the fiddler crab," and the story opens with a beautiful portrayal of the relation of father and daughter.

"One day Giacomo, the potter, started across Potosi, trundling an enormous green vase in the purple hand cart, while the baby ran ahead and behind and around him all at once. . . . A sweet storm wind was already rustling across Potosi Point, clearing the air for a gush of rain. "Hurry on there, you little fiddler! I'll catch you," he began calling, and then the baby flew in front of him, like a little quail, lifting her shoulders as if they were wings, while Giacomo pursued at a measured trot."

But vases and babies are not good companions with which to outrun a shower.

"Giacomo looked at the cart, which needed his two hands, looked at the vase, and looked at the baby. Then, draping the ends of his mustache over his ears, he stooped, and all at once the little fiddler was no longer beseeching him from the ground, but was sitting inside of the vase, while he looked at her through its great round mouth. . . . They sped through the great slant sheets of rain, and the people who saw them thought that Giacomo was hurrying because for once he did not have his baby with him; and they never guessed that the little fiddler was curled up inside the vase, staring out in fascination at the slender, nimble drenched figure of her father, smiling and nodding at her while he pursued her headlong through the rain."

But the lookers-on understand when the father is struck down by the branch of a tree wrenched off by the wind, and the humble, pathetic tragi-comedy begins. No one will nurse the potter or care for his child, because the neighbours believe him to be a hoodoo. The story is wrought out with such simple, poignant beauty as makes the heart ache, while one smiles at the absurdity of the superstition that can be so cruel. The potter's wheel has often been seen through the uncurtained windows, shining with an unearthly light in the dark-

est night. Even the innocent, light-hearted young Clothilde, his niece, who comes from a far-off parish to nurse him, is terrified at the unexpected sight in the darkness, and flees out into the stormy night. Running on and on until too tired to be afraid, she reaches the shore of the bay and sees the phosphorescent breakers rolling in on the beach. She strikes her hands together, crying:

"It is de sea! de sea! An' de bon Dieu make de light! Oh, sure, sure! Father Henri tole me dat de bon Dieu make de light; an' dat is de way wid de wheel."

She thought on eagerly:

"It is not dat Uncle Giacomo is bad dat de light come faw him, it is because he is so good to de baby dat de bon Dieu sends light to his wheel on de dark nights when de win' blows de lamp out an' de stars is hid. I wish I had de sense of dat little fiddler, who mus' have seed dat wheel many, many times in de night, an' never had de t'ought to be afraid."

It is the parish doctor—one of the several finely drawn characters of the story—who discovers the simple, pathetic, beautiful truth and seeks to set it before the neighbours who are storming the potter's house. But the doctor only learns the futility of arguing against superstition, and it is not his efforts, but the outbreak of an epidemic—the yellow-fever, dreaded by Louisiana Creoles beyond all other diseases—that brings to the potter the opportunity for proving his supreme humanity. The style of the work is of the best; and much of its charm lies in its fresh, spontaneous, sweet humour.

ANDRIA. By Percy White. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. White has not been fortunate in his recent literary attempts. The title of *Corruption* doubtless prevented many who had read *Mr. Bailey Martin* from even looking at this later work—there's that in a name!—and those who had the courage to read it found nothing to increase their admiration for the author's work. *Andria*, his latest novel, has neither the audacity of *Corruption* nor the freshness of *Mr. Bailey Martin*. The theme is old and the treatment conventional. The story is full, to be sure, of feints at the forbidden. *Andria* approaches the hedge that surrounds and should shield married life, and looks long and often toward the vast, boundless, downward slope outside that

leads only to darkness and to spiritual death. But there is nothing interesting in the cause or in the manner of her rebellion against the matrimonial bond. The case of the society butterfly married to the literary recluse has been stated often before with far more vividness than Mr. White has succeeded in evoking. Few feminine readers, at all events, will concede that the fact "that Andria's duty in life seemed reduced to the humiliating problem of inducing her husband to be reasonable" was sufficiently distinctive to make her a heroine, or that her perpetual silent demand for "more life and fuller!" in any wise sets her apart.

GOLD. By Annie Linden. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

Gold is an opportune title; but the gold of Miss Annie Linden's story lies remote from the rush and flurry of modern politics, in the little-known district of Dutch India, the "Kingdom of Moa," in the island of Java, to which her hero hies in quest of it. Miss Linden has a picturesque and unusual setting for her narrative, and evidently some familiarity with the ground on which she treads, but she is unfortunately lacking in literary style. Even when her incidents are striking, the baldness of their narration makes them unimpressive, and one reads of the tragic events that befall in her pages with no more emotion than is aroused by the statistics of death and disease in the report of an insurance office. The men in her story have no virility, but read as if imagined by a schoolgirl. They are stilted and hysterical—liable to sudden bursts of tears and to fainting on the floor when under any stress of feeling.

The hero falls in love with a beautiful girl on the outward voyage, but overhearing some trivial gossip about ship-board flirtations, does not propose to her.

"Why did you heap your way with such big stones, Jan? Why did you not tell her there and then that you loved her with your whole heart? Why did you only say, 'Marie, Marie, I don't believe in attachments made in idle days at sea? I am afraid to ask if you love me, dear, but afterward when I come back you won't have forgotten me? You will listen to me then, perhaps?' And Marie replied, 'Yes, I will listen to you then,' and looked up into his face

with an expression which he never forgot, never understood."

Yet, in spite of such unmistakable encouragement—

"Was there a God? he asked himself. Where was this mighty God to whom men prayed while sin stalked unchecked? Why, if He were all powerful, did He not crush Satan, sin, and sorrow? Why? Because He wished to send His Son. Why, again, this awful injustice?"

This unbalanced young man finds in an old desk a manuscript in Malay, purporting to be the Song of Olam, King of Moa, the mighty, the golden, singing of the "fat yellow gold" which "has been his curse," and "to seek which shall be death." "This is a queer sort of manuscript," thought Jan, and as he read it carefully "he thought he saw the rays of the dawn of a new age breaking over the world." He persuades an unwilling friend to accompany him, and together they penetrate into the interior in search of the gold mountain described in the poem. At last they see a mighty peak gilded by the rays of the morning sun:

"Jan could not speak, but, shaking from head to foot, pointed with glad fingers over the plain; there was something terribly mad in this unspeakable joy of his. He laughed defiantly, pointed again and again, clutched at his throat, and then, with a mocking cry upon his lips, fell down and fainted."

His quest might have been more successful had Miss Linden's Moa not been situated in Java, an island almost entirely destitute of mineral deposits. About one hundred and eighty miles away there is a small island of Moa, off the southeastern extremity of Timor, in which latter treasures of undiscovered gold have long been surmised, hitherto protected by a malarial climate, extreme inaccessibility, and an unusual abundance of poisonous snakes. However, he and his friend run up against various adventures, of varying degrees of improbability, in which the friend loses his life and our hero what small wits he ever possessed.

"His clothes were torn to ribbons; his neglected hair and beard, his wildly rolling eyes, his lacerated hands and feet, his pitiful weakness, his silly laugh, should have touched even those stone figures that pointed him the way from among the tombs."

In this sorry plight he is, most opportunely, discovered by the Marie whom he so half-heartedly wooed, and who has meanwhile been undergoing some

sufficiently uncomfortable experiences of her own, in the house of her most offensive old uncle and half-breed cousins. In this portion of her book Miss Linden treads upon rather firmer ground, but, strangely enough, although no one could by any chance accuse her of realism, she is apt to introduce quite unnecessarily unpleasant details.

DAYBREAK. By James Cowan. New York : George H. Richmond & Co. \$1.25.

The author would perhaps have made a more successful journey had he gone straight to Mars without stopping to rest on the moon. For moon hoaxes were overworked in a much more artistic way long before the present generation was born. Everything that Mr. Cowan has to say on lunar topics has been said before, with perhaps the exception of the information that there are two men in the moon and also one woman. It is, therefore, with somewhat fatigued fancy that the reader follows the balloonists on to Mars. There are several pages of good writing at this point. The author has evidently made a conscientious effort to grasp his subject firmly, to give his treatment of it as far as possible scientific accuracy, and simple fairness demands the admission that the insecurity of his touch is attributable almost entirely to the remoteness of his aim as compared with the length of his reach. He does his best to realise the Martians, those great, beautiful creatures seven feet tall and perfect in mind and body. He describes their domestic, social, and political conditions, but the reader sees it all as through a far-off mist, making everything indistinct, and there is a feeling of not having arrived when the balloonists return to earth "suddenly," as balloonists usually return. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and the illustrations, by Walter C. Greenough, are full of exquisite ideality.

BUSHY. By Cynthia M. Westover. New York : The Morse Co. \$1.25.

There is something so curiously real in this romance that the statement contained in the sub-title, that it is founded on fact, seems superfluous. And this feeling of reality, together with the novel character of the work, renders the book readable and almost fascinating, notwithstanding its lack of literary qual-

ity, its queer clumsiness, its complete crudity. It purports to be the record of the life of a little motherless girl who is taken to live with her father in a Far West mining camp. There are no women to care for the child, who is a mere baby of four at the beginning of the story, and scarcely twelve when it ends. There is none of the usual sentimental coddling represented in such cases ; the miners adore the little thing, but treat her as such men would probably treat a child, and rear her like a boy. Thus it is that Bushy Sukolt's is the first appearance in literature of a girl-child having the adventures that the small boy has so long monopolised in the dime novel. The New Little Girl has arrived ! The date of her arrival is not given ; but if it may be approximated by the pantalettes of the pictures, it must have been some time ago—about 1849. And whether or not Bushy was a "forty-niner," she found, at all events, plenty of Indians to fight, wild horses to ride, and rattlesnakes to kill with her bare hands, tiny as they were. It may be well, perhaps, at this juncture to mention that in speaking of the impression of reality made by the story, the term was used in a general sense and without reference to any small special incidents. However, possibly Bushy really did put out a miner's lamp by throwing her brave little body upon it as it rolled toward a keg of powder on which she sat in the mine. Anyway, it all goes to make a stirring story that, once begun, will be read to the end.

SOME MODERN HERETICS. By Cora Maynard. Boston : Roberts Bros. \$1.50.

Now what can one say of a huge, heterogeneous mass of cant and frivolity that discourses of the Salvation Army in one paragraph and of crimps in the next ; that has so many characters as to necessitate their being enumerated in perpendicular lines, like actors on a play-bill ; that from aimless trivialities glides at once into a sermon given at length to the extent of some five thousand words—and not a good sermon either ? All attempts to find a motive in the four hundred inconsequent and irrelevant pages are more hopeless than the search for the needle in the proverbial haystack. It is, however, but fair to say that bright bits glitter here and there over the mountain of rubbish, as, for example,

when it is said of one of the characters, that

"for a whole week he wished he had been truer and nobler, wished it intermittently for a month ;"

and there are detached sentences that have a profound sound even though they are not true ; as, for example, when somebody says :

"All useless expenditure of force is immoral. Power misapplied is as prime a generator of evil as power viciously applied."

THE VIOLET. By Julia Magruder. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

A more incongruous combination than Mr. Gibson's drawings with Miss Magruder's work would be hard to find. One is the spirit of cosmopolitan modernity ; the other is the essence of old-fashioned provincialism. It is impossible to identify the smug, smart persons of the pictures with the vague, indistinctly drawn ideals of the story. The only character having distinctness and originality is the grandmother, "little, timid, ignorant, deprecating, and anxious for every one to know that she was insignificant and not to be considered, so that in that way she might escape worry and shirk responsibility." The heroine herself is a pale shade of the figure long familiar in novels of a certain conventional pattern—the blameless woman whose past must not be mentioned ; the irresistible enchantress whose charm is not realised. The hero with "fervour in his voice and fire in his eyes ; the clasp of the strong hand that he laid over hers" is also a time-honoured institution of fiction, and in a way eminently satisfactory. It is restful, if nothing else, to find such a revival of antiquated literary methods now and then. One may not read all the seven long verses of poetry which the hero recites to the heroine, nor follow the five longer stanzas of the song that she sings to him, nor grasp all the minute details of her costumes, but it is, nevertheless, gratifying to find them all there. Could anything, then, be more unlike the modern art of Mr. Gibson or the unstable methods of the new fiction than this concluding paragraph :

"So Violet dropped forever the name of Bertrand, and had a pretty little visiting card with 'Mrs. Pembroke Jerome' engraved upon it, and with this name she entered upon a new, a beautiful, and a most happy life. The sobriquet given her by her friend's husband never left her, however, and wherever she went and

shed the blessed atmosphere of her sweet and gracious presence she was known as 'The Violet,' and nowhere was she so tenderly cherished by that name as in the heart of her husband."

A PURITAN'S WIFE. By Max Pemberton. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

In the weaving of the silver thread of a tender, quiet love-story through a woof of stirring historic events there is no one more skilful than Mr. Pemberton. *The Little Huguenot* is a charming example of this kind of work, and the new novel, *A Puritan's Wife*, follows similar lines. The teller of the story is one Hugh Peters, "the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was chaplain to the Lord General Cromwell." But it is not of his uncle's, but of his own adventures that Master Hugh, the second, has to tell, and beginning with his experiences during the great battle of Worcester, he relates the incidents and portrays the perils ensuing therefrom. And through it all runs his love for the Lady Marjory, who becomes, upon marrying him, a Puritan's wife, and his tender regard for Israel Wolf, the ideal friend, so that the heart of the story holds the two finest and greatest things in life and in fiction—love and friendship. It is a very quiet work, as has been said, but it gives much intellectual satisfaction and is full of noble and poetic feeling. In this story, as in *The Little Huguenot*, Mr. Pemberton successfully evokes that romantic atmosphere which apparently pertains exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, and the absence of which from the Protestant fiction of England and America has always been a great artistic loss.

THE IDOL MAKERS. By Adeline Sergeant. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

MY LADY'S HEART. By Ellis Markoe. Boston : Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

THE ROGUE'S MARCH. By E. W. Hornung. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The first two stories belong to the eminently respectable and ever-increasing class of novels that seem to have been made according to an old and warranted receipt—so much of this, so much of that, all gradually and cautiously mixed. Both are indeed so perfectly familiar that only the date of the copyright can convince one that he hasn't read them long ago. *The Idol Makers* jog along the well-beaten path that the semi-relig-

ious novel always travels, and conscientiously threshes the same old straw. The generous, soft-hearted guardian who covers up his virtues with sternness is drawn with the customary care. The ward's step-grandmother, whom, as is usual in such cases, he hates as a scheming old witch before he sees her, he loves as an unselfish young enchantress when they meet. But it is useless to follow the parallel farther; suffice it to repeat that the condiments are all there and all thoroughly served up according to order, even the lachrymose verse that concludes the tale.

As for *My Lady's Heart*, it would be hard to say when the story *per se* appeared in its original form. At all events, it is as old as Potiphar's wife, and has come straight on down in an unbroken succession to the present variation. The difference, so far as the lady is concerned, appears to consist mainly in a less enterprising and resolute disposition than was evinced by her celebrated predecessor. And then she did not attempt to revenge herself by making any misstatements. Indeed, Lady Lancaster is altogether a nicer person than Mrs. Potiphar, and possibly she did not understand her own story any better than the author seems to have understood it. As for the peasant artist, the youth in the case, he is beautiful and brilliant, like *his* predecessor, but lacks Joseph's firmness of character, and is saved by running away through fear rather than through principle.

The Rogue's March also is a stereotyped story of another and more robust type, having to do with murder, and mystery, and sudden death. Tom Erichsen, the hero, is a guilty innocent who has committed many sins, although he has not killed the man for whose death he is arrested, tried, and condemned to penal servitude. There is the usual mysterious reason why he cannot proclaim, much less prove his innocence, and there is the usual fastidious, high-principled, cultivated young woman of rank who always loves such a ruffian in novels, although she never meets and rarely hears of him in real life. Here, however, in accordance with the habit in such romances, she follows him to New South Wales, and leaves the guests of her brother's drawing-room for the convict servant in his kitchen. Thus the love-story passes through the tradi-

tional channels to the exposure of the real criminal, the release and ultimate happiness of Tom. There are indications that the author may have been impressed by Mr. Louis Becke's recent work, and if such were the case, it is much to be regretted that he has not followed this newer model rather than the antique.

THE METROPOLITANS. By Jeanie Drake. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

In making what she intended as an exposition of the foibles of New York society, Miss Drake seems to have been much concerned lest the satire should escape her readers' notice. To prevent this, she has adopted the Thackerayan idea of furnishing many of her characters with absurd names, putatively descriptive of their idiosyncrasies. Despite such devices, however, as well as her bold predations upon recent actual happenings in certain social circles for the local colour of minor touches, the author's sympathies toward the last get the better of primary intentions, and her praiseworthy design of showing up contemporary conditions in their true relations is lost in her interest in the development of her characters and in the events among which they move. It must be said, however, that, pardonable as is the absorption of the author in the children of her fancy, it is in this case not more warranted than in many another where parental pride is unduly exalted by flesh and blood offspring. Katherine de Mansur is the typical heroine of romance, the like of whom was never seen on sea or land; her lover, Rexford, is an equally impossible embodiment of all desirable qualities, who being suddenly thrown on his own resources, or rather having spurned a rich inheritance, dashes off three operas in about as many weeks, thereby earning fame and fortune, both of which he casts aside on account of a slight misunderstanding with Katherine. We have many things to forgive this gentleman, among which is the fact that he is half-brother to Lord Canteloupe, son of Lord Mellon of the Marquisate of Gourdes, but we are almost reconciled to him when he rushes off on a tour of Arctic exploration instead of the customary big-game trip by way of manifesting his grief. The respite is short-lived, however, as we find when, from among igloos, kayaks, and other surroundings

gratefully unfamiliar to us in the pages of a novel, rise up the very paraphernalia—rescue of the hero by heroine No. 2, a gypsy of the kind romancers have made us heartily tired of; her death in consequence of the rescue, etc.—of half the other books of the same class. Miss Lavender is not such a bad travesty on the fashionable instructress of the day, and few New Yorkers are likely to fail to recognise Archibald Pundit, the major-domo of the set among which he circulates; but such broad caricatures as these belong to low comedy, and, being rather thrown into the story and of no importance to its development, suggest the idea, recently adopted on some of our stages, of vaudeville *entr'actes*, as a means of helping the entertainment along.

But even if these rather laboured attempts at humour and broad ridicule were eliminated, there would still be need of ruthless pruning of "fine writing" and over-ornamentation to bring the manner within the narrow limits of the matter, and there is positive anachronism, to say the least, in putting into the mouths of very ordinary people of this day and generation the flowery phrases and choice expressions that were not out of place in the time of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. In a word, in spite of occasional smart touches and not always inapt allusion, this book illustrates afresh the well-established rule that the commonplaceness begotten of too great facility is not to be etherealised by phrase-making.

Had the gifts which Miss Drake commands been used to set off a true picture of metropolitan vanities, her powers would not have been wasted, and she would have been less likely to rely upon sporadic sallies, interesting only to the comparatively few persons who recognise the originals aimed at.

Essaying a study of society after the sort Thackeray presented, and at the same time the more burlesque style of the *Potiphar Papers*, Miss Drake has only fallen between two stools.

ONE OF THE VISCONTI. By Eva Wilder Brodhead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

Mrs. Brodhead's (Eva Wilder McGlasson) former work prepared a welcome for anything further she might write, and those who take up this new volume

from her pen expecting entertainment will not be disappointed. The scene of the story is Naples, and the author has made the most of the picturesqueness and warm, flashing colour which it put within her power to present. The descendant in question of the former dukes of Milan is a young girl, Piccarda Visconti, who is beautiful and attractive in every way, but Italian to the core, with all the limitations of creed and prejudice that implies, and engaged to an unscrupulous fellow-countryman—a widower whose cruel treatment caused the death of his wife, an American. Signorina Visconti makes the acquaintance of Richard Cabell, a Kentuckian, travelling with his mother in Europe, and he falls in love with her; but, though he knows the character of her *fiancé*, chivalry (of a mistaken kind, it would seem) seals his lips. Fortunately for Piccarda, however, his mother—a clever delineation of the American old lady, by the way, nervous and hesitating, but kindly, despite propensities for gossip—who has been itching all along to disclose Orsini's conduct toward his wife, whom she knew, is at last unable, in spite of many resolutions, to contain herself any longer, and in a moment of excitement blurts out the whole story. The signorina, who on her part had already discovered much, joyfully accepts the announcement as the pretext for a release from a man she has never really loved, and the outcome is, as might be expected, her marriage to Cabell. There would be another very interesting novel, we fancy, in the subsequent life—in Kentucky—of this oddly assorted pair; but that, of course, in the words of Mr. Kipling, is another story, with which we are not now in any wise legitimately concerned. As to the tale we have, there need be no cavil; it is a pretty romance, the graceful, tinkling treble of which is accompanied by a deeper note, struck by two secondary characters, Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, who have become estranged through the fondness of the latter for life in Europe, where her husband, an American like herself, is unable to remain with her. The wife is finally made to realise her selfishness by the death of their child—a harrowing device frequently adopted by novelists for the removal of marital difficulties—and reconciliation follows. To offset this sombre theme, an element of bur-

lesque is supplied by the aimless skirmishings and eventual engagement of a *blasé* tourist to a strong-minded woman, whom he has begun by loathing, but whose bickerings he presently discovers supply a needed stimulus to his existence.

WHITE SATIN AND HOMESPUN. By Katrina Trask. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

This is a simple little tale plainly and pleasantly told. The hero, Morton Hunnewell, in real life would be frankly detestable, being a priggish individual with one idea, and much given to sermonising casual acquaintances at social gatherings upon their duty to mankind; but safely imprisoned between book-covers, he fulfils tolerably well the functions of the obligatory *jeune premier* of fiction. In the intervals of visiting the poor and preaching to working people in a manner that might give points even to Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters, he condescends to bestow his affections upon a very charming girl, incidentally rich unto millions, whom he casually informs, just after she has rapturously accepted his offer of marriage, that she will of course be expected to share the abode which he has elected to take up in the tenement district. A very natural hesitation on her part to turn her back upon all the good things of this world, though she agrees to give up the greater part of them, is met with an instant retraction of his offer, and things remain *in statu quo* for several days, until the misguided young woman meekly capitulates. The man magnanimously accepts her sacrifice, and the book ends with the lovers in each other's arms, with an alluring vista before them of life in two rooms and diurnal dish-washings.

There is a naïveté about Mrs. Trask's description of the adventures of her heroine while slumming that is altogether refreshing. This and the character of Hunnewell, with his prating righteousness, suggest the idea that the book was written not without a view to the shelves of a Sunday-school library, or at least to the wants and limitations of Du Maurier's "blue-eyed babe in its little bassinot." Indeed, the most interesting thing in the little volume is the evident admiration of the author for aggressive Pharisaism and colossal self-satisfaction.

Mrs. Trask is primarily a poet, and her fame is still likely, so far as this book is concerned, to rest upon her verse.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. With portrait. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. \$1.50.

This is the first of the really great novels of D'Annunzio to be translated into English, and as its author becomes better known to English and American readers we think that all the others are bound to be available ere long to those who know only the vernacular. THE BOOKMAN has so recently given space to an elaborate appreciation of Signor d'Annunzio that an extended review of the present work is quite unnecessary. *The Triumph of Death* is a masterpiece of its kind—morbid, sombre, terrible, yet full of sensuous pictures, and now and then relieved by pictures of exquisite beauty set forth in a style that is the perfection of artistic grace. In view of the attacks that have been made upon D'Annunzio for his alleged plagiarism, it is interesting to note that in this book occurs the chapter upon which Zola built a portion of his *Lourdes*, so that if D'Annunzio has borrowed he has also lent. Mr. Hornblow's translation is excellently done, with only here and there a touch of foreign idiom, and it preserves much of the rhythm and warmth of the original. Perhaps the use of the English form "Aunt Jane" detracts a little from its national colour, and we think that in writing "georgic" with a capital letter (p. 229) the translator has mistaken the exact meaning of the word.

THE EPISTOLARY FLIRT. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.00.

The woman who flirts writes verses, the man who responds writes verse, and the man who looks on writes poetry. The three are revealed in four exposures, forming a vivid picture of the sort of sentimental philandering that goes on among literary people of a certain type. The situation is familiar enough to the initiated either through participation or observation. It has indeed done picturesque service in fiction since the time of George Sand and Madame de Staël, and possibly back still farther even to the reign of Aspasia. But it has never received the recognition in American literature that it has had in French, per-

haps for the reason that it has not prevailed in this country to the same extent. At any rate, it has never been so subtly, so wittily, and so mercilessly treated by any other American writer. The little work, which is in the form of a dialogue containing only the three parts already mentioned, begins as lightly as such affairs usually begin. The man who writes verse sends a congratulatory letter to the woman who writes verses, and the customary outpouring of "sympathy," "soul," "artistic appreciation," "spiritual communion," etc.—all the jargon of the literary shop forthwith ensues. There is, of course, "nothing in it" but the purely æsthetic, the loftily impersonal; and the fact that the man is engaged to be married to a girl who does not write is of no consequence whatever. But after much such correspondence the man and the woman meet, and the relation between them is suddenly altered. The work grows serious, and cuts straight to the quick, laying bare the truth. Whether the *dénouement* is the unusual or the usual outcome of such an experiment only the literary philanderers themselves can say.

MARIS STELLA. By Marie Clothilde Balfour. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

There is much in this strong, original, finely wrought-out story to suggest *An Iceland Fisherman*. The environment—a desolate fishing hamlet on the north coast of France—is much the same; and in this, as in Pierre Loti's tale, the young wife who waits for her rough sailor husband's return from the sea is almost a fine lady as compared with him. But in the new novel the wife's waiting is not in vain, and the resemblance ceases with the husband's return. For from that point the work deals with a darker and more unsolvable problem than enters into Pierre Loti's story. The storm that wrecks Laumec is not the sudden sea tempest before which Ian goes down, but the whirlwind that has been gathering force since it was sown in his youth. Cooler, older, and wiser men than he have shrank when confronted by a decision between the duty of a father to a child who has a lawful claim and one who has not. More worldly men have perhaps also been equally helpless before the soft, mute hardness of an obstinately mild wife, who is as conscientious in her way as he is trying—at the

eleventh hour—to be in his. It is a tragedy—as such stories must always be whether lived or imagined—and the development reveals the author's art as well as her knowledge of life. The wife can pardon what has happened before her husband had ever seen her, and she speaks no word of reproach, but she recoils with uncontrollable horror from all contact with the motherless little waif. The husband forgets his remorse in defiant anger as the sympathy and help that he needs so desperately are withheld. It is the same old story often told, but rarely with such power and such pathetic beauty.

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

Had the author christened her book *The Problem of Life* the title would have expressed the motive of her story better than the one selected. *The Joy of Life*, or even the thought of it, seems far from the strenuous types which struggle through the pages of the work without having apparently any definite aim. No one of them is drawn distinctly; consequently little if any impression of reality is made by any of the characters, yet the feeling of spiritual stress by which the principal ones are moved is in some way communicated to the reader. Anthony Trent, reared on epigrams of bitter cynicism, is perhaps more distinct than his younger brother Cecil, who can never be made to believe, as Anthony believes, that "Life is a series of concessions, and the most obligatory ones are those which conscience or the higher intellect pays to practicality; for might is right, and Sunday is only one day in seven;" or that "Commerce enters into every undertaking—we get only that for which we pay. Everything is marketable, noticeably the great motives, friendship, honour, love;" or that "You may get credit on a good name, and that is well; but you will get discount for cash, and that is better;" or that "Sentiment is the open sesame to all the misery and folly to which flesh is heir. A cool heart makes a cool head, a cool head carries you to the summit." Anthony accepts these teachings, Cyril holds to and practises the contrary; and it is the psychological contrast of the inner rather than the outer life of the two men that forms the motive of the story.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Luigi Arditi, with illustrations. Edited with introduction by the Princess von Zerlitz. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

There are certain books which stand half way between literature and journalism—chronicles which give permanence to ordinary detail, eventually to become history. Their value will be measured in regard to their capacity to interest the reader. What student, to whom history means something more than tracing the political and religious movements of the world, could spare from his list of authorities such gossips as Brantôme and Pepys, and all the famous memoirs and letters of frivolous courtiers, court ladies, valets, and tiring-women? Such books mirror the life and pleasures of the period, and give intimate glimpses of famous men and women.

The painter, the sculptor, the poet, and the author may leave work to speak for them to the coming generations; not so with the actor and the musician. One knows little enough about the players who delighted Elizabethan audiences, and records are scarce enough regarding the famous singers of Handel's operas that charmed London in such rapid succession a hundred years later. The present age has the advantage of the phonograph and the vitascope; but it is possible that the man of a future century may prefer sympathetic descriptions of Emma Calvé, Victor Maurel, Jean de Reszké, Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, and other great singers and actors of our time to such ghostly devices of electricity.

In an honoured career of sixty years Arditi has known everybody of fame connected with the musical world. He has written his *Reminiscences* in a simple and natural manner, speaking modestly of his many triumphs, and kindly of his associates; writing, as he feels, that the public is a congregation of friends. From the time he left Italy, a young violinist, to try his fortune in Havana, he has had many adventures and experiences; but he possesses the rare and enviable charm of remembering the sun-

shine and forgetting the trials, disappointments, and troubles of life. He makes the artist's life seem a happy one, and his note-books only retain pleasant memories of the musical celebrities with whom he has been associated.

Although Arditi has won some fame as a composer, one of his operas, *La Spia*, on Cooper's novel, *The Spy*, being represented in New York in 1855, with Madame La Grange and Brignoli in the chief rôles, he is universally known by his waltz song *Il Bacio*. This was written for Piccolomini, and first sung by her in 1860. That it still holds a place in popular esteem may be appreciated by Arditi's own account. He says:

"I sold *Il Bacio* to the firm of Cramer, together with three other compositions, for the sum of £50. From that day to this I have never increased my profit to the extent of sixpence in connection with that song. Flaxland, of the Place de la Madeleine, who gave 400 francs for the French copyright, on the contrary, made a fortune of 400,000 francs out of the transaction, and boasts that the beautiful business house he was able to build in Paris was the outcome of the enormous profits he derived from my composition, while I heard lately that the copper plates and copyright of *Il Bacio* were sold a few years ago in London for the sum of £640 (\$3200").

One cannot fail to admire Arditi's cultivated and catholic taste in music. He seems to love art, and not one cult of it. In this the rabid Wagnerian might imitate him with profit. It is a gigantic span from Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini to Wagner and Humperdinck, yet Arditi appreciates the great music dramas of Wagner, and this is what he thinks of the exquisite fairy opera written on the Wagnerian model, rich in harmonies, fantastic in tone colour, and elaborate in orchestration—far enough away from the Italian school: "Of the music in *Hänsel and Gretel* I can only say that I love every note of it, and that I discovered a fresh delight, a new charm each time I conducted the opera."

The book is a beautiful specimen of the publisher's handiwork, within and without. It is printed in clear, bold type; illustrated with portraits and reproductions of autograph letters, and bound tastefully in dull green and gold.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor of English and Rhetoric in the Pennsylvania State College. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.50.

“‘Literature is the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression, as poetry, essays, or history, in distinction from scientific treatises and works which contain positive knowledge.’” Webster’s definition of literature is taken as the text for Professor Pattee’s discourse upon the literature of America; and the matter of beauty of style or expression is the criterion by which he judges the authors. His book is almost purely descriptive, “a textbook for schools and colleges,” treating one after another the most prominent authors of our country, in their life and writings, and the influences which produced them or directed their work. There is little comparative or æsthetic criticism about it. Consequently Professor Pattee gives us a book well adapted to the undergraduate work in this particular line of art—work which is to be supplemented later by particular study of the prominent authors and the reasons for their excellence, and by acquaintance and study of the lesser writers whom Professor Pattee has considered hardly worth a place in his lists, and has mentioned only casually or not at all.

The purely scientific character of the book is maintained in the form as well as in the matter. Along with the course of the literary history runs a line of marginal notes indicating the parallel events in political and social history and in foreign literature. As literature is necessarily directed or at least influenced by social conditions, so the epochs of literary history must correspond to those of political history. The writers on this side of the water are scarcely American at all until about the time of the troubles of 1688; and were never more than colonial Englishmen until after the Revolution. Real American literature began with Irving, and Cooper, and Bryant, about 1820.

Professor Pattee goes quite to the beginning, however, in his work, even before the discovery by Columbus, and studies the influences and the men who created the spirit of the new people. Then he treats individually each man and each group of men that appeared

above the surface of commonality, and the influence their work had upon that spirit. From the time of Chaucer to the death of Eugene Field is the scope of his work.

In the preliminary essay upon the nature of literature, Professor Pattee touches the old quarrel as to whether there is any really American literature, or whether Irving, and Poe, and Hawthorne, and Willis were not Englishmen who happened to live in New York. Can there be peculiarities of thought and expression in the writers of this country that make their works as distinct from those of Englishmen as if they used a different language? Evidently there are such qualities. Indeed, he says that “in no other case in all history have there been two distinct literatures written in the same language.”

The influence of English thought and English men of letters is frequently suggested, as is necessarily the case in such a history, and a variety is given to the work by frequent quotations from these English and other authorities in corroboration of the author’s own estimates. Each American writer is studied not only in the light of our present view of him, but as well in the way he was seen by his contemporaries, biographers, and critics. Copious references, too, are suggested as collateral reading in the works of the authors themselves—in each case the most characteristic of his works.

The book is altogether necessarily so condensed and suggestive that there is much which we miss in its pages. A number of our favourite authors, both ancient and modern, are omitted. John Saxe, George Arnold, and Richard Grant White, for instance, are not referred to. But these are men whom one learns to know and value later in his literary life, when he has gone beyond the school books of history, and studies the personages and influences in their own particular character and works. A descriptive history, in order to escape the form of a catalogue, and retain a character of interest to the end, must limit the characters it studies, however hard it is for the author to choose. The book, which brings together in a pleasant, interesting way the chief apostles of beauty in the career of American art, is very welcome.

NEWPORT. By W. C. Brownell.

BAR HARBOUR. By F. Marion Crawford.

LENOX. By George A. Hibbard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents each.

These three pretty volumes, each of some fifty or sixty pages well supplied with illustrations, will be pleasant little souvenirs of three of the most typical of American watering-places. The descriptive matter, even though obviously written to order, is entertaining, the best work being done by Mr. Brownell and the worst by Mr. Crawford, who drops into journalese with deplorable frequency. The same book is also least to be commended for its illustrations. Mr. Reinhart, who is responsible for these, has given us some human types that by no means do justice to the stalwart and good-looking youth of both sexes who may be found scattered all over the rocks at Bar Harbour. Some of his male models in particular must have been Yankee tin-peddlers. Nor has he selected from the available scenes those that are especially characteristic of Bar Harbour; but some of them might just as well have been drawn in Hoboken or on the Riviera, or in any other place where young men and young women can loaf about and make love.

MODERN FRENCH MASTERS. Edited by Professor J. C. Van Dyke. New York: The Century Co. \$10.00.

This is one of the finest of the holiday books that have come to us, and deserves a mention by itself. It is a series of critical estimates of French painters by American artists, with some slight biographical details; and it contains a goodly number of illustrations, some in half tone and some engraved on wood. What is noticeable about the text is that it is not perfunctory work spun out to fill space or to give an excuse for the illustrations, but contains a great deal of sincere, vivacious, sometimes prejudiced, but always interesting criticism. The contributors' names include those of Mr. Healy, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Will H. Low, Mr. Carroll Beckwith, Mr. Wyatt Eaton, Mr. Alden Weir, and Mr. H. W. Watrous.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have lost no time in following up the three first volumes of their new edi-

tion of the writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe with three more, comprising *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (in two volumes) and *Household Papers and Stories*. The present edition of *Uncle Tom* is the most complete in bibliographical matter that has yet been published. It contains, besides a biographical sketch and introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, and an exhaustive bibliography, including all tongues into which the book has been translated, the key to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. (Price, \$1.50 per volume.) Also a large paper edition, with Mrs. Stowe's autograph (Price, \$4.00 net.)—*Naziz Literature*, by William Mathews, is a series of brief essays on literary, social, and various themes which make very entertaining reading. (Roberts Brothers, price, \$1.50.)—*Ruiny Days in a Library*, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., published by Francis P. Harper, New York, contains a number of choicely written papers on some thirteen books which are all *outré* and unusual; certainly not one of them is likely to come into the hands of the general reader during a lifetime. But this esoteric quality will endear them the more to the scholar and the recluse among books in a country house; for him this book will be full of charm. (Price, \$1.50.)

Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage, by C. E. L. Wingate, is the complement of his book published last year on *Shakespeare's Heroines*. The new volume is, of course, illustrated with portraits of the actors in the various parts, as was the previous volume with those of the celebrated Shakespearian actresses. (Price, \$2.00.) Another histrionic book, in editing which Mr. Wingate has collaborated with Mr. F. E. McKay, is entitled *Famous American Actors of To-day*, by no means, however, barring actresses, whose portraits and biographies adorn the pages side by side with their fortunate fraternity. It is the sort of book that is likely to be popular, as most of the prominent men and women now on the stage or lately retired from it are represented in the work. Both books are published by Messrs. Crowell and Company. (Price, \$2.00 per volume.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have added translations of George Sand's *François the Waif* and *The Devil's Pool* to their collection of that author's works, and uniform with the volumes

already published. (Price, \$1.25.)—The J. B. Lippincott Company have issued, in conjunction with the Messrs. Methuen of London, a beautiful edition of Keble's *Christian Year*, with an introduction and notes by Walter Lock, M.A.; and five designs by R. Anning Bell. (Price, \$1.50.)—The fifth volume in the Oaten Stop Series, which has been received with unusual favour, is *Songs of Exile*, by Herbert Bates. There are fine fancy and rhythm in Mr. Bates's verse, but his muse does not soar high enough to gain distinction. Still these are pleasant verses, and frequently one comes across a line of beauty which is cast in a higher mould, and there are whole poems wherein "the common face of Nature speaks to him rememberable things," on whose account we have a niche for this little book. (Copeland and Day, price, 75 cents.)—*Green Arras*, published by Messrs. Way and Williams, in conjunction with John Lane, is a book of beauty, with its exquisite illustrations and verse from the artistic and poetic pen of Laurence Housman. \$1.50 net.

Mr. John Buchan, whose *Sir Quixote of the Moors* we praised some months ago as a strong piece of fiction, has gathered some papers—"pieces of sentiment, fragments of criticism, the baggage of a vagrant in letters and life," their author calls them—into a volume which, by the way, is beautifully made all through. *Scholar Gipsies* (the title borrows from the first vagrant sketch) is a series of links—"continuations and exemplifyings of the conception of the art of life," as set forth in that introductory paper; "a conception as old as the

hills, but ever new to its enthusiastic conceivers." More than this, the picturesque diction reflects the beauty of the upper valley of the Tweed, where most of the contents of the book were written, and the grace of old times that seems to linger there has gently fallen on the printed page. The photogravure frontispiece, "A gentleman of leisure," very artistically shadows forth that which follows in substance. (The Macmillan Company, price, \$1.75.)—Mr. Buchan has also composed an anthology of fishing songs and angling verse, "all, I trust," says the anthologist, "possessing the fragrance and piquancy of poetry which busies itself with things not far removed from the tastes of humankind." *Musa Piscatrix* is published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, who also publish *English Epithalamies*, by Robert H. Case, a collection, made for the first time, of the nuptial songs of the Elizabethans and their successors. Both volumes are issued in the Bodley Anthologies, and made in London by John Lane. (Price, \$1.50 net and \$1.75 net, respectively.)—*Under the Greenwood Tree*, subtitled "a rural painting of the Dutch school," has been added to the uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels, being issued by the Messrs. Harper. It was the first work to call its author to fame. Rustic life, with its quiet, deep loves and joys and sorrows, all gently touched with serenity and peace, has never been better depicted than in this plotless, almost storyless book. It retains the abiding charm of the country, and is stamped with the permanence of the finest, most enduring art. (Price, \$1.50.)

SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have published a handsome illustrated edition in two volumes of *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske. The illustrations consist of portraits and historic places of interest done in photogravure, besides which there is a profusion of pictures in the text and numerous coloured maps, plans of battles, fac-similes of documents, etc. The work

is the result of great care and painstaking, and everything about it, even to the binding, has evidently received the last finish that could be expended on it to make this edition one of great value. It is one of the most attractive books for the holidays that we have seen, and will undoubtedly be much in demand. (Price, \$8.00.) There is also a large-paper edition printed on hand-made

English paper. (Price, \$16.00 net.) The same firm has prepared an edition of Thoreau's *Cape Cod* in two volumes, which in its mode of illustration presents a welcome variation from the half-tone and photogravure processes. Miss Amelia M. Watson, well known as a water-colour artist, has made a hundred vignette pictures for this edition, and the reproduction in the original colours on the margins, and at the beginning and the end of the chapters has been skilfully and artistically executed. The size is handy and the book-making charmingly complete and inviting. (Price, \$5.00.) We have already referred in a previous number to a seasonable volume composed of chapters from the writings of John Burroughs and illustrated with full-page pictures from photographs taken by Clifton Johnson. *A Year in the Fields*, as it is called, also published by the Messrs. Houghton (price, \$1.50), makes a fitting gift book to lovers of the wild woodland and outdoor life. The illustrator of this book is also responsible for both text and illustrations in a work on New England rural life entitled *A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine*. Mr. Johnson has made us acquainted with his descriptive qualities as a writer, and his keen observations of New England life in town and country will be found invaluable by the student as well as entertaining by the reader. His *Country Clouds and Sunshine*, published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard (price, \$2.50), is more racy and readable than anything he has yet written, and contains a good deal of the idyllic spirit, which makes such work truly delightful and gives it what claim it may have for permanent interest. As for the illustrations, the fact that the book is made square octavo renders their reproduction and presentation more pleasing and beautiful. Mr. Johnson has also bent his photographic art, which, by the way, is more a pictorial art, in the direction of Scotland during this past year, and the fine fruit of his labours is seen in the illustrated editions of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, by Ian Maclaren. Five of these illustrations were printed directly from the photographs in the September BOOKMAN, where they were greatly admired. Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums*, illustrated after the same manner from Mr. Johnson's pictures, is issued uniform

with these by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. (Price, \$2.00 per volume.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, as usual, have quite a display of holiday books for the present season. The most important of these is a fine new library edition of Fenimore Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales* in five volumes, with an introduction by Brander Matthews, and numerous full-page illustrations in photogravure by Frank T. Merrill. "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances," says Professor Matthews, "is at all to outlive himself, it is unquestionably the series of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*." The workmanship of these volumes is highly commendable, and Mr. Merrill's illustrations have the virtue of being faithful transcriptions of the life depicted, and not mere embellishments. (Price, \$7.50.) Next in importance, we should say, is this firm's edition of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in two volumes. A number of fortuitous circumstances makes this publication very timely. The apparent revival of interest in Scott's writings, the new life of Lockhart by Andrew Lang, and the simultaneous issue of two editions of the *Waverley Novels* are certain signs of the enduring and increasing popularity of the Wizard of the North. The present edition of Lockhart's excellent abridgment, classed among the few great biographies in our literature, is said to be the first ever printed in America. It is embellished with a number of portraits and other illustrations. The edition used is the standard one reissued in 1871, with a prefatory letter by Hope Scott. (Price, \$3.00.) Another edition of *Don Quixote!* And yet as long as men and women combine a brotherly pity for all human weakness and a spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness there will be fresh readers for Cervantes' great creation to the end of time. Messrs. Crowell's edition is in two volumes, and is based on the translation, notes, and bibliography of John Ormsby. It contains a portrait, a map, and over thirty illustrations from etchings by Lalauze. (Price, \$3.00.) This firm continues its praiseworthy custom of issuing new illustrated editions of the poets for holiday gifts. The additions this year comprise *Poems of Robert Browning*, from his own selection, edited, critically and biographically, by

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, the editors of *Poet Lore*; and the *Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*, edited with notes and a memoir by Dr. A. W. Ward. These editions have been carefully prepared, and are admirably constructed to serve the purposes of the school and club, as well as the library. Each work comes in two volumes. (Price, \$3.00 per set.) Duruy's *History of France*, abridged and translated from the seventeenth French edition by Mrs. M. Carey, and brought up to date by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, forms one of the Messrs. Crowell's holiday books for the people. It is in two volumes, and is profusely illustrated. Duruy's work is considered to be the best of all short summaries of French history, and is especially recommended as being among the most trustworthy. (Price, \$3.00.) All these books are published in uniform style and binding, with gilt top, clear, bold type, and substantial covers.

The beautiful collections of drawings made by Messrs. R. H. Russell and Son from the works of C. D. Gibson, A. B. Wenzel, E. W. Kemble, and others are sure to meet with a warm reception from those who indulge in the popularised fine arts. Indeed, Mr. Gibson's *Pictures of People* has already enjoyed a large sale, and, with Mr. Wenzel's *In Vanity Fair*, promises by present indications to be a leading feature during the holidays. *Pictures of People* contains eighty-five of the artist's latest drawings, consisting of the studies of English society recently exhibited in London, characteristic French scenes, and a number of his satirical American studies. *In Vanity Fair* includes, among its seventy drawings, many new ones done especially for this book. Mr. Wenzel's portrayal of fashionable society scenes is done with rare fidelity and charm; indeed, it is without doubt the work of a master hand, unequalled for its artistic rendering of the social life of to-day. Each volume measures 12 x 18 inches, is handsomely bound and beautifully printed, and is encased in a box. (Price, \$5.00 each.) *Kemble's Coons* gives a picturesque representation of the Southern negro, as studied by Mr. Kemble during a recent trip through the South. No word of commendation is needed for Mr. Kemble's work; he is at his best when drawing on the coloured people for the subjects of his pictures. There

are thirty of them in a large quarto volume with an appropriate holiday binding. (Price, \$2.00.) Collectors of posters will be attracted by the volume of *Posters in Miniature*, for which Mr. Edward Penfield has written an introduction and designed a title-page. French, English, and especially American art in this field is represented by over 250 reproductions, and an additional feature is the new portraits given of many well-known designers. (Price, \$1.50.) An amusing and farcical book, also prepared by the Messrs. Russell, to increase the hilarity of the holidays, is *Fables for the Times*, by H. W. Phillips, illustrated by T. S. Sullivant. (Price, \$1.25.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made an attractive book of the *Memoirs of Monsignor de Salamon 1790-1801*, which was promised a few months ago. These memoirs remained unpublished for nearly a century, and were discovered by Abbé Bridier, who edited the manuscript in 1891. The narrative relates some of the most wonderful and thrilling events that took place during the French Revolution; the chapters in which he describes his pursuit and escape from proscription under Robespierre convey a vivid impression of the Reign of Terror. Besides being concerned with high matters of State and Church, the memoirs abound in piquant anecdote and present new pen pictures of the intrepid men and women who crossed the stage of history at that time, as well as a many-peopled gallery of scamps, dastards, and assassins who defiled in their company. There is a number of portraits, and the memoirs are well edited and supported by the Abbé Bridier, who is responsible for the work. (Price, \$2.00.) A new and beautiful edition of Nuttall's popular *Handbook of Birds*, in two volumes, reissued by this firm, will be a favourite gift-book for bird-lovers and ornithologists. It still remains a standard authority, and with the corrections and additions now made it takes its place ably with the later treatises on the subject. What gives the present edition a unique value and superior finish is the series of exquisitely coloured plates, twenty-two in number, containing one hundred and ten full-length figures of the most important land and water birds. In the execution and process of transferring the original colours from the press to the paper these plates are *par*

excellence far and away the best we have yet seen in any work of its kind. (Price, \$7.50 net.) This Boston house has done well in giving M. E. Francis's charming chapters written *In a North Country Village* a chance for permanent place in the affections of many more readers by the beautifully illustrated and artistically bound edition which they have issued for the holidays. A book that has been put side by side with *Cranford*, whose village has been cited as a "north country Thrums," and one of whose characters—the Canon—has been ranked with Goldsmith's Vicar, ought to be well worth having in this final form. The illustrations, which are very sympathetic with the text, have been reproduced with unusual clearness of outline and printed with great care. A daintily bound volume consisting of Prosper Merimée's *Carmen*, with a number of etched illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett—both etchings and translation—has been issued by the same house. But there is more than this, and indeed its primary interest and consistence for us and for many others, we are certain, is Miss Guiney's delightful memoir, which serves—in this instance nobly—as a preface. It can be said of few books that we like them better for the preface, and of fewer still that we cherish them for the sake of the preface, as we do in the present case. Miss Guiney's characterisation is full of delicious touches and subtle penetration couched in a style fresh, spontaneous, and sparkling with flashes of humour—the sparkle that gleams in clear water. Somehow we find ourselves thinking of Austin Dobson and his exquisite "Vignettes," so vividly does she make this Frenchman, who was a "dilletante to the marrow," appear to us as he was essentially through the atmosphere in which she has environed him. (Price, \$4.50.) Mention may be made here also of the subscription edition of Marryat's novels which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are issuing, as the set, when complete, will make a handsome and permanent addition to the library that lacks it. Four new volumes have just been added to those already subscribed for, which only leaves six out of the twenty-four volumes to complete the edition, and two volumes are issued monthly. (Price, \$3.50 per volume.)

There remain several volumes to be

added to Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company's list. Theuriet's *Rustic Life in France*, translated by Mrs. Helen B. Dole, with Léon Lhermitte's illustrations, makes an exquisite gift book; not only so, it is a book that many lovers of letters and the fine arts, to whom the French edition is inaccessible, will prize in a translation. Nothing need be said to commend the charm and beauty of the work to those who are acquainted with it. (Price, \$2.50.) Robert Browning's dramatic ecstasy, *Saul*, has been set up by this firm in an ample style, the text being printed on one side of the page only, and on fine plate paper, accompanied by a number of fine half-tone pictures reflecting the sensuous beauty of the scenes of the poem. (Price, \$1.50.) Three volumes have been added to their popular Faience Series, *Fadette*, by George Sand; *An Iceland Fisherman*, by Pierre Loti; and the *Rubdydt of Omar Khayyám*. (Price, \$1.00 per volume.)

One of the most beautiful books of the season is the Stamboul edition of Edmondo de Amici's *Constantinople*, in a translation from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. It contains twenty exquisitely engraved full-page illustrations and is printed on fine coated paper. The binding is very handsome. (Price, \$2.25.) Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, who publish de Amici's great book also, have a holiday edition of Charles Kingsley's ever-popular novel, *Hypatia*, with illustrations in pen and ink by Lancelot Speed. (Price, \$1.00.) Uniform with this is Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which appears simultaneously with the same book in the new edition of Carlyle's works which has just been inaugurated by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The typography in the Messrs. Putnam's volume is excellent. This is a volume to be prized even by those who have Carlyle in a complete edition. There is a fine photogravure portrait of the famous picture by Whistler as a frontispiece. (Price, \$1.00.)

The Century Company presents us with Theodore Roosevelt as a ranchman on the frontier in his *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, which he describes with dramatic and picturesque effect. This is a cheaper edition of the original sumptuous volume, and many of Mr. Frederic Remington's spirited pictures which adorned that work are also included.

The book has been made very attractive, and is enclosed in a binding which gives it a holiday dress.

Bird-Land Echoes, by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, is another attraction to those who love to watch and study the habits of birds in the open air. Dr. Abbott's book is opposed in method, but perhaps not so much in spirit as he thinks, to the "handbook." A loving tenderness for bird life, even to the alien sparrow, breathes through these pages and induces a spirit of kindness for all winged creatures; but there is also a keen, observing eye at work, and none can read Dr. Abbott's book without being left both wiser and better for the reading. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by the Lippincott Company. (\$2.00.)

Two very beautiful and daintily appraised books have been produced by the Messrs. Scribner of the best half dozen stories of "my people" to whom "this fragmentary record of their life is dedicated" by Thomas Nelson Page, under the happy title *In Ole Virginia*, embellished by some fine illustrations from Frost, Howard Pyle, and others (price, \$2.50), and an illustrated book of travel, entitled *The Edge of the Orient*, by Robert Howard Russell (price, \$2.00). The same firm have issued an attractive and artistic volume by E. Boyd Smith, entitled *My Village*—a picturesque French sea-coast village—in which the sympathetic and delicate depiction of village life has risen to an exceptional height of excellence and distinction. The book is one to be seen to be fully appreciated and admired, and its contents, especially its pictorial contents, will at once delight the book lover and the lover of art. (Price, \$2.00.) An edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, edited by Andrew Lang, and sympathetically illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, is published by the Macmillan Company. The book is made by the Messrs. Dent, and is, in consequence, very dainty and artistic in its finish. (Price, \$2.00.)

Myths and Legends of Our Own Land, by Charles M. Skinner, is prettily gotten up in two volumes with eight photogravure illustrations and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. But there is a permanent worth in this collection of myth and folk-lore which looks for an abiding interest beyond the holidays. The glamour that history and fable have flung around Europe for the traveller

who follows it and finds it in actual sight-seeing or on the charmed page is pursued and captured for our own land in this bibliography of American legends. The field across which Hawthorne and Irving made paths is further explored, and the result is a great gain in the accretion of story and tradition which is embodied in this work. The subject is a picturesque one, and the author has spared neither time nor trouble in his long and fruitful research. (Price, \$3.00.)

An appropriate gift-book for Shakespearean lovers is *Shakespeare's Town and Times*, by H. Snowden Ward, with numerous illustrations by Catherine Weed Ward. We find it necessary to say a word for the distinction of this work among so many works of the kind already published. A very laudable purpose has moved the author and illustrator to the making of this book, namely, to write in plain words the tale of Shakespeare's life, to picture what remain to us of the scenes that Shakespeare saw. "We have tried to be simply true," they say, "and, while giving our own deductions from some of the facts, to keep the facts themselves distinct." The typography and presswork are excellent, and the collection of illustrations enhances the distinctive value of the book, which is published by Messrs. Truslove and Comba, New York. (Price, \$3.00.)—Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added *Richelieu*, Lord Lytton's famous play, to their popular series, which already includes *Faust*, *Becket*, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. The illustrations in wash and photogravure are by the well-known artist, Mr. Frederick C. Gordon. (Price, \$2.00.)

The Lippincott Company have just issued a dainty edition of Shakespeare in twelve handy volumes, gilt top, deckle-edges uncut, flexible binding, and printed from clear type on good, light paper, encased in a handsome box made of the same material as the binding, with gilt stamps. The set is evidently intended for presentation with what we should consider the most pleasing effect. For those who like Shakespeare in a pocket edition, free from the lucubrations of notes, editing, bibliography, and the endless trammels that repel the incurious reader, we know of no better edition. (Price, \$9.00.)

It was Emerson who said that Michael Angelo's Sonnets and Letters must be read in our day with his Life by Herman Grimm. There is no praise too high for the magnificent illustrated edition which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have published of this great biography and famous art work. The care and ingenuity which have been expended on the text (from the last German edition) and the titles and photogravure plates (from celebrated paintings and sculptures) could not be exceeded. It is one of the most beautiful books issued this season. (In two volumes, maroon cloth, gilt top, boxed, price, \$6.00; also in half crushed levant morocco, price, \$12.00.)

An acceptable book for New Yorkers, young or old, will be found in Mr. Charles H. Haswell's *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian*, which cover the years between 1816 and 1860. There is a copious index, an admirable desideratum often found wanting in a book of this sort, and this enables the reader to explore the mine of information contained in these reminiscences for many topics of interest, which but for the revivifying memory of their narrator would remain unknown to us. There are upwards of one hundred pictures illustrating sites and scenes of importance and historic account during the period. (Harper and Brothers, price, \$3.00.)

In the Volcanic Eifel, by Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid, with fifty-five illustrations and three maps, is another book to be added to itinerary literature. Besides being invaluable as a guide to the tourist intending to explore these parts in fact or fancy, it is a charmingly told narrative, and every chapter, with its anecdotal observations and enlivening scenes, bears evidence that Miss Katharine Macquoid's art of story-telling has not forsaken her. (Dodd, Mead and Company, price, \$3.00.)—*Syria from the Saddle* is also of that ilk, and is published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett and Company. The author, Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, has approached the Holy Land neither as a scientist nor as a theologian, so that we have that *rara avis* in describing and depicting Scripture scenes, a keen, unbiassed, open-eyed traveller. As we read here and there in its pages we found it difficult to get away from its spell; there is the charm

of style as well as the enlivenment of vivid description and bright characterisation about Mr. Terhune's book. It is by no means a book of the ordinary stamp, and deserves to be widely read and recognised for its unusual qualities. There are eighty illustrations, many of them full-page pictures. (Price, \$1.50.)

Showers and Sunshine, by Will T. Hale, is a collection of verse printed and bound in holiday attire by the Gayoso Bookstore, Memphis.—*Captive Memories*, being commemorative verses interwoven with California flowers for anniversaries and presentation occasions, written and collated by James Terry White, is published by Messrs. J. T. White and Company, New York. It is beautifully printed and illustrated on fine plate paper, with a hand-painted frontispiece. There are several editions, varying in price, the one on our table being the author's edition (price, \$4.50).—We have only seen Joel Chandler Harris's *Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times* as we go to press, and can merely mention it now. It forms one of the stories from the American History Series, and is profusely illustrated. It promises to be a picturesque as well as an authoritative historical work in its field, and will doubtless be much sought after in the holiday season. But the book has merits which call for weightier criticism hereafter.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker publishes *Some Historic Churches of Paris*, a book of 216 pages, with 46 illustrations and a descriptive text by Walter E. Lonergan. It gives a good account of the churches of Paris that have really some architectural and historical interest, and is an excellent guide to those who are attracted by mediævalism, which, curiously enough, can be better studied in some of its phases in certain churches right in the heart of Paris than in many of the more magnificent cathedrals of other cities.—*The World Awheel*, edited by Volney Streamer, and illustrated with fac-similes of designs in water-colours by Eugène Grivaz, would make a dainty present for a cyclist of either sex. The stories and poems which it contains are from many sources, and are well selected, and the illustrations are very fetching, being obviously drawn from French (and very French) models, though they are supposed to represent ladies of various nationalities. A merry, *plein air*

sort of book. (New York : Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—Two exquisite little volumes in the Thumb-Nail Series are *Break o' Day*, by George Wharton Edwards, and *Tracings*, by E. Scott O'Connor, the latter with an introduction by Miss Repplier. These "tracings" are very striking and suggestive little apo-

thegms and have something of the unexpectedness of the best of Mr. Stephen Crane's "Lines" in his *Black Riders*, while recalling in form the terseness and sparkle of La Rochefoucauld. We should like to quote from them extensively did space allow. (The Century Company, \$1.00 per volume.)

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Umbrage has been taken at the injustice and inadequacy of the press reviews of juvenile literature, and we fear that the charge is only too true. When one thinks of it, surely there is no class of books that ought to be more carefully scanned, and the good separated from the bad, than that which goes into the hands of the young. One reason why these books do not receive the attention and scrutiny they deserve is obvious enough. With the exception of a sprinkling in the spring, the great bulk of books for boys and girls is thrown upon the book mart just before Christmas. More than nine-tenths of the books to be noticed in this summary have come to our table during the last month. It is, therefore, impossible in the space at our command to do more than characterise the books in a brief manner, and define their qualities. But things are not so bad as they seem. The fresh imagination and feeling of earliest youth is a severe touchstone, and there is no more frank or brutal critic than your young reader. He knows just what he wants, and he discovers his favourite authors for himself. As for the new writers, they have to take their chances. To the dauntless young pioneer, who is as eager as his elders for any new thing, the best writers are soon taken and the others left. After all, the reviewing of juvenile literature is of service, as a rule, only to the benevolent clergyman, the Sunday-school teacher, the fond uncle, or the wakeful old maid who has views about other people's children. There is a foreordained decree in the laws of the young mind that predestinates every book and decides its election. "I think I'll have a book again," writes Primus to his uncle, "but not a fairy tale or anything of that sort, nor the *Swiss Fam-*

ily Robinson, nor any of the old books. Last year you gave me *The Formation of Character*, and I read it with great mental improvement and all that, but this time I want a change—namely (1) not a fairy tale, (2) not an old book, (3) not a mental improvement book."

The Hathaways' Sisters, by Anne Kendrick Benedict, is a story for girls with a decidedly religious tone about it. (American Baptist Publication Society, price, 75 cents.)—*Not Without Honour*, by W. D. Moffat, is a book for boys. It is "the story of an odd boy," who proves, in spite of evil prognostications, to have the right, manly stuff in him. Robust in tone, and in touch with a boy's life, it sets before him the noble purpose to live so that in the end he will be "not without honour in his own country." (Arnold and Company, price, \$1.25.)—*Plants and their Children*, by Mrs. W. S. Dana, illustrated by Alice Josephine Smith. The author of *How to Know the Wild Flowers* has adapted her knowledge of the plant world to the minds of children in a series of simple lessons having all the charm of a story. The book deserves to be as popular among the young observers and students as was her previous book with the older people. (American Book Company, price, 65 cents.)—Messrs. Benziger Brothers, the Catholic publishing house, have issued *Ethelred Preston*, the adventures of a newcomer, by Francis J. Finn, S.J., who has already written a number of boys' stories. The object of the story is to strengthen conviction in the Holy Catholic Church. It is exciting in narration, and there is a frontispiece illustration that would be a flattering accompaniment to *Dick Turpin*. (Price, 85 cents.)—Messrs. A. I. Bradley and Company have published

some good juveniles this year, a few of them by tried and popular authors. There is *Admiral J. of Spurwink*, by James Otis; *Ship Daphne*, a story of the city and the sea, by the Rev. T. S. Millington (\$1.25); *Don Malcolm*, by I. T. Thurston, all three good boys' stories. *Marred in the Making*, by H. W. Shrewsbury, is a religious story for younger children (\$1.00), and *Little Nin* makes delightful reading for the wee ones who have just learned to read or can be read to. *Strange Conditions*, by Fannie E. Newberry, and *A Vanished Hand* are both stories for girls by writers who are practised hands. These books are all illustrated and bound in attractive covers.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have a strong collection of books for boys and girls—books which are made doubly attractive by their picturesque qualities inside and out. To mention those for girls first—though girls are said to read boys' books instead, even if boys don't exchange the courtesy—James Otis has written a story, *A Short Cruise*, which tells how a little girl can penetrate the rough shell of an old sea-dog's heart. (50 cents.) Anna Chapin Ray has followed up her success in *Half a Dozen Boys* of last year with *Half a Dozen Girls*. Needless to say she makes her girls lively and interesting, and the story is remarkably well told. (\$1.50.) *Dick* is a Western boy who learns manners and the art of living from a very prim and precise maiden lady. This story is also by Miss Ray, and her fund of humour and love of fun have developed some very comical situations, and made the book all through very delightful and entertaining. (\$1.25.) Two exquisitely bound and illustrated books for children are Hawthorne's *Wonder Book for Boys and Girls* and *Household Stories* from the collection of the Brothers Grimm. The latter is translated by Lucy Crane, and the coloured frontispiece and drawings are by Walter Crane. (75 cents.) *J. Cole*, by Emma Gellibrand, with six illustrations by G. A. King, is a bright, humorous, happy little story. (\$1.00.) *The Boy Tramps, or Across Canada*, by J. Macdonald Oxley, who is a favourite with boys, is an entertaining narrative of adventure, whose main thread is the conveying of two fine sturdy boys afoot across the great stretch of prairie and

mountain. The plan is novel, and finely conceived and constructed. Mr. Oxley has been fortunate in having Mr. Henry Sandham as an illustrator. His pictures are almost as great an attraction as the story, and this is as it should be. (\$1.50.) Mr. Oxley has another book, called *The Romance of Commerce*, in which he recounts in a vivacious manner the more famous enterprises in commercial history. (\$1.25.) Miss Sarah G. Morrison has her *Chilhowee* boys to the front once more; this time it is *Chilhowee Boys at College*. It is, perhaps, the best story of this excellent series for boys. (\$1.50.) George Manville Fenn is one of the few great story-tellers for boys whose tales of adventure and daring are pervaded with a bracing morality. *Beneath the Sea*, a story of the wild coast of Cornwall, where the exploiting of a tin mine leads to complications, inculcates lessons of self-reliance and hardihood while holding the interest keenly to the narrative. (\$1.50.) The name of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts attached to a book is a guarantee of good faith. He is an excellent workman, and he can tell a story, as these enlivening yarns told *Around the Camp Fire* readily prove. Professor Roberts's personal acquaintance with the New Brunswick country gives the record of this canoeing trip credence and geographical value. He has been as fortunate in his illustrator, Mr. Charles Copeland, as Mr. Oxley was in having Mr. Sandham. (\$1.50.) Mr. Copeland has also made the illustrations for a book of boys' stories, entitled *Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss*, by Edward W. Thomson, the author of *Old Man Savarin*. Mr. Thomson has a natural, vivid style, which carries his stories, remarkable in themselves, straight to a boy's heart. Their appeal is strong, and they rarely miss the mark. (\$1.25.)

Messrs. Henry T. Coates and Company have published *Shod with Silence*, a tale of frontier life, by Edward S. Ellis; *The Mystery of Lost River Canyon*, an exciting story of adventure, by Harry Castelmon, and *Frank Hunter's Peril*, by Horatio Alger, Jr., all three authors being well-known writers for boys. Lucy C. Lillie has written another story for girls, entitled *Elinor Belden*, which is published by the same firm. Each volume contains a frontispiece illustration.

The Century Company brings out a number of attractive juveniles in time for the holidays. Chief among them is *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, being the visit of a number of young people to the historic homes of our greatest men. Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks furnishes the very interesting text, and the book is full of admirable illustrations of men, houses, battle scenes, and places of patriotic interest, north, south, east and west. Merely as a "picture-book" it is exceedingly fine, and will attract the oldest as well as the youngest readers. (\$1.50.) *Gobolinks for Young and Old*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine, is a book of grotesque imaginings conveyed in nonsense verse and illustrated by an imaginative pencil. (\$1.00.) *Paper Doll Poems*, by Pauline King, also from the Century Company, details the surprising adventures of sundry paper dolls, who encounter strange creatures, such as Wagglety Birds, decalcomanie animals, and amiable owls. (75 cents.) Mr. Peter Newell is always doing something new and clever. This time it is his *Shadow Show*, a book whose pictures in colour when held up to the light show on the blank side of the page entirely different objects—an Indian and owl becoming a kicking pony, a man with a tumbler changing into Punch and Judy, and so forth. It is an amusing and surprising little volume for children and for not a few grown people, too. A new and very picturesque edition of *Daddy Jake, the Runaway*, by "Uncle Remus," has been issued as a companion volume to the Jungle Books. It is illustrated by E. W. Kemble. (\$1.25.) *The Sword-maker's Son*, by W. O. Stoddard, with illustrations by George Varian, is a dramatic story of boy life in the Holy Land at the beginning of the Christian era. Mr. Stoddard, we understand, visited Palestine for the sake of getting the local colour for his story. (\$1.50.) *Sindbad, Smith & Co.* is another Arabian Nights extravaganza, like the previous book by Mr. Albert Stearns, *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp*. Mr. Stearns, in the story of Sindbad in partnership with Tom Smith, an up-to-date young American lad, and Mr. Birch, in his cleverly drawn pictures, have provided a fund of mirth and frolic for the young people. (\$1.50.) Mr. J. T. Trowbridge loses none of his industry,

but steers right onward year in, year out, with here a book and there a book, and now it is *The Prize Cup*, in which a full half dozen of manly young fellows gyrate round a silver trophy that mysteriously disappears, and have a good time generally. (\$1.50.)

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added another boys' book by George Manville Fenn to their list of juveniles. *In Honour's Cause* is a tale of the days of George the First of England. There are a number of illustrations by Lancelot Speed. The movement of the story is rapid, and is rich in dramatic incidents and climaxes. (\$1.50.) *The Mistress of Sherburne* is a new volume in the Sherburne Series of stories for girls. (\$1.50.) Amanda M. Douglas, the author, has also written about *A Little Girl in Old New York*, in which she has brought back some of the old time flavour of bygone days in the great metropolis "when we were young." This story is, perhaps, one of the best that the author has told; certainly she has never surpassed it. (\$1.50.) *We Ten; or, The Story of the Roses*, by Barbara Yechton, of many titles, none of which we have perused, but, judged by the present one, she must have come proudly by them. It is one of those books to which at this season and under our limitations we despair of doing justice in a few words. The happy idea of setting the chapters into a running narrative, told in sequence by Jack and Nannie and Betty and so on, is an excellent one—so direct in its appeal, so deliciously insinuating in its simplicity—but it is also a difficult idea to carry out to perfection. Barbara Yechton is herself the part she takes for the nonce, and therein lies the secret of her success and mastery—the secret of becoming once more "as a little child." Miss Minna Brown's very clever, spirited, and charming drawings really illustrate the story, and should help it to reach a large popularity. (\$1.50.) *The Wally-pug of Why*, by G. E. Farron, with illustrations by Harry Furniss and his clever little daughter, Dorothy, was one of the great holiday successes in England last Christmas. The book was produced too late to publish in America then, but it was copyrighted, and is now issued here for the first time. It is a delicious compound of nonsense and fairy tale; but here is its own manifesto :

"Journeying through the land of Why
You'll meet the strangest company,
Various creatures, great and small,
And something odd about them all—
A socialistic Cockatoo ;
A most mysterious thing—a Goo ;
The quaintest men ; a charming maid
Two ancient ladies, prim and staid ;
The Wallypug—Pray who is he ?
I mustn't tell you ; read and see."

The Dwarfs' Tailor, and Other Fairy Tales, collected by Zoe Dana Underhill, is a compilation of typical folk tales from the literature of each country, to which is added the best examples of fairy-story-tellers. Illustrated. (\$1.75.)

Rick Dale, by Kirk Munroe, is a story of the Northwest Coast, full of all sorts of thrilling adventures and stirring events. It is also full of pictures. (75 cts.) Both books are published by Messrs. Harb and Brothers.—*Three Little Daughters of the Revolution*, by Nora Perry, is a charmingly and beautifully illustrated by F. T. Mill, and daintily bound in green cloth. (75 cts.)—Messrs. Laird and Lee send us two holiday books for boys in attractive covers with ornamental designs. *Air Castle Don*, or "from Dreamland to Hardpan," by B. Freeman Ashley, forms the fourth volume of the Young America Series. Other volumes in the series by the same author are *Tan Pile Jim* and *Dick and Jack*. Last Christmas the publishers included in this series the immensely popular Italian story *Cuore*, which they entitled *The Heart of a Boy*. *Air Castle Don*, like its predecessors, lacks neither humour nor sentiment, and indeed the story might very well be enjoyed by the older readers. (\$1.00.) The other book, *My Young Master*, is one of an edition of Opie Read's select works in five volumes. The titles of the others are *The Jucklins*, *A Kentucky Colonel*, *A Tennessee Judge*, *On the Suwanee River*. (Price, \$1.00 per volume.) All these books are illustrated.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have published several new books by old authors who have won favour in their own field. First comes Oliver Optic with *On the Staff*, a new volume, the fourth, in the "Blue and Gray Series—on Land." Mr. Adams takes his hero into fresh battlefields now with Grant at Shiloh, again at the final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and anon at the siege of Corinth. Illustrated. (\$1.50.) A new

volume is also contributed to the "War of 1812 Series," by Everett T. Tomlinson—namely, *Tecumseh's Young Braves*. The story that centres around one of the bravest of Indian warriors is full of exciting incident, while kept true to the history of the stirring times in which it is set. Illustrated. Both these books are attractively bound in picturesque covers. Stories for the little ones are Penn Shirley's *The Merry Five*, the second volume of the "Silver Gate Series;" and *The Rosebud Club*, by Grace Le Baron, both written with simplicity and feeling. Illustrated. (75 cents each.)

The J. B. Lippincott Company publish *Betty of Wye*, by Amy E. Blanchard (\$1.25), and *Philippa*, by Mrs. Molesworth (\$1.25), both well-accredited favourites with girl readers. *Captain Chap; or, the Rolling Stones* is a story which Frank R. Stockton wrote some fifteen years ago, but the Lippincott Company have deemed it worthy of resuscitation, and it is now issued with half a dozen beautiful illustrations by Charles H. Stephens. (\$1.50.) For the third time we have to report a new boys' book by the prolific Mr. Manville Fenn. *The Black Prince of England*. Like all his other books, the story is dramatic in the telling, and holds the interest unflinchingly, and holds the reader's attention from start to finish, as it threads the dark ways of danger and death in those perilous times. There are eight illustrations by W. Stacey. (\$1.50.) *Two Little Wooden Shoes* is a beautiful and touching story, which is safer in the hands of the untried and the weak ones. The illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett lend a strong attraction to the book, which is beautifully printed and bound. (\$1.50.) *Swept Out to Sea*, by David Ker, starts in the out-of-the-way corner of the Shetland Isles, and goes—well, for it attracted the West Indies. The story is as interesting as we read, and it proved rather interesting, albeit the humour is a little forced and unnatural at times. Illustrated. (\$1.50.) *Historical Tales*, in two volumes, one Greek, the other Roman, by Charles Morris, is a sort of Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* in the ancient classics. The tales are exceedingly well told, and the pictures greatly enhance their interest. (\$1.25 per volume.)

Mr. Andrew Lang's *Animal Story Book*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, is packed full of good reading gathered from a great variety of sources, and set off by sixty-six illustrations very cleverly drawn and with an eye to local accuracy, for in the story of M. Dumas, whose scene is laid in Havre, any one can recognise the drawing (p. 107) as an excellent view of a corner on the Grand Quai. (\$2.00.)

The Lothrop Company hold the field well this year with their new juveniles. There is, of course, a new Pansy book, *Making Fate*, by Mrs. Alden. This is a story for thoughtful, observant young people, not for children, as many people take for granted the Pansy books must be. (\$1.50.) *The Gingham Bag*, the tale of an heirloom, by Margaret Sidney, is a bright and cheerful story thrown against a New England background in the first half of the century. *The Ponkatz Branch Road, and Other Stories for Young People*, is by an ever-welcome author. Sophie Swett's name is familiar to the young readers of the best juvenile periodical literature, and her new book will gain her many more new friends. (\$1.00.) *Mopsy; Her Tangles and Triumphs*, by Kate Tannatt Woods, is an excellent story for girls, inculcating perseverance, kindheartedness, and gentleness. Mopsy herself becomes quite an inspiring and attractive figure. (\$1.25.) *The Boys of Clovernook* is a sympathetic story of five boys on a farm, their ups and downs, strung on a thread of plot interest, by Mary Barnes Beal. We are struck, by the way, with the unusual quality of the drawing in the illustrations, by Ethelred B. Barry. Is she a new arrival? There are certainly some illustrations in this book which Mr. Birch might not be ashamed to own. (\$1.50.) *The Children's History Book* contains short stories based on events in American history. (\$1.50.) *Bible Boys and Girls* is an attempt, admirably accomplished, to illuminate boyhood and girlhood in Bible days, by making plainer and more interesting the environment and historical background of the youth of the Bible. (\$1.50.) *What the Dragon Fly Told the Children*, by Frances B. Coursen, is a unique idea for interesting children in poetry. A slender story links the poetic selections deftly together, accompanied with portraits of the great poets. Mrs.

Coursen is certainly to be congratulated on the novelty of her plan, which is well worth an experiment. (\$1.50.)

Marguerite Bouvet's new story for children, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, is entitled *Pierrette*. It is a charming child-idyll, and Mr. Hooper's exquisitely drawn illustrations add a great deal to its attractive beauty. (\$1.25.)—*Santa Claus's New Castle*, by Maude Florence Bellar, with twenty-two illustrations by Dixie Selden, is written just as books should be written for young children, in an easy, simple style, yet with nothing inane about it, for it has a story to it with a pleasing blend of the traditional and the modern. The pictures are also well imagined, and some of them have greatly tickled our fancy. (Columbus, O.: Nitschke Brothers, \$1.00.)—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have done well in issuing the popular stories of Mayne Reid in a new edition. There was a time when Reid was all the rage with boys. The Nimrod Edition will consist of the better books of adventure which Captain Reid wrote, and this choice is wise, for he wrote much that deserved to pass into oblivion. Three volumes have appeared thus far, in a very attractive binding, and illustrated: *The Young Voyageurs*, *The Bush Boys*, and *The Boy Hunters*. (\$1.25.)

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have, as usual, a goodly array of books for children, among which are *A Cape May Diamond*, by Evelyn Raymond (\$1.50); *Little Daughter of the Sun*, a charming little story, by Julia P. Dabney (\$1.25); *Jerry the Blunderer*, a fable for children, by Lily F. Wesselhoest, illustrated from photographs of dog life (\$1.25); *The Black Dog, and Other Stories*, by A. G. Plympton (\$1.25). All these books are illustrated and artistically bound. *The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun*, by Ernest Vincent Wright, with illustrations by Cora M. Norman, seems in rhymed story and picture to be modelled on Palmer Cox's *Brownies Around the World*, substituting elves, however, for brownies. It makes a beautiful and appropriate book, nevertheless, for the little ones. (\$1.25.)

The Messrs. Scribner have three books by the popular G. A. Henty, who vies at least in fecundity with George Manville Fenn. The titles are *On the Irrawaddy*, *With Cochrane the Dauntless*, and

At Agincourt. The binding is very substantial, and is attractive in colour design; the illustrations are equally attractive and enticing. (\$1.50.) *The Log of a Privateersman*, by Harry Collingwood, is bound uniform with Henty's books, and is also beautifully illustrated. (\$1.50.) Another boy's book by Kirk Munroe, *Through Swamp and Glade*, is published by the same firm. It is a tale of the Seminole War, and the principal incidents related in the story are historically true. Illustrated. (\$1.25.) In *The Court of King Arthur* Mr. W. H. Frost has sought to tell over again the stories from the land of the Round Table for boys and girls. He has been assisted pictorially in presenting these scenes afresh to the young mind by Mr. Burleigh's charming and delightful illustrations. (\$1.50.)

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company publish a very interesting book, *The Orchid Seekers*, a story of adventure in Borneo, by Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle, with numerous illustrations (\$1.75); also a book of *Very Funny Stories* told in rhyme in the Red Nursery Series. The stories really are funny, and the accompanying pictures have the great merit of suggesting and therefore truly illustrating the stories. (50 cents.)

Thomas Whittaker sends us three dainty little booklets of stories, *Little Winter Green*, by Caroline F. Little, *The Sign of the North Star*, by Annie Key Bartow, and *On Schedule Time*, by James Otis. Other titles of interesting juveniles issued from this house are *Abigail Templeton*, by Emma Marshall; *Playmates*, by L. T. Meade, bound in all gilt covers with coloured back (\$1.00 each); *The Girl at the Dower House and Afterward*, by Agnes Giberne, with eight illustrations by J. Finnemore (\$1.50); *Behind Manhattan Gables*, a story of New Amsterdam, 1663-1664, by Edward Augustus Rand (\$1.25); *By the North Sea*, by Emma Marshall, with many illustrations by Miller-Smith (\$1.25), and a new

book by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, *The Wardship of Steepcombe*, a story of the times of Richard the Second, with illustrations by W. S. Stacey. (\$1.25.)

Messrs. W. A. Wilde and Company, of Boston, have issued a number of commendable volumes for boys and girls, some of them by popular authors. *The Land of the Kangaroo*, by Colonel Thomas W. Knox, relates the adventures of two boys in the great island continent. Illustrated. (\$1.50.) *Three Young Continentals* is a story of the American Revolution, by Everett T. Tomlinson, and has five pictures by Charles Copeland. (\$1.50.) *The Orcutt Girls*, by Charlotte M. Vaile, is a highly interesting story for girls, and is illustrated by F. T. Merrill (\$1.50.) *Malvern*, called after a small suburban town in New Jersey, in whose neighbourhood the story is laid, is by Ellen Douglas Deland. Miss Deland's work has attracted wide attention, and she has been compared with Miss Alcott and Nora Perry as a writer for girls. Illustrated. (\$1.50.) *The Fast Mail* is the story of a train boy and a companion volume to *The Young Reporter*, both of them written by William Drysdale, who endeavours in this entertaining way to furnish boys with an amount of special information which many of them desire. It is illustrated by Charles Copeland. (\$1.50.) *A Medal of Honour Man*, by Charles L. Norton, is a story of adventure on land and sea, which brings the hero, Jack Benson, into contact with the famous *Alabama*. Illustrated. (\$1.25.) *Above the Range*, by Theodore R. Jenness, is a story of the Northwest for girls. Illustrated. (\$1.25.) *Seraph, the Little Violiniste*, is one of the most charming stories that Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the author of *Toinette's Philip*, has ever written. Mrs. Jamison will win the sympathies of her young friends anew by the pathetic little figure of the violin player, little Seraph. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. These books are all well bound and beautifully illustrated. (\$1.50.)



THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 5, 1896.

The sales during the early part of the past month showed a continuance in the demand for text-books generally, and particularly for works suitable for supplementary reading and for such as were suitable for use in connection with the study of literature.

Library business has again assumed large proportions, and lists to be priced, inquiries and orders have been numerous. These, to a great extent, are for the current publications in all classes of literature, although fiction is naturally in the lead.

During the entire month a good number of out-of-town buyers have been in the city. Their orders have compared favourably with those of previous years, although a tendency is shown to confine purchases to the cheaper grades of goods, and the publishers of the various lines of sixteenmos and twelvemos have at times been out of stock in consequence.

Unquestionably the feature of the month has been the enormous output of the publishers, one jobbing house having received during that period for stock no less than three hundred and fifty new titles, to say nothing of the many new books not so purchased. These publications have included the works of many authors prominent in all departments of writing.

In fiction *Kate Carnegie*, by Ian Maclaren; *Taquisara*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Gray Man*, by S. R. Crockett, and *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie, are among the most prominent, while in addition there are new novels by Frank R. Stockton, Henry James, John Kendrick Bangs, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles King, and Henryk Sienkiewicz.

On miscellaneous subjects, *Whitman: A Study*, by John Burroughs; *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and *The Last Quarter Century in the United States*, by E. Benjamin Andrews, are now ready.

Juvenile literature has been very conspicuous among recent publications, and includes in most attractive forms the books of such well-known authors as Joel Chandler Harris, Sarah K. Bolton, W. O. Stoddard, P. S. Newell, Oliver Optic, George Manville Fenn, and G. A. Henty.

An event of interest has been the placing upon the market of a trade edition of Messrs. Funk and Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary*. It is being extensively advertised, and bids fair to rival Webster's *International Dictionary* in popularity.

Interest in colonial subjects still continues, and among the recent publications are *Colonial Days in Old New York*, by Alice M. Earle; *The Regicides*, by Frederick Hull Cogswell, and *The Colonial Parson of New England*, by Frank S. Child.

Handsome illustrated books suitable for the holiday season are now coming into prominence, and include, among many others, *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske; *Modern French Masters*, by John C. Van Dyke; *Pictures of People*, by Charles Dana Gibson, and new illustrated editions of Ian Maclaren's popular books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

While trade during October has, on the whole, been rather quiet, a noticeable increase was shown during the latter part of the month, particularly in the city. With a settlement of political questions, a decided improvement will, no doubt, occur, and a rushing business is predicted until after Christmas.

The best selling books for the month have been as follows:

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (2 vols.). \$2.00.

A Child-World. By James Whitcomb Riley. \$1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.

Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. \$1.25.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. \$1.25.

March Hares. By Harold Frederic. \$1.25.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. \$1.25.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.

Checkers. By H. M. Blossom, Jr. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1896.

Trade during October showed few signs of activity, and the volume of business done was not so large as it ought to have been at this time. Politics absorbed the attention of the trade, to the exclusion of everything else, and for once even business was a secondary consideration.

Purchases during the month were mostly of the every day order, and were confined for the most part to stock for immediate sales. Purely holiday stock moved slowly, and sales were light in this line. In the numerous twelvemo

and sixteenmo lines sales were fair, but suffered like every other line from the stringency of the times. New fiction sold better than anything else, and was bought eagerly. Political and campaign literature continued to diminish in interest, and sales were light.

The October output of new books was, like that of September, very heavy. The most important book, taking the demand as a criterion, was *Kate Carnegie*, the sale of which was helped somewhat by the visit of Ian Maclaren to this city. Next to this came J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*. The most successful of the other works were *A Rebellious Heroine*, by J. K. Bangs; *Revenge*, by Robert Barr; *Sons and Fathers*, by H. S. Edwards; *A Garrison Tangle*, by Captain King; *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*, by F. R. Stockton; *The Gray Man*, by S. R. Crockett; *Quo Vadis*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz; *The Joy of Life*, by Emma Wolf, and *The Wizard*, by Rider Haggard.

The death of George Du Maurier caused a slight increase in the demand for *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbelton*, but the demand did not last very long, and was not so marked as one might have expected.

The Honourable Peter Stirling, by Paul Leicester Ford, is meeting with quite a vogue, which it owes in a measure to its political background. This is a field into which, though fruitful enough abroad, the American novelist has not made many excursions. Perhaps it is the next to be exploited.

King Noanett, which has met with such marked success in the East, is now capturing the West, and went very well last month, and the present indications show a steady increase in its demand.

Including all its various editions, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* ran ahead of everything else last month in point of sale. In its sixteenmo form the book still leads the demand, even among cheap books, and nothing else compares with it in popularity.

With the advent of each new book James Whitcomb Riley finds a greater circle of readers, and his works easily outsell, in the West, those of any other living poet. Speaking generally, the demand for poetry of all kinds has declined during the last few years, but the sales of Riley's works steadily increase. His *A Child World*, issued last month, sold better than anything else among the very recent books, which is a remarkable record for a book of poems.

Another book, *The Murder of Delicia*, from the pen of Marie Corelli, was received last month, and, as is usual with her books, is starting off well. There is no denying the fact that, in spite of adverse criticism, her books are among the most saleable stock that appears on a bookseller's counter. Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *A Singular Life* is still one of the best selling books of the day.

Nearly all the popular books of the day met with good sales last month, especially those published recently. The older favourites also went very well, particularly such book as Ian Maclaren's *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, J. K. Bang's *House Boat on the Styx*, F. H. Smith's *Tom Grogan*, Thomas J. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, and Fletcher's *Menticulture*.

The following books were in lively demand during the month:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, \$1.25; 16mo, 20 cents.

A Child World. By J. Whitcomb Riley. \$1.25.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (2 vols.). \$2.00.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.

Field Flowers. By Eugene Field. \$1.00 net.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By J. K. Bangs. \$1.25.

The Joy of Life. By Emma Wolf. \$1.00.

Artie. By George Ade. \$1.25.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.50.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. \$1.25.

Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas Jay Hudson. \$1.50.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.

A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. Burnett. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 21 to October 24, 1896.

It is satisfactory to all parties concerned to be able to record that trade has been very good during the period in question. As soon as the wants of the schools had been supplied, the booksellers commenced stocking their shops in good earnest, with the result indicated above. Beyond this, trade is with them, evidently, very good, to judge by the daily requirements. This tendency to improvement is apparently universal, the colonial and foreign branches having been working at full pressure.

The staple item of trade is still the six shilling novel. The issue of new fiction in this form has been one of the most popular ventures ever recorded in trade annals, tens of thousands of copies being in some instances needed to satisfy the demand. Marie Corelli leads with her *Murder of Delicia* (which is 5s., by the bye), and Mrs. Humphry Ward with *Sir George Tressady*, and Miss Braddon with *London Pride* must be mentioned as great favourites. Some publications of this class are keeping a longer hold on public favour than usual, such as *Under the Red Robe*, *The Sowers*, *A Quaker Grandmother*, and *Illumination*, which must again be included in the list appended.

Among boys' books Mr. Henty's writings stand first in favour, his 5s. and 6s. books

being just the style of thing to delight the young people. Miss Yonge is also very popular with her *Wardship of Steepcoombe*.

Reprints of standard works, very marvels of enterprise and cheapness, are in great demand. Bliss, Sands and Co.'s Bursleigh Library and Service and Paton's Series, embracing many favourites, such as *Sartor Resartus*, *Jane Eyre*, *Esmond*, and others, are taken up freely.

The 2s. and 2s. 6d. issue of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels shows no abatement in sales, and will, apparently, be as popular as ever this season.

Griffin and Co.'s Technical Series of Books is a good line, embracing many subjects ranging from Physiology to Steam, all of which sell well, and some very well indeed. It is sad to be obliged to record that Dickens is not now appreciated as he deserves to be. This column is for facts, or it would be interesting to analyse the reasons for this state of things, which are not far to seek.

Clark Russell's nautical tales are always sure of a good reception, and the publication of his *Heart of Oak* was well timed.

The Trafalgar number of the *Navy and Army* was very successful. There is a general improvement in the magazine branch, such as is usual at the approach of autumn. Surely if bad weather will help the bookseller he has not much to complain of during the last few weeks.

Works on travel, sport, and adventures in search of big game are appearing in good numbers. These invariably sell readily, but of course the prices at which they are issued make the market somewhat limited.

The appended list may be taken as a fair selection of what the public likes at the moment of writing.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli.

5s. Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman.

6s. The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.

The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Inn by the Shore. By Florence Warden.

6s. The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope.

6s. The Bursleigh Library. 1s. 6d. per volume.
Service and Paton's Series. 2s. per volume.
The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.

Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Henty's Boys' Books. 5s. and 6s.

The Wardship of Steepcoombe. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s and 2s. 6d.

The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.

Might Have Been. By Joseph Parker. 6s.

Heart of Oak. By Clark Russell. 3s. 6d.

Crystal, the Newest of Women. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1 and December 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Gibson's Drawings. By Gibson. \$5.00. (Russell.)
6. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Reminiscences of an Octogenarian. By Haswell. \$3.00. (Harper.)
3. Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.25. (Stokes.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Nephelê. By Bourdillon. \$1.00. (New Amsterdam.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
3. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Brown Studies. By Hepworth. \$1.25. (Dutton.)
6. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- 6. Knight of the Nets. By Barr. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- 6. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 6. A Year in the Fields. By Burroughs. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ A Child World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Sir George Tressady. 2 vols. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- 5. The Joy of Life. By Wolf. \$1.00. (McClurg & Co.)
- 6. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

- ✓ A Child World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
- 2. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
- 3. Etidorpha. By Lloyd. \$2.00. (Clarke.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

DENVER, COL.

- 1. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes)
- 2. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

- ✓ Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone.)
- 5. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
- 6. A Child World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

- ✓ A Child World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
- 2. A Guest at the Ludlow. Bill Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
- 3. The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 4. Artie. By Ade. \$1.25. (Stone & Co.)
- 5. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
- 6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- 1. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- 3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- 5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
- 6. Lesser Bourgeoisie. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- 1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- 3. Sweetheart Travellers. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- 4. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 6. A Garrison Tangle. By King. \$1.25. (Neeley.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

- 1. The Violet. By Julia Magruder. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
- 2. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 5. Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- 6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

5. Illumination. By Frederic. \$1.00. (Methuen.)
6. The World's Roof. By Oxley. \$1.25. (Nisbet.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Mind of the Master. By Watson. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Upper Room. By Watson. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. William H. Seward. By Lothrop. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Briseis. By Black. \$1.75. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. Scribner.
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
5. Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Twixt Cupid and Cæsus. By Didier. \$1.25. (American News Co.)
3. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. Scribner.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. \$1.00. (Houghton.)
6. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. Lippincott.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt & Co.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. Kindergarten Books.
5. Books on Assaying, Minerals and Mining.
6. Books on Finance.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone & Co.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Knight of the Nets. By Barr. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TORONTO, ONT.

1. The Gray Man. By Crockett. 75 cts.; paper, \$1.25, cloth. (Unwin's Colonial Edition.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (F. H. Revell Co.)*
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By Mason. 75 cts. and \$1.50. (Macmillan's Colonial Edition.)
5. Flotsam. By Merriman. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Longman's Colonial Edition.)
6. Illumination. By Frederic. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Heinemann's Colonial Edition.)

* Canadian copyright.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Constantinople. By De Amicis. \$5.00. (Coates.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Year in Fields. By Burroughs. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY.

- ABBOTT, LYMAN.—Christianity and Social Problems. 16mo, pp. viii-370, \$1.25.
Houghton, M.
- Book of Job, The. With Designs by Herbert Granville Fell and an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. 4to, \$3.50 net.Dodd, M.
- Book of Ruth, The. Pictured and Designed by W. B. MacDougal. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. 4to, \$3.50 net.Dodd, M.
- COOKE, R. J.—The Historic Episcopate: a Study of Anglican Claims and Methodist Orders. 12mo, pp. iv-224, \$1.00. Eaton & M.
- FLOURNEY, Rev. PARKE B.—The Searchlight of St. Hyppolytus: the Papacy and the New Testament in the Light of Discovery. 12mo, pp. 250, \$1.00.Revell
- GORDON, J.—Three Children of Galilee: a Life of Christ for Young People. 8vo, pp. vii-279, \$1.50.Knight
- HARRIS, S.—God the Creator and Lord of All. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. x-579; viii-576, \$5.00 net.
Scribner
- HARRIS, W. T.—The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia. 12mo, pp. xxii-193, \$1.25.Houghton, M.
- HODGES, G.—Faith and Social Service: Eight Lectures Delivered before the Lowell Institute. 12mo, pp. ii-270, \$1.25.Whittaker
- HORDER, W. GARRETT.—The Hymn Lover: an Account of the Rise and Growth of English Hymnody. 12mo, pp. xvi-526, \$1.75 net.
Macmillan
- KNIGHT, W.—By-Paths of Bible Knowledge, XXII. The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Temple. 16mo, pp. 126, \$1.00.Revell
- MOULTON, R. G.—The Judges. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. 18mo, pp. xii-260, 50 cents.Macmillan
- PULLAN, LEIGHTON.—Lectures on Religion. 12mo, pp. iv-342, \$2.00.Longmans, G.
- SPURGEON, CHARLES H.—Sermons on our Lord's Miracles. 2 vols., 8vo, \$5.00.Revell
- TOWNSEND, LUTHER TRACY.—Evolution or Creation: a Critical Review of the Scientific and Scriptural Theories of Creation and Certain Related Subjects. 12mo, pp. 318, \$1.25.Revell
- WAKEMAN, H. O.—An Introduction to the History of the Church of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. 12mo, pp. xx-505, \$2.00.Macmillan

FICTION.

- BARR, AMELIA E.—A Rose of a Hundred Leaves: a Love-Story. 12mo, pp. x-308, \$1.25.Dodd, M.
- BARR, ROBERT.—Revenge. 12mo, pp. x-308, \$1.25.Stokes
- BARRIE, J. M.—Sentimental Tommy. 12mo, pp. viii-478, \$1.50.Scribner
- BARRY, J. D.—The Intriguers: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iv-295, paper, 50 cents.Appleton
- BENSON, E. F.—Limitations: a Novel. 12mo, pp. ii-313, \$1.25.Harper
- BESANT, Sir WALTER.—The City of Refuge: a Novel. 12mo, pp. vi-304, \$1.50.Stokes
- BJÖRNSSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE.—The Bridal March and One Day. 16mo, pp. vi-197, \$1.25.
Macmillan
- BLANCHARD, AMY E.—Betty of Wye. 12mo, pp. 258, \$1.25.Lippincott
- BRAINE, SHEILA A.—To Tell the King the Sky is Falling. Square 12mo, pp. 171, \$1.75.
Scribner
- BROOKS, E. S. and ALDEN, J.—The Long Walls: an American Boy's Adventures in Greece. A Story of Digging and Discovery of Temples and Treasures. 12mo, pp. viii-328, \$1.50.Putnam
- BURGIN, G. B.—Gascoigne's Ghost: a Novel. 12mo, pp. vi-216, \$1.00.Harper
- CRANE, STEPHEN.—The Little Regiment. 12mo, pp. vi-196, \$1.00.Appleton
- CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Takisara. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. iv-309; iv-317, \$2.00.Macmillan
- CROCKETT, S. R.—The Gray Man: a Novel. 12mo, pp. viii-406, \$1.50.Harper
- D'ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE.—The Triumph of Death. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. 12mo, pp. iv-212, \$1.50.Richmond
- DAVIS, J. A.—The Young Mandarin: a Story of Chinese Life. 12mo, pp. 396, \$1.50.
Con. S. S. & Pub. Soc.
- DRAKE, JEANIE.—The Metropolitans. 12mo, pp. vi-267, \$1.25.Century Co.
- EARLE, MARY TRACY.—The Wonderful Wheel. 12mo, pp. viii-152, \$1.25.Century Co.
- EDWARDS, G. W.—Break o' Day and Other Stories. Narrow 18mo, pp. x-163, \$1.00.
Century Co.
- FENN, G. M.—In Honour's Cause: a Tale of the Days of George the First. Large 12mo, pp. 409, \$1.50.Dodd, M.
- FRANCE, ANATOLE.—Tales from a Mother-of-Pearl Casket. Translated by Henri Pène Du Bois. 16mo, pp. vi-247, \$1.25. Richmond
- FRANCIS, M. E.—In a North Country Village. 12mo, pp. viii-263, \$2.00.Little, B.
- FROST, W. H.—The Court of King Arthur: Stories from the Land of the Round Table. 12mo, pp. xii-302, \$1.50.Scribner
- HAGGARD, H. R.—The Wizard. 12mo, pp. x-293, \$1.25.Longmans, G.
- HARDY, T.—Under the Greenwood Tree: a Rural Painting of the Dutch School. 12mo, pp. xii-273, \$1.50.Harper

- HARRIS, J. C.—Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Short Stories Told After Dark by "Uncle Remus." 12mo, pp. x-198, \$1.25. Century Co.
- HARRIS, J. C.—The Story of Aaron (so named), the Son of Ben Ali, told by his Friends and Acquaintances. Square 8vo, pp. vi-198, \$2.00. Houghton, M.
- HARTE, BRET.—Barker's Luck, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. iv-265, \$1.25. Houghton, M.
- HERVEY, M. H.—Amyas Egerton, Cavalier. 12mo, pp. viii-354, \$1.50. Harper
- HUNTINGTON, G.—The Rockanock Stage. 12mo, pp. 551, \$1.50. Con. S. S. & Pub. Soc.
- JAMES, H.—The Other House. 12mo, pp. iv-388, \$1.50. Macmillan
- JEWETT, SARAH ORNE.—The Country of the Pointed Firs. 16mo, pp. vi-213, \$1.25. Houghton, M.
- KING, Capt. CHARLES.—A Tame Surrender: a Story of the Chicago Strike. Narrow 16mo, pp. 277, 75 cents. Lippincott
- LE QUEUX, W.—A Secret Service: Being Strange Tales of a Nihilist. 12mo, pp. 302, \$1.00. Ward, Lock & B.
- LILJENCANTZ, OTTILIE.—The Scrape that Jack Built. 12mo, pp. 248, \$1.25. McClurg
- LILLIE, Mrs. LUCY C.—Elinor Belden; or, The Stepbrothers. 12mo, pp. ii-328, \$1.25. Coates
- LINDEN, ANNIE.—"Gold": a Dutch-Indian Story. 12mo, pp. vi-258, \$1.25. Century Co.
- MACLEOD, FIONA.—Green Fire: a Romance. 12mo, pp. viii-287, \$1.25. Harper
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THE BOOKMAN

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English Editor:—W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

American Editors: { PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, of Columbia College, N. Y.
JAMES MACARTHUR

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1897

New and Attractive Features

A New Serial Story

IN KEDAR'S TENTS

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Sowers"

The great popularity which Mr. Merriman's recent novel, *THE SOWERS*, has won for him in England makes a serial from his pen one of the events of the present year. During the last three months *THE SOWERS* has been selling rapidly, and continues to be the favourite book of the hour. His new novel, entitled *IN KEDAR'S TENTS*, which has been secured for *THE BOOKMAN*, does not fall behind his previous work as a thrilling story of adventure. Mr. Merriman is one of the born story-tellers, and *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* is full of exciting episodes, adventurous incidents, brilliant repartee and dramatic climaxes. The opening scene takes place during the Chartist uprising in England, but shifts quickly to Spain, where the hero of the story becomes involved in a tangle of love and intrigue. *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* has been pronounced by critics who have read the advance sheets to be one of the best serials that have been written for years, and equal to Anthony Hope's *PHROSO*, which held the interest of its readers in *McClure's Magazine* as did no other serial during the past year. The first instalment will appear in February.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN

From Irving to Holmes

By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

For some months back, the Editors have been making arrangements to present to the readers of this magazine a series of papers during the present year, which shall give a more complete, a more exhaustive and picturesque account of the lives of our great American Bookmen who have lived and worked in the present century, than has yet been published. The series will begin with an article on Washington Irving in the February number, and will be continued through the year. Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has been engaged to write these papers, and few men have probably had the training and are so happily situated as Mr. De Wolfe Howe for undertaking this delightful task. An attractive feature of these articles, besides the new material given in the text, will be the addition of new portraits and fac-similes and other interesting illustrations connected with the various authors who are to be considered.

LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS

The series of Living Critics, which has proved a popular one in *THE BOOKMAN* during the past year, will be finished, so far as American and English critics are concerned, with a paper on William Dean Howells by Professor Peck in the February number. These studies, however, will now be extended to Living Continental Critics, about whom very little that is trustworthy has yet been published

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

in English. In embracing this opportunity, the Editors of THE BOOKMAN will bring into this neglected field an amount of fresh material which will be gladly welcomed by all readers. The articles, of course, will be accompanied, as heretofore, by recent portraits.

OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS

By EDWIN M. BACON

It was intended during the past year to follow up the articles on the Old Booksellers of New York, which appeared in THE BOOKMAN in the previous year, with a series of like articles on the Old Booksellers of Boston; but Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, who undertook the work, found the field so much more interesting and extensive in its resources than he had imagined, that it has been impossible for him, until now, to condense his material and put it in shape for a series of articles to be published in THE BOOKMAN. There will be four papers in this series, and a feast of good things can safely be promised, as many interesting facts hitherto unpublished concerning the relations between some of these old booksellers with the historians and litterateurs of New England have been discovered by Mr. Bacon. These papers will be illustrated with portraits, and it is intended to reproduce fac-similes of those contracts made with authors, that are interesting as possessing a curious documentary value.

GENERAL FEATURES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck will contribute, as heretofore, signed articles on topics of immediate contemporaneous interest. Among them will be a critical analysis of the literary work of William Dean Howells (in the February number), papers on "The Americanization of England," "The Progress of 'Fonetik Refawm,'" "An American Play in an English Theatre," and a series of articles under the general title "France and Germany," embodying the results of much careful observation, and replete with significant illustration and anecdote.

Special articles of interest may also be looked for, from time to time, in the future, from those who have already contributed to THE BOOKMAN, and who have undertaken to contribute in the future. Among these are the following:

GEORGE SAINTSBURY	THEO. L. DE VINNE	J. M. BARRIE
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All the other popular features of THE BOOKMAN will be continued, and the Editors—grateful as they are for the recognition which their efforts in the past have evoked—hope, in the coming year, to approach still nearer to the standard of excellence which they have set before them, in their desire to make THE BOOKMAN the most readable, the most authoritative, and the most complete of literary journals.

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In addition to this, the Chap-Book will continue to print stories, poems and essays as before. The department of "Notes" will be continued and enlarged and will appear at the front of each issue. The illustrations are to be limited to portraits, pictures of literary interest and purely decorative designs.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's series of caricatures will be continued throughout the spring, and, from time to time, there will be carefully chosen and printed colored supplements.

Mr. Henry James's latest story, a novellette, will appear in the Chap-Book as a serial, and Mr. Clarence Rook's interviews with literary men, of which the first was on Mr. Bernard Shaw, is to be continued.

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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 5.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Professor Peck's critical analysis of the literary work of Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. De Wolfe Howe's paper on Washington Irving have been unavoidably postponed until next month.

⊗

The *Sun* of this city has been speaking of the late Archbishop of Canterbury as "Lord Benson." This was evidently not written by one of Mr. Dana's Bright Young Men, but by some young man who is not bright at all. Still, if you see it in the *Sun* it's (generally) so.

⊗

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

If, as you say, *Marm Lisa* ends in the November *Atlantic*, are we not entitled to a sequel ?

Dear Mrs. Kate D W. Riggs,
We'd hate to be considered pigs ;
We don't so very much care to know
What came of the Grubb twins here below,
But, oh, do tell us ! Did Mistress Mary
Ever marry the Solitary ?

H. N.

⊗

As a matter of scientific experiment we should like to have Mr. Henry T. Finck write a paper on "The Probable Knowledge of Quaternions among the Pre-Confucian Chinese." Our motive in assigning such a subject to Mr. Finck is a strong desire to see whether he would be able to get beyond the first page without bringing in the beloved name of Herr Anton Seidl.

⊗

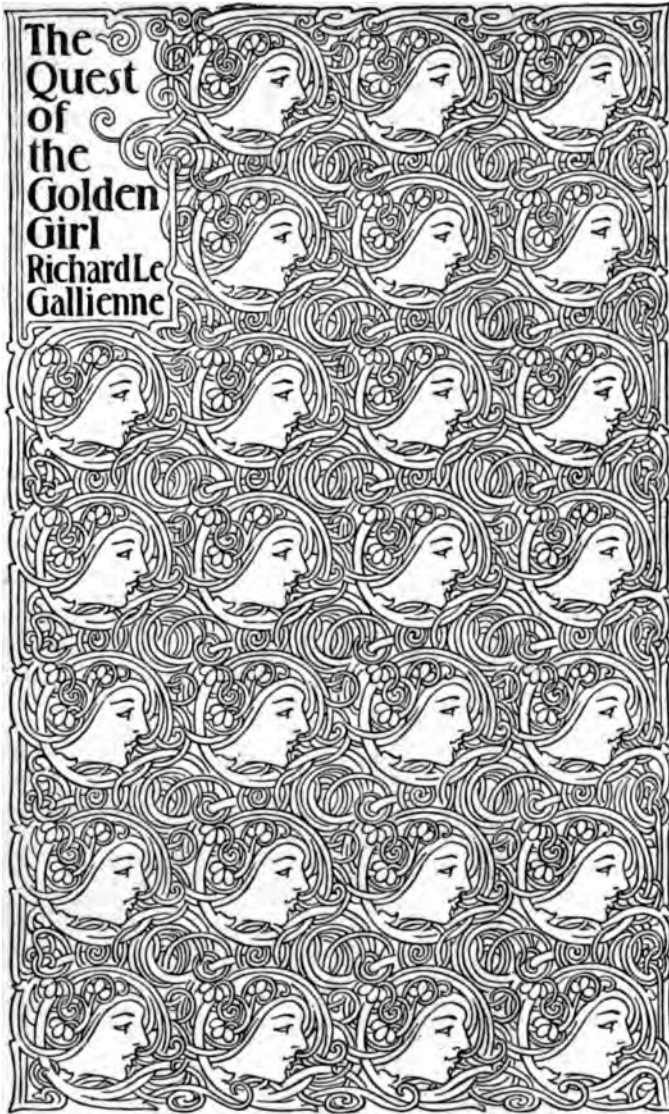
Just a year ago there was published by Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, a book "for wee bits of tykes," which we warmly recommended. We were especially pleased with the illus-

A California Bear Calendar

Illustrated by
James Swinnerton



trations, which had those elements of exuberant fancy and whimsical humour that appeal to the incipient intelligence of the child. The artist, Mr. James Swinnerton, known as "Swin," has this year designed "A California Bear Calendar," which is just as unique, and we have preferred it among all the calendars that have come to us. It is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company, San Francisco, for fifty cents ; and a gorgeous poster in red, green and black goes with it.



The Quest of the Golden Girl, by Richard Le Gallienne, has appeared at last. We expect in our next number to publish a critical review of the book. Mr. Le Gallienne, it may be said, has not had justice done him in America at the hands of the critics. It was rumoured that Mr. Le Gallienne would visit America at the beginning of the year in company with his publisher Mr. John Lane, but we hear that this is very unlikely. His projected lecture tour in America is also still an uncertainty. We understand that Mr. Le Gallienne is one of the most polished and charming speakers on the

platform, and it is averred that when he comes here to lecture he will win a very kind reception. Mr. Will Bradley has drawn a very beautiful cover design for *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, which we are permitted to reproduce.



The cartoon of the "Yellow Dwarf," which is contributed to the last number of *The Yellow Book* by Max Beerbohm, is not very flattering to Mr. Henry Harland. The authorship of the very clever and unorthodox criticisms written by the "Yellow Dwarf" is still enshrouded in mystery, but we repeat what we said months ago when we read the first paper by him, that the "Yellow Dwarf," in spite of denials, is no other than Mr. Henry Harland, the editor of *The Yellow Book*.



Sienkiewicz's new novel, *Quo Vadis*, has met with instantaneous success. It was published only about two months ago, and it is already in its sixth edition. One needs only to refer to the titles on the List of Best Six Selling

Books to note with what frequency it has taken the lead in all the large towns and cities throughout the States.



Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, who publish the works of the Polish novelist, will begin during the year the publication of an entirely new edition of the works of America's great historian, Francis Parkman. It will include more than one hundred full page portraits and plates from original paintings and rare prints, together with a number of pictures made especially for this

edition by eminent artists. Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, upon which he has been engaged for several years, will also issue from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company early in the year. It is to be published in two volumes, uniform with this author's great naval work, entitled *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, and will contain many photogravure portraits.

⊗

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company of London announce a very important work, *A History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present*. It is to extend to four octavo volumes profusely illustrated, under the general editorship of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, of King's College, London. The history of the English navy will be taken up by periods, and each period to be dealt with by a distinguished specialist in naval affairs. Possibly because Mr. Clowes is himself a gold medallist of the United States Naval Institute, he has included among his collaborators two Americans, Captain A. T. Mahan and the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Although the publishers' announcement does not say so, we are able to inform our readers that Captain Mahan will treat of the period covering England's wars with France in the last century, and Mr. Roosevelt the period in which occurred the War of 1812. In other words, the only two periods during which England and the United States have been engaged in war with each other will be described for Englishmen by American writers.

⊗

This is in itself an astonishing thing, and it is bound to lead to a good deal of enlightenment in Darkest England on some points of which Englishmen have hitherto been wholly ignorant, or over which they have always discreetly drawn a veil. From none of the existing works that contain the political and military history of these two periods, and that have been written for English consumption, would the most acute reader glean the idea that the United States had ever had any naval history at all before the beginning of our Civil War. The exploits of Paul Jones, and the feats of Perry, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Porter are always consistently ignored; and the War of 1812,

especially, is spoken of in a casual way as though it began and ended with the burning of Washington and the encounter between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. Even as to events that only indirectly reflect on Britain's prowess, the lofty British mind has seen fit to affect a sort of intellectual amblyopia. For instance, in that volume of the "Story of the Nations" series which deals with the Barbary Pirates, not a word is said to show that the United States ever had any conflicts with them. Why? Because after narrating how Great Britain, like the Continental nations, meekly paid blackmail to those marauders rather than fight them, no Englishman likes to tell how the United States, though at that time weak and almost navyless, firmly refused to buy an ignoble peace, but answered with her cannon the demand for tribute, blew the piratical blackmoors out of the water, and sent a force that marched upon their capital and put an end to their insolence forever. Even American writers (more shame to them!) when writing for an international audience have too often mildly glozed over the facts that might be unpalatable to British ears. Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard University, for instance, in narrating the history of the United States for the new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, speaks of the War of 1812 as though he were half ashamed of what his own country accomplished in the unequal but glorious struggle. He has nothing to say of the battles on Lake Champlain and on Lake Erie, and of the surrender of two British fleets to extemporised American squadrons; and in mentioning the Battle of New Orleans, he seems to give the greater praise to English valour when he euphemistically says that "General Jackson repelled a most gallant attack of the British on New Orleans." "Repelled" is good.

⊗

Now, however, a great light is going to shine into the dark places of the British mind. We are not so sure about Captain Mahan, because he has been greatly cockered by the English during the past few years, and he may not like to mention the fact that Paul Jones swept the commerce of England from the "silver streak," and made the thun-

der of his cannon audible off Flamborough Head. But we think that the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt may safely be trusted to tell the whole of the truth about the War of 1812, in such a way that the most hycephalous Briton will understand it. And this is no spread-eagleism. We Americans in all our histories frankly and regretfully write down the account of the miserable incompetency and worse than folly that characterised so many of our campaigns in that trying contest; and all we ask is that our whilom enemies in their turn should be equally frank in setting forth the other side of the chequered narrative. This is only a demand for that fair play which the English profess to worship, and a recognition of the decent regard that should be given to historic truth.

⊗

More Songs from Vagabondia, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, is as light-



some and untrammelled in its singing as was the first volume, which is now in its third edition.

"Now it's the song of a lover;
Now it's the lilt of a loafer."

It is the rejuvenescent spirit of the author of *Travels with a Donkey*, roaming in "God's green caravanserai," that inspires these comrades to celebrate in song their wanderings under the free

blue heaven. As the poets have it in one of Mr. Meteyard's designs, which adorn the end papers of the book,

"Whose furthest footstep never strayed
Beyond the village of his birth,
Is but a lodger for the night
In this old wayside inn of earth.

"To-morrow he shall take his pack,
And set out for the ways beyond,
On the old trail, from star to star,
An alien and a vagabond"

Quite a large volume of poems, by the way, is promised in February from Mr. Francis Thompson to be published by Messrs. Copeland and Day.

⊗

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has in the press of the same firm a volume of short essays of a speculative and whimsical character on disconnected subjects. The title in good Romany is *Patrins*. A patrin, Miss Guiney says, according to George Borrow, in "*Romano Lavo-Lil*," is "a gipsy trail—handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the gipsies on the road to denote to those behind the way which they have taken." The book will not be published until the spring. The same firm has added a third volume to their luxurious English Love Sonnets Series, being Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

⊗

Prof. William Milligan Sloane is just now very much before the public eye, because of the appearance in book form of the first half of his monumental life of Napoleon, of which a review will appear in the next number of *THE BOOKMAN*, and because of his recent acceptance of a call to the Seth Low Chair of History in Columbia University. He is now in Europe arranging for the simultaneous publication in French and German of his Napoleon. Professor Sloane has had an unusual training for historical teaching, having enjoyed at once broad literary culture, long practice in methods of historical research, and a scarcely less indispensable acquaintance with the world and its affairs. He graduated from Columbia University in the class of 1868, and also studied in Germany, turning his attention at first

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

to linguistic pursuits, and making an especial study of the Latin language and literature and of Semitic. For some time, however, he was the private secretary of the Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, and aided him very effectively in the prosecution of his investigations. This probably turned his mind to history as his life vocation, for although he first held at Princeton University the chair of Latin, he soon transferred his efforts to historical work and accepted the post of Professor of History in that institution. In 1887 the Trustees of Columbia University called him to the Latin chair, made vacant by the death of Professor Charles Short, but he had already so identified himself with another line of work that he declined the offer. Since then his name has steadily gained in eminence, and the publication of his latest book has given him an international reputation, the English and Continental notices being remarkably and unusually cordial in their expressions of praise and admiration.

⊗

In this country, curiously enough, the work has received less general commendation than foreign critics have given it; but when one comes to analyse the reason of this discrepancy, it will be seen to redound altogether to the honour of Professor Sloane. The story of Napoleon has so long been regarded as a sort of historical romance as to make the public await each new life of the great Corsican with an anticipatory hunger for a new sensation. The "general reader," who has had hashed up before him for a number of years a



Yours ever

Wm. H. Sloane

perpetual feast of back-dopiquant anecdote, personal g de-chambre's reminiscences, ing-maid's key-hole chronic come both blasé and history-eyed, so that he forgets the made other conquests than tresses, and that his history thing more than a recapit wardrobe, his personal hab daily bill of fare. Consequ Professor Sloane, while st the picture of this unique keen insight into character, of description, and a perfection of all its dramatic po nevertheless views the the

spirit of a philosophical historian and with perfect poise and sense of proportion, the public, finding his great work so different from the rhyarography of Barras and Masson, is conscious at first of a feeling of disappointment. But this first feeling is, as we said before, in reality a splendid tribute to the scientific character of Professor Sloane's achievement; for, reversing the scriptural precedent, when asked for stones he has given to the world the bread of historical truth.



It has been to many a source of surprise that Professor Sloane could be induced to exchange his chair at Princeton for the Columbia professorship, as he had been so long and so honourably identified with the former university, and had made for himself so exceptional a position there. It is no secret that on the death of Dr. McCosh, Professor Sloane would have succeeded him in the Presidency of Princeton, had not the traditions of that institution required the incumbent of the office to be a clergyman of the Presbyterian faith. The social life of the place is also charming. Yet to one who, like Professor Sloane, is not only a scientific investigator, but in the best and highest sense a cultivated man of the world, the advantages and special attractions of metropolitan life must inevitably be an irresistible magnet. The facilities for research, the special historical collections, and the larger life of a great city could not fail to influence him, and it must besides have been a source of personal gratification to receive a second time so marked a compliment from his own Alma Mater. In any case, Princeton is distinctly the loser and Columbia no less distinctly the gainer by his acceptance of this call; and New York now owes once more a tribute of gratitude to President Low for bringing it about, and again making manifest his almost inspired instinct for always doing exactly the right thing at precisely the right time.



The Von Bulow letters will be published shortly in London by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.



Dr. Conan Doyle, whose new novel, *Rodney Stone*, is reviewed on another page,

has written for the *Strand Magazine* an article of a somewhat biographical character, based upon his experiences during a season upon a Peterhead whaler. It is called "Life on a Greenland Whaler." The title of the new novel which he has written for publication in the London *Queen* in the early part of this year is *Uncle Bernac, a Memory of the Empire*.



Dr. Conan Doyle's method of work is in striking contrast to that of many authors whose contracts are made nowadays until the end of the century—and after. Dr. Doyle rarely pledges himself to write a story, even a short one, until the piece of work he has in hand is entirely finished. Any other course, he says, would put upon him a sense of responsibility which would tell against good results. Such a simple plan should commend itself to any author driven to the borderland of despair by a casual perusal of *Smith on Contracts*.



The February number of the *Idler* will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new serial, entitled *Shrewsbury*. Mr. Weyman has been engaged on the story for more than a year, and those who have seen the manuscript think it is the best thing he has yet done.



In our last September number we gave five illustrations of "Drumtochy" scenes from photographs taken there by Mr. Clifton Johnson for an illustrated edition of Ian Maclaren's two books of Scottish idylls. Mr. Johnson's illustrations to *A Window in Thrums*, also published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and made uniform with the foregoing, ought to give the American readers a very picturesque idea of the background upon which the scenes and characters of these stories are cast. Mr. Johnson has also illustrated a selection of nature pictures from Mr. Burroughs's works for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and still another book, which is all his own, through Messrs. Lee and Shepard. Mr. Johnson was a New England farm boy, and has, with very few exceptions, always lived in a little country hamlet on the banks of the Connecticut River. When fifteen he left school and spent nearly five

years in a book-store in a neighbouring city. It was this familiarity with books that strengthened his artistic and literary bent, and enabled him also to understand better what makes a book attractive in the matter of illustrations. At this time he began to sketch and write, and when he returned to the farm life he kept up the practice, and gradually found his way into periodical literature. His interest in pictorial work led him to study in the New York art schools for several winters. As a help in drawing he purchased a camera and made a series of photographs for a local illustrated work, which proved very successful. This gave him the idea of his first book, *The New England Country*. Since then the Messrs. Appleton have published two books of his, *The Country School* and *The Farmer's Boy*, and an illustrated edition of White's *Selborne*.



Being interested in Mr. Johnson's process of illustrating with a photographic basis, we asked him how he went about it. "I make my photographs," he says, "just as I would select subjects for paintings. I try to have a pleasing composition, an idea and meaning in the subject, and, if there are figures, to have them posed so that they will have the simple naturalness of life as I see it. I avoid sharp, glittering photographs; only those that are mellow and atmospheric are at all suitable for illustration. Then when I get my prints I paint on them with great care, blot out, put in, get all the art and suggestion I can into them. Sometimes I paint over almost the entire surface. Taken all in all, this method of developing life and nature is a very delicate matter; but it seems to me if you go about it in the right way you can get at realities and the heart of things as you can by no other method."



A little book has come quietly into



Clifton Johnson

the book mart during the last few days which, if we mistake not, has some elements of strength and grace and beauty that will gain for it a warm and enduring popularity. *Sir Knight of the*



Golden Pathway, published by the Messrs. Putnam, is primarily a book for children, but also for all in whom the child survives. There is a profound quietness of thought and an atmosphere of delicate simplicity in this story of a knightly boyhood and a queenly womanhood which are bound to arouse interest in its authorship. One feels that the writer of the story can be no other than "My Lady," who gathers the child "Sir Knight" in the royal robes of a beautiful motherhood. The author of this little book is Mrs. Anna S. P. Duryea, wife of the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and of English and Revolutionary descent. From what we gather of her antecedents, her inheritance of mind and character must have been richly endowed. She has written much that has been read before literary clubs, but this is

the first book of hers which she has consented to put into the hands of the general public. It was of her husband, Dr. Duryea, that the *London Graphic* of 1894 said that he was one of the greatest seven preachers in England and America. *Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway* is a book that ought to find a shrine in every home. It strikes a chord in the universal heart, and wherever there has been a little coffin in the house—and whose house has not seen one?—it will bring an evangel of comforting love. Moreover, the seriousness of its convincing truth is clothed with a beauty that must make it shine and live always in the memory. On its artistic side the book is beautifully finished and will make an exquisite gift.



The child in literature has been on the increase lately, judged by the number of books that has been pub-

lished in the interests of children, for which, presumably, the Kindergarten movement is largely responsible. We have had *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., Her Book and Various Verses*, by William Canton; there is *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame, and but recently we have had *A Child World*, by James Whitcomb Riley, each of which is classic in its real comprehension and imaginative grasp of child life. Then Mrs. Moulton has made a selection from her poems, and has published a book of child verse called *In Childhood's Country*, accompanied with illustrations by Ethel Reed. From the press of Mr. John Lane are promised *The Child World*, by Gabriel Setoun, and also a volume of charming little essays on *The Children* by Alice Meynell. On another page there appears a poem by Mrs. Meynell, which will be included in



WOODROW WILSON.

a new volume of her poems to be published by Mr. Lane during the spring.

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Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, has just issued, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a volume of studies entitled *Mere Literature, and Other Essays*. The first three essays are devoted to the study of literature, the remaining essays treating of historical subjects. But these are no fragmentary papers; a deep unity of purpose and method combines the whole, which might be generalised as a statement of the proper aims of literature and of historical study. Professor Wilson was born at Staunton, Va., in 1856, and graduated from Princeton in 1879. Since 1890 he has occupied the chair of Jurisprudence in that University. The articles on George Washington which have been appearing during the past

month from Professor Wilson's historical pen have been gathered in book form and published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. A review of this important work on Washington appears on another page in conjunction with Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *The True George Washington*.

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The accompanying portrait of Washington is taken from a miniature by James Sharpless, and was painted for Washington in 1795, just four years before his death. It was presented by him to Nellie (Calvert) Stuart, the widow of John Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son. Her son, in whose presence the sittings were made, often spoke of the likeness as "almost perfect." The following passage, taken from Mr. Ford's *The True George Washington*, is very interesting in connection with this miniature :

"By 1789 he (Washington) was using false teeth, and he lost his last tooth in 1795. At first these substitutes were very badly fitted, and when Stuart painted his famous picture he tried to remedy the malformation they gave the



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From the Sharpless miniature.

mouth by padding under the lips with cotton. The result was to make bad worse, and to give, in that otherwise fine portrait, a feature at once poor and unlike Washington; and for this reason alone, the Sharpless miniature, which in all else approximates so closely to Stuart's masterpiece, is preferable."

We are indebted to the courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish Mr. Ford's book, for the reproduction of the miniature.



The first instalment of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Story of an Untold Love*, which we were the first to announce



MARGARET OGILVY.

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some months ago, begins in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will be published in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company after its serial issue. By the way, we may say that the article on "James Lane Allen and his Books," to which we referred in our last number as appearing in the December *Atlantic*, did not appear in that number, but is now printed in the January issue. The article was unavoidably held over at the last moment when the *Atlantic* was going to press.

The portrait of Mr. Barrie's mother, which we are permitted to use through the courtesy of the Messrs. Scribner, is taken from a photogravure frontispiece to *Margaret Ogilvy*—"By her son, J. M. Barrie." How much Mr. Barrie owes in his books, "which were written mainly," he says, "to please one woman now dead," to that mother whose image is enshrined in these pages, may be gathered from this little volume. *Margaret Ogilvy* and *A Window in Thrums* must in future go inseparably together. It is, perhaps, the most sacred and intimate portrait drawn from real life to be found in all literature.



Sentimental Tommy will have a sequel in due time, but it is probable that Mr. Barrie will write another and shorter work in the interval, in which he will enter a new field. Whatever he writes will first appear in *Scribner's Magazine*.



At first *Sentimental Tommy* went off rather slowly in England, but, by the end of November it was selling at the rate of four hundred copies a day. Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle* is also going remarkably well on the other side, the first edition of two thousand copies having been sold out within a few weeks.



Titles are very often misleading. At first glance we consigned a beautiful little book with a richly ornate cover, entitled *The Shadow Christ*, by Gerald Stanley Lee, to our theological shelf, but upon examining its contents found that it was as much out of place in a merely theological atmosphere as Browning's *Saul* would be in a scientific one. The book is a deliberate attempt at a poet's interpretation of the Hebrews and their literature, and is very far from being a theological work in the ordinary sense, either in manner or motive. It is published by the Century Company.



As Mr. Zangwill's volume, *Without Prejudice*, comes from the same press, he lays down the wand which has for so long charmed us in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine* under that title, and it is taken up by Mr. Quiller-Couch, who will dur-

ing the year continue to pass in review the *Pall Mall's* panorama of contemporary art and letters, as seen "From a Cornish Window." This will give Mr. Quiller Couch a wider audience, at least in America, than he formerly had when he occupied with distinction the same department in the *Speaker*. The best fruit of these *causeries*, it will be remembered, was gathered in a volume entitled *Adventures in Criticism*, published some months ago by the Messrs. Scribner. We welcome "Q" to the succession of Mr. Zangwill, but please, Mr. A. T. Q. C., we are getting impatient for that great novel. A review of *Without Prejudice* and a new portrait of Mr. Zangwill will appear in our next issue.



Among the promised attractions for 1897 which the *Pall Mall Magazine* offers is one that will arouse interest. It is the serial publication of Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Mr. Hope's *Phroso*, which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* during 1896, will be issued early in January by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. We believe that its popularity will not be far short of that which *The Prisoner of Zenda* has evoked. We understand that this romantic story has also been dramatised by Mr. Hope in collaboration with Mr. Edward Rose.



Messrs. Scribner have already begun the press-work of the sumptuous new subscription edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works, which they recently contracted with the author to produce early this year. For the purposes of this edition Mr. Kipling has entirely rearranged his stories, and among other changes, "In the Rukh" will be placed in its proper position at the end of *The Second Jungle Book*. We hear that Messrs. Scribner propose to call the edition "The Outward Bound." The paper on which the books are to be printed will all be watermarked with Mr. Kipling's initials.



A correspondent suggests, in reference to our quotation from the *London Literary World* in the November Book-MAN regarding the title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, that it is more than likely that the poet took

the title from the splendid line of his own poem.

"For the world is wondrous large, seven seas
from marge to marge."



The test of the great artist is his power to deal with quiet life in the sober daylight. It may be unfair to say that Mr. Kipling is at home only in one dirty corner of India; that whenever he turns his lantern on a virtue he makes respectfully off, and that his only hero so far is the devil. But it is true that in his hotly glowing pictures we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies. Mr. Kipling has unbounded faith in dynamite, but none in heaven. He cannot work without the electric light; with still life Mr. Kipling can do nothing. He has nothing of the calm copiousness of the masters. Always afraid of losing the attention of his readers, he never dares to be quiet; that he sensitively appreciates the use of words is undeniable. We should almost say that he is as great a man in invective in English as Lamennais was in French. But he cannot tread softly the paths that lead up to the inner chamber of the mind, for he does not know them. Nor does he ever stand behind his effects. In the highest style of power the personality sinks and fades. Mr. Kipling signs his story top and bottom and all through. There is an unending sparkle and crackle through his pages. Sir Walter Scott's great passages rise from the level as noiselessly as a mountain.



Mr. Kipling's poetry, which is in some ways more remarkable even than his prose, bears out this view. Without sincerity, tenderness, and self-control the great effects of the poet cannot be produced. Mr. Kipling amazes us often by his strength and brilliance. Some of the snatches prefixed to his stories seem to put him at the head of living singers, and yet we stand in doubt. He never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses written for a wholly different purpose to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law. He is loud, but is he sincere? He makes a hit occasionally, but never



W. H. G. Wells
 H. G. Wells

without making many misses. It is, on the whole, brass band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome. In venturing upon these criticisms we would hasten to add that we do not underestimate his powers; there is no man living who has shown himself possessed of more varied and splendid force. There is always hope for a morning of high passion, and Mr. Kipling may do anything if he finds at last that romance does not vanish when the air is mild and clear and the colour of life is low. As yet he gives the impression of one who has not yet found himself, who is feeling for the spring which, when touched, will disclose the hidden secret of his nature. Our hope for his art is that *he may enter the open gate of that re-*

gion where men learn to think truly of conscience, humility, and death.

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One of the few good stories which deserve to survive the fluctuation after Christmas tide is Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Wheels of Chance*, published by the Macmillan Company. From the outset Mr. Wells has brought to his work a freshness of feeling and sense of wonder which have touched his strange imaginings with novelty and romance. But heretofore the fantastic, the grotesque, the remote have claimed his attention. It is otherwise in *The Wheels of Chance*. For the first time he has sought an adventure, not in other worlds, but in his own, and within the radius of his own vision and experience. The result is a blending of ideality and nature, which is pleasing, entertaining, refreshing in its revelation. What he has done is to take a bit of commonplace humanity and turn on its seemingly contemptible and

unheroic proportions the cathode rays of an illuminating imagination, lighting up the hidden and undreamed-of beauty that lurks in the heart of even "a mere counter jumper, a cad on castors, and a fool to boot." But this is not all. Mr. Wells lets the searching satire of his almost extravagant fancy play about a variety of characters who in turn charm and delight us. If Mr. Wells can develop this vein and strengthen his grasp of creation he will enter the field of fiction to stay. We gave a short account of Mr. Wells's career in *THE BOOKMAN* last June.

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Mr. H. G. Wells was among the guests of the members present at the



COVENTRY PATMORE.

gay and distinguished gathering of the Omar Kháyyám Club, held in London at the end of November. The toast of the health of these guests was very humorously responded to by Mr. Comyns Carr and by Dr. Conan Doyle, who told an old story of Robert Louis Stevenson, though it has been reported as new. Mr. Stevenson asked Dr. Doyle to visit him in Samoa, and being asked how one got there, replied, "You go to America, cross the Continent to San Francisco, and then it is the second turning to the left." This was the first meeting of the Club under its new president and vice-president, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Henry Norman. Mr. L. F. Austin, whose collected chats under the title *At Random* is published here by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company, was the poet of the evening, and concluded with this Omarian sentiment :

"Shapes of all sorts and sizes, still we play
With zest our little masquerade in clay ;
And, as we crumble, cry the Potter quits ;
For fellowship makes merry with Decay."



In view of the recent death of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which took place on November 26th, in his seventy-third year, the following letter of apology, addressed to Mr. Gosse on the occasion of the reunion of the Club, will be read with more than usual interest because of the personality and views of the aged poet.

"It is a great disappointment to me to miss doing honour to FitzGerald and Omar Kháyyám, whom I admire greatly. If I had been with you, while I feasted with you I should

have sought to remind you that nearly all Eastern poetry is more or less mystical and ascetic ; and that wine, love, and liberty, even in this poem, seem to be words for spiritual passions. But I should have delighted, with you, in all that Omar says about what concerns Priests and formal religion. All Poets and Prophets have hated Priests—as a class—and it has been their vocation from the beginning to expose 'ecclesiasticism.'"



The late Coventry Patmore's name will always be more closely associated with his popular domestic epic, *The Angel in the House*, than with any other of his books. In spite of cheap editions, *The Angel in the House* must still be classed among old-fashioned heroines. In days when huge crinolines disfigured the English girls and hansom cabs were thought very improper for ladies' use, when woman's suffrage was only whispered about by a few philosophers, and when many bright eyes were dimmed by crying over Martin Tupper's pathetic platitudes, a young lady's library was not complete without *The Angel in the House*. Comparatively few of the present generation have read this book, but they have seen the volume perhaps in their mother's boudoir, and they have heard enough of its holy repute to fill some interest in the woman who inspired them. Emily Augusta Andrews



"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

—the "angel in the house"—was born on February 29th, 1824, and was married to Coventry Patmore on September 11th, 1847. Herself a woman of literary and artistic sympathies, she was accustomed to visit and receive some of



G. S. STREET.

the most interesting men and women of the day. Thackeray, Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Mulock, and many more were intimately known to her and were attracted by her sympathetic nature. Others, such as Cardinal Manning and Aubrey De Vere, she knew as her husband's friends, but she could not approve their influence. In her sturdy Protestantism she was like Lucy Snowe in *Villette*, and made no secret of her opinions. Among her simple pleasures the growing popularity of these old friends was one of the most valued. It was not until after her death that her husband and children entered the Roman Catholic Church. She died in 1862.



A discussion has been going on in *England among the admirers of Charles*

Lamb over the proper pronunciation of "Elia." It was generally agreed that the accepted pronunciation which makes the word rhyme with "Delia" is wrong; but various opinions were put forward as to how Lamb himself pronounced it. One person asserted that the name is only a by-form of the scriptural name "Elias," and should therefore be sounded "Elia." A letter of Lamb's written July 30th, 1821, was finally exhumed, in which the pronunciation is by him figured as "Ëllia," the name having been borrowed by him from a fellow-clerk, an Italian, at the South Sea House. But the world will doubtless still go on making it rhyme with "Delia."



Mr. G. S. Street, whose portrait, reproduced from *The Yellow Book*, we give on this page, is one of quite a considerable group of writers in London whose early work was first published in the *National Observer*, when that journal was under the editorship of Mr. W. E. Henley. Mr. Street's first book was *Miniatures and Moods*, a little volume of essays reprinted principally from the *National Observer*. This was very shortly followed by *The Autobiography of a Boy*, which was immediately successful, and probably received more unanimous praise than any book by a new writer published during recent years. Mr. Street has since published *Episodes*, a volume of short stories, and *Quales Ego*, another volume of essays. His first long novel, *The Wise and the Wayward*, just issued by Mr. John Lane, is reviewed in another column.



In connection with this, it is interesting to notice the number of books which have been made up of papers collected from the *National Observer*. To mention only a few, there are Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age*, H. B. Marriott Watson's *Diogenes in London*, Harold Frederic's *Mrs. Albert Grundy*, H. D. Lowry's *Prisoners of the Earth*, and Mr. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets*.



Mr. Morrison's new book, *The Child of the Jago*, has just been published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company. The Old Jago is Bethnal Green way, an Alsatia of ruffianism and depravity, the like of which is unknown to English

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

fiction. When the story was running in the *New Review* Mr. L. F. Austin hazarded the opinion that it was a far more terribly faithful picture of hopeless poverty, misery, and crime than *Oliver Twist*. "Dickens, in his studies of the criminal classes," says Mr. Austin, "had an eye on the sentimentalists who believe that a word in season must always turn the vicious to the strait and narrow path. To such readers Nancy was the sop to reconcile them to Bill Sikes. Dramatically that is a good contrast; fundamentally it strikes me as a pale masquerade beside Mr. Morrison's tragedy. Nothing could be better than the description of Josh Perrott's confused sensations at the trial; his answer to the judge's formal question whether he has anything to say before sentence of death is passed, 'No, sir—I done it. On'y 'e was a worse man than me!' is quite a masterpiece of truth and simplicity. It is all horrible and repulsive, no doubt, but that it belongs to a high order of art seems most manifest."

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If all the reading world is busy just now with that fascinating boy whom his familiar friends call "Sentimental Tommy," here is another boy, "Dicky Perrott," the hero of Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago*, between whom and Tommy there is nothing in common except their bondage to the East End Inferno of London, brief in Tommy's case. But never has childhood under a social curse been drawn with such poignant tenderness and beauty as Mr. Morrison has done in Dicky. The passion and the sorrow of his story are the vindication of Mr. Morrison's art, for in this tale of Dicky Perrott he has focussed all the human elements of a problem which mocks at philanthropy and puts our statesmanship to shame.

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Why do the revered English, whenever they wish to poke fun at Americans, harp upon our practice of expressing the second Christian name by its initial letter? This is especially true of the novelists from Thackeray down (very far down) to W. Pett Ridge and Marie Corelli. Thus Trollope in *The Way We Live Now* must dwell upon the fact that his strong-minded American lecturer is named "Olivia Q. Fleabody,"

and Ouida in *Moths* gives us an example to "Anastasia W. Crash" as a American title-hunter. Readers Henry James (whose point of view of course, English) will remember the immortal Daisy's name was



ARTHUR MORRISON.

P. Miller." One would suppose the British mirth over it, that this in nomenclature is wholly American but as a matter of fact it is about common in England as here. We had on our desk at this moment two subscribers of the *Saturday Review*, the hide-bound and intolerantly English all the British journals, and we have over the pages casually. He has written a letter to the editor signed "L. Parker;" here is also a special notice from "Albert D. Vandam." So other, on William Morris, is "Herbert P. Horne;" and a reference to ethics is by "Charles F. D'Arcy" the same number are advertisements for English books by "Dorothy C. Coll," "Robert H. Case," "Walter Harris," "Sydney C. Grier," "L. Moore," "Rosa N. Carey," and others *sic*. The most popular

novelist among certain classes of his countrymen to-day is universally spoken and written of as "Silas K. Hocking," a name that connotes all the traditional attributes of the *Américain pour rire*. The fact is that we find in all this a very characteristic British trait, a fatuous criticism of others for a usage that originated and is perpetuated among themselves. Truly the British beam is very small indeed and the American mote enormous—to a Briton!



In the November number of THE BOOKMAN we congratulated the Boston Library on the independence and good taste of its Committee in rejecting the MacMonnies Bacchante. We then said :

"For our part, we think that the action of the Committee in rejecting it was not only justifiable, but deserving of the highest possible commendation. The artistic merits of the statue do not enter into the question at all. A public library is supposed to stand for the intellectual elevation of the community at large, and to be a purifying and inspiring influence. Hence we fail to see the appropriateness of giving place within its walls to a work of art, however meritorious, whose subject and associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. It would be little more out of place in the vestibule of a church. We congratulate Boston upon the possession of a body of cultivated men who with so much courage and good taste are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition."

Since this appeared, the Committee has reconsidered its action and accepted the statue. We must, therefore, in our turn, reconsider our remarks. It is clear that it is entirely appropriate to set up in a great public library a work of art which suggests drunkenness and lust. It is clear also that Boston does not possess, in its Library Committee at least, a body of cultivated men who are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition.



Mrs. Burton Harrison is to contribute some time during the year several papers to the *Century Magazine* on certain aspects of Russian life. Mrs. Harrison was in Russia last summer, and enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying the higher social side of Russian life at the capital, and her papers will be looked forward to with a degree of interest.

A good deal has been said and written about the late William Morris and his works during the past few months, but so far as we are aware no mention has been made of the fact that it was to the fostering enterprise of the old established firm of Messrs. Roberts Brothers that William Morris was introduced to American readers. As far back as 1867 they published by arrangement with the author *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in 1868 *The Earthly Paradise*, and nearly all the other books of Morris have been published by them since then. A review of his posthumous work just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, *The Well at the World's End*, from the pen of the young Celtic poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, appears on another page.



We are in receipt of the following :

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

I am writing a book on the *Life and Works of Thomas Taylor the Platonist*, which I want to make as exhaustive as practicable. The favour of any information about Taylor's life or writings, the names and addresses of any of his descendants, or inedited letters and manuscripts, by him, will be most heartily appreciated. I am especially desirous to borrow or purchase copies of *A New System of Religion*, Amsterdam, 1789, and *The Spirit of all Religions*, Amsterdam, 1790, which are said to be by Taylor. These titles, perhaps, represent only one book.

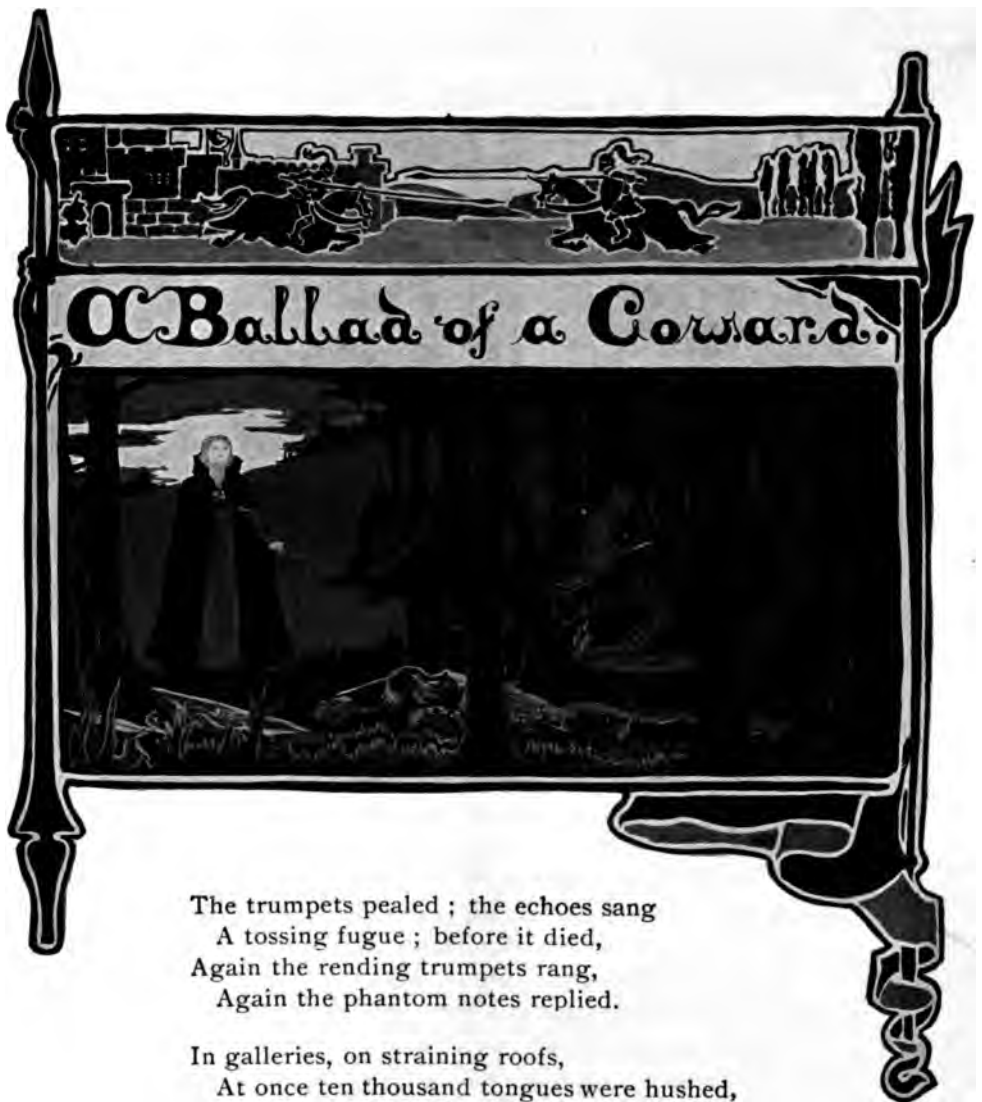
THOMAS M. JOHNSON.

(Formerly editor of *The Platonist*.)

OSCEOLA, Mo., November 16, 1896.



In the series of Contemporary Essayists now appearing from the press of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers (though they have not yet formally so styled it), the third volume will be from the pen of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the fourth by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the fifth, curiously enough, by Mark Twain. Mark Twain as an essayist at first rather excites a feeling of wonder; but running over some of his more serious work, it will readily appear that he is not only an essayist, but a very good one, too. Anyhow, his book will speak for itself and for him. The sixth volume will be from the pen of Professor Harry Thurston Peck. The two already published in this series are Mr. Brander Matthews's *Aspects of Fiction* and Mr. Howells's *Impressions and Opinions*.



A Ballad of a Coward.

The trumpets pealed ; the echoes sang
A tossing fugue ; before it died,
Again the rending trumpets rang,
Again the phantom notes replied.

In galleries, on straining roofs,
At once ten thousand tongues were hushed,
When down the lists a storm of hoofs,
From either border thundering rushed.

But one whose arms were chased and set
With gold and gems, in fear withdrew
Before the fronts of tourney met,
Before the spears in splinters flew.

He reached the wilds. He cast away
His lance and shield and arms of price ;
He turned his charger loose, and lay
Face-downward in his cowardice.

His wife had seen the recreant fly :
She followed, found, and called his name.
"Sweetheart, I will not have you die :
My love," she said, "can heal your shame."

Not long his vanity withstood
 Her gentleness : he left his soul
 To her ; and her solicitude,
 He, being a coward, made him whole.

Yet was he blessed in heart and head ;
 Forgiving ; of his riches free :
 Wise was he, too, and deeply read,
 And ruled his earldom righteously.

A war broke out. With fateful speed
 The foe, eluding watch and ward,
 Conquered ; and none was left to lead
 The land, save this faint-hearted lord.

“ Here is no shallow tournament,
 No soulless, artificial fight :
 Courageously, in deep content,
 I go to combat for the right.”

The hosts encountered : trumpets spoke ;
 Drums called aloud ; the air was torn
 With cannon, light by stifling smoke
 Estopped, and shrieking battle born.

But he ? He was not in the van !
 The vision of his child and wife ?
 Even that deserted him. He ran—
 The coward ran to save his life.

The lowliest men would sooner face
 A thousand dreadful deaths, than come
 Before their loved ones in disgrace ;
 Yet this sad coward hurried home :

For, as he fled, his cunning heart
 Declared he might be happy yet
 In some retreat where Love and Art
 Should swathe his soul against regret.

“ My wife ! my son ! For their dear sakes,”
 He thought, “ I save myself by flight.”
 He reached his place. “ What comet shakes
 Its baleful tresses on the night

Above my towers ?” Alas, the foe
 Had been before with sword and fire !
 His loved ones in their blood lay low :
 Their dwelling was their funeral pyre.

Then he betook him to a hill
 Which in his happy times had been
 His silent friend, meaning to kill
 Himself upon its bosom green.

But an old mood at every tread
 Awoke ; and with assured device

- The wretched coward's cunning head
Distilled it into cowardice.
- " A snowy owl on silent wings
Sweeps by ; and ah ! I know the tune
The wayward night-wind sweetly sings
And dreaming birds in coverts croon.
- " The cocks their muffled catches crow ;
The river ripples dark and bright ;
I hear the pastured oxen low,
And the whole rumour of the night.
- " The moon comes from the wind-swept hearth
Of heaven ; the stars beside her soar ;
The seas and harvests of the earth
About her shadowy footsteps pour.
- " But though remembrances, all wet
With happy tears, their tendrils coil
Close round my heart ; though I be set
And rooted in the ruddy soil,
- " My pulses with the planets leap ;
The veil is rent before my face ;
My aching nerves are mortised deep
In furthest cavities of space ;
- " Through the pervading ether speed
My thoughts that now the stars rehearse ;
And should I take my life, the deed
Would disarray the universe."
- Gross cowardice ! Hope, while we breathe,
Can make the meanest prize his breath,
And still with starry garlands wreath
The nakedness of life and death.
- He wandered vaguely for a while ;
Then thought at last to hide his shame
And self-contempt far in an isle
Among the outer deeps ; but came,
Even there, upon a seaboard dim,
Where like the slowly ebbing tide
That weltered on the ocean's rim
With sanguine hues of sunset dyed,
The war still lingered. Suddenly,
Ere he could run, the ruddy foam
Of battle burst about him : he,
Scarce knowing what he did, struck home,
As those he helped began to fly,
Bidding him follow. " Nay," he said ;
" Nay ; I die fighting—even I !"
And happy and amazed fell dead.

John Davidson.

FREDERICK SAUNDERS OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEST AMERICAN LIBRARIAN.



*Your very truly
F. Saunders.*

Frederick Saunders, who has just retired from the Astor Library, New York, is the oldest librarian in this country. He was born in London, England, in 1807, and is consequently ninety years of age; but he is blessed with a good constitution, and so well has he cared for his health that he does not appear to be over sixty-five years of age. Up to his retirement he attended to his duties at the Library every day, and would talk interestingly about the famous literary men whom he has met during his long life. His father was the senior member of the London publishing house of Saunders and Otley, and he has been connected with the Astor Library

since 1859, when he was made assistant librarian on the personal recommendation of his friend, Washington Irving, whose acquaintance he had made while acting as clerk for George P. Putnam, the publisher.

The first attempt in the United States to secure international copyright was made through Frederick Saunders in 1836. The effort was inspired by N. P. Willis, the American author, and by the senior member of the firm of Saunders and Otley, the father of Mr. Saunders.

"My father's firm," said Mr. Saunders, in telling me the story, "determined to test the supposed protective value of the power of attorney, and sent me to New York, armed with such a legal document, to represent their literary property. Their plan was to open a branch establishment in New York for the protection merely of their own works; but their rights were not respected by other publishers, and the attempt had to be abandoned. A number of British authors had become interested in the movement to secure international copyright to protect the work of their brains, which was being appropriated right and left by the American publishers. They presented several petitions to Congress, the most important one being sent through Captain Wilkes (of the United States Exploring Expedition) to Henry Clay. I had the honour of receiving an autograph letter from Mr. Clay, acknowledging the receipt of the petition, and expressing his wish that it might be successful.

"This important phase of the copyright question has been barely referred to in the history of the efforts to secure international copyright two or three years ago. The petition was signed by many writers who have secured a permanent place in literature. It was prepared by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and by them given to Captain Wilkes to bring to this country.

"The petition set forth that the works of British authors were being appropriated by American booksellers, and were liable to be published in a mutilated

form in order to satisfy the prejudices of American purchasers ; that American authors were injured by the non-existence of an international copyright law, etc. The petitioners cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, whose works had been read (mark the geographical limitations of that day) from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and yet he had received no remuneration from the American public for his labours. The following names were signed to the petition : Thomas Moore, Isaac Disraeli, Benjamin Disraeli, Amelia Opie, Thomas Campbell, Charles Lyell, Harriet Martineau, Mary Somerville, Henry H. Milman, Peter Mack Roger, M.D., Maria Edgeworth, J. Bostock, M.D., Henry Hallam, T. N. Talfourd, M.P., Edmund Lodge, Edward Leighton, Charles MacFarland, William Kirby, Thomas Carlyle, J. S. H. Pardoe, J. S. Grimshawe, Charles White, Henry Lytton Bulwer, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Chalmers, Charles Bell, J. C. Loudon, Anne Marsh, Thomas Keightly, William Howell, S. C. Hall, Anne Maria Hall, J. Montgomery, Joanna Baillie, M. M. Mitford, Allan Cunningham, Charles Babbage, L. Bonaparte, G. P. R. James, William Buckland, Grenville T. Temple, William Prout, M.D., Maria Callcott, G. Griffin, Henry F. Chorley, W. Whewell, Edward Tagart, F.G.S., C. E. Stuart-Wortley, Robert Murchison, the Rev. Professor Vaughan, D.D., of Glasgow, the Rev. G. Skinner, of Cambridge University, England, and Robert Southey.

"Between 1836 and 1838 several other petitions were made to Congress pleading for the measure, signed by leading American writers, with Washington Irving at their head. English books at this time were in great demand, because they cost nothing to the publishers. The English publishers reproduced the works of our best American authors, who were also losers under this condition of affairs. Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Motley, Emerson, Willis, Simms, Lieber, Park Benjamin, Godwin, and Horace Greeley were all strongly in favour of an international copyright.

"The petition of the British authors above referred to was presented to Congress in February, 1837, by Henry Clay, and referred to a select committee whose members were Clay, Webster, Buchanan,

Preston, and Ewing. The committee reported favourably : ' That authors and inventors have,' they said, ' according to the practice of civilised nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontrovertible ; and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be sovereign wherever this property is situated. . . . We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least innovation of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, while those rights that justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the law.'

"No action was taken on this report. After a long struggle with the opposition, and the expenditure of considerable money on the part of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, the effort to secure international copyright was abandoned.

"Washington Irving, whom I knew well, having often met him at Putnam's and the Astor Library, was a man of most kindly disposition. He was a great friend of Mr. Astor ; and he and Dr. Coggeswell, when Mr. Astor desired to render some benefit to the city of New York, probably influenced him to found a library. He remained a bachelor because the young woman to whom he was engaged—Miss Hoffman, the daughter of Judge Hoffman—died just before the date appointed for the marriage. Irving was an unusually good-hearted man. He once saw a boy in his orchard at Sunnyside trying to steal apples. Instead of running out and reprimanding him, he went over to him, saying, ' Here, my boy, you like apples ; let me show you where there are some good ones,' and he led the way to one of the choicest trees. Once, when riding on the Hudson River Railway on his way home, he sat near an Irish woman who had two noisy children. Taking one of them in his arms, he soon succeeded in quieting it. In fact, he was so successful that when he left the car and the woman thanked him, she remarked that he must be a good father. She was greatly sur-

prised to hear him respond, 'I am, unfortunately, an old bachelor.'

"Before he wrote the sketch of Rip Van Winkle he had never visited the part of the Catskills where Rip was supposed to live. Some time after the publication of the article he took a stroll through the neighbourhood. A guide whom he met there solemnly pointed out the spot where the bibulous Dutchman took his long nap, and also showed him Rip's home in a ravine, over the entrance to which was a rude illustration of Rip as he awoke from his long sleep. Irving listened silently, and, it may be imagined, with considerable feelings of surprise, to the remarks of the guide; and was pleased to find that his imaginary sketch had been taken for fact.

"I recall one story he used to tell about his travels abroad. He was visiting the Court of St. James's, where only the most distinguished persons are ever presented. In some way or other Mr. Delavan, who kept the Delavan House in Albany, and who was a well-known representative of the temperance cause at that time, had managed, in some strategic manner, to obtain an entrance to the reception. George IV. was the reigning sovereign; when 'Mr. Delavan of New York,' was announced, the king turned on his heel, swinging himself around so that he could face the Lord in Waiting, and inquired in a loud tone of voice, 'And who is Mr. Delavan of New York?' The gentleman referred to was one of the sort not easily abashed, and the leading question did not (so Irving used to say) seem to hurt his feelings; but the other American members of the party were somewhat nervous lest they should be asked to give some account of themselves.

"Irving was quite a diffident man, though he could be very sociable among his intimate friends. At the dinner given to Charles Dickens he was to have made the speech of welcome, but broke down completely after he had uttered only a few words. I do not think that even Dickens ever did himself justice when he read selections from his books. He was really an inferior speaker; but you cannot find all the gifts embodied in one man.

"Irving was a great personal favourite with English authors. He sent a copy of his *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York* to Sir Walter Scott. The

famous novelist wrote him a letter, in which he said that the book had given him an uncommon degree of entertainment, though he admitted that, as a stranger to American politics, he must lose much of the lurking satire of the piece.

"There is one episode connected with my acquaintance with Irving which is peculiarly pleasing, and I only refer to it to show how gracefully he could write a note of acknowledgment, a species of composition which is too uncommon at the present time. About forty years ago I wrote a book called *Salad for the Solitary*. It was a chatty, gossipy book, and full of quotations and illustrations from favourite authors. I sent a copy of this book to Mr. Irving. In acknowledging its receipt, he said, 'I give you my hearty thanks for a salad which is peculiarly to my taste, and which I have relished with something of the curious palate of a literary epicure. I am happy to see that the work meets with general acceptance. I trust its success will encourage you to pursue a line of authorship full of enjoyment in itself and fertile in innocent delight to others. Works of this kind, while they call up pleasant recollections to old stagers like myself, are full of suggestions to young minds, and stimulate them to explore the literary regions of which such tempting glimpses are given them.'

"In those early days of American literature authors were very poorly paid, and many of them were glad to have their productions printed simply for the honour and pleasure of appearing in print. N. P. Willis was one of the best-known writers of that period, but he received comparatively little for the work he did, and what he did get he soon spent. While he was in London he lived the life of a man of fashion. Many a time I have seen him drive up to my father's publishing house in a cab, which was considered quite an extravagance, certainly for an author, in those days. He was often in the company of some sprig of the nobility with whom he was going to dine. He was a handsome man, and found no difficulty in getting into society and becoming a diner-out. But the descriptions he afterwards wrote in his newspaper, the *New York Home Journal*, of the people he had met caused a great deal of ill feeling, and he was looked upon as a man who had betrayed

his friends. Speaking of Madame Anna Bishop, for instance, he said 'she ought to be called Lady Bishop, because her husband is a knight. How she comes to be away from Sir Henry and under the charge of an old gentleman of sixty, who weighs 300 pounds, and who plays the harp divinely, it is each subscriber's business to guess for himself.'

"My experiences in the Astor Library have been interesting. I have seen there some of the unknown curiosities of genius, people whom we did not want to send away, but who were not exactly the type of students we cared to cultivate. I recall particularly one frowsy visitor, a Portuguese, who for three or four years daily came to the Library and always called for the works of Lope de Vega. He would often walk up and down the middle of the hall, gesticulating wildly the meanwhile, simply for the purpose of attracting attention to himself. He never seemed to read the books with much attention, but did a great deal of scribbling on small bits of paper. He was an exile from his country, or away from it for some mysterious reason. Finally, when he was to leave the United States, he came up to see us, and, speaking as any gentleman might speak, said, 'I want to thank you for the kindness and courtesy with which you have treated me since I have been

coming to your library. I am now taking my leave of you.' He left, and we never saw him again.

"I have met and assisted in entertaining many distinguished persons who have visited the Library while travelling in this country. I recall the Prince of Wales and his suite, to whom a private reception was tendered by the Astor family; Prince Napoleon, who bore so close a resemblance to the great Emperor; the Japanese commissioners, who were surprised and delighted at having books shown them containing portraits of some of their distinguished men; the Chinese ambassadors, who made it evident that they were men of refinement and culture; and Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, who was much interested in popular education. All the leading literary men of this country have been frequent visitors in their time: Irving, Bancroft, Everett, Fitz-Greene Halleck, S. F. B. Morse, Longfellow, Emerson, Saxe, Willis, Holmes, Motley, Hawthorne, Greeley, Sparks, and (from England) Dean Stanley, Thackeray, G. P. R. James, Dickens, and Cobden. Charles Sumner wrote to Theodore Parker: 'I range daily in the shelves of the Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a Decameron.'"

George J. Manson.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.*

IN ANSWER TO HIS SONNET "ON READING 'THE PURPLE EAST.'"

Idle the churlish leagues 'twixt you and me,
 Singer most rich in charm, most rich in grace!
 What though I cannot see you face to face?
 Allow my boast, that one in blood are we!
 One by that secret consanguinity
 Which binds the children of melodious race,
 And knows not the fortuities of place,
 And cold interposition of the sea.
 You are my noble kinsman in the lyre:
 Forgive the kinsman's freedom that I use,
 Adventuring these imperfect thanks, who late,
 Singing a nation's woe, in wonder and ire,—
 Against me half the wise and all the great,—
 Sang not alone, for with me was your muse.

William Watson.

* Copyright, 1896, by John Lane.

EMILY.

My darling, thou wilt never know
The' grinding agony of wo
That² we have borne⁵ for thee.
Thus may we consolation tear
E'en from the depth of our despair
And wasting misery.

The nightly anguish thou art spared
When all the crushing truth is bared
To the awakening mind,
When⁴ the galled heart is pierced with grief,
Till wildly it implores relief,
But small relief can find.

Nor know'st thou what it is to lie
Looking⁵ forth with streaming⁴ eye
On life's lone wilderness.⁷
" Weary, weary, dark and drear,
How shall I the journey bear,
The burden and distress?"

O⁸ since thou art spared such pain,
We will not wish thee here again,
He that lives must mourn.
God help⁹ us through our misery,
And give us rest and joy with thee
When we reach our bourne !
December 24, 1848.

Alternative readings: ¹such; ²as; ³felt, known;
⁴and; ⁵exploring, beholding; ⁶tear-dimmed; ⁷life's
wilderness; ⁸then; ⁹relieve.

ANNE.

There's little joy in life for me,
And little terror in the grave ;
I've lived the ling'ring death¹ to see
Of one I would have died to save.

Calmly to watch the failing² breath,
Still hoping² each would⁴ be the last ;
Longing to see the cloud⁵ of death
O'er those beloved features cast.

The cloud,⁶ the stillness that must part
The darling of my life from me.
And then to thank God from my heart,
To thank him well and fervently !

Although I knew that we had lost
The hope and glory of our life,
And now benighted, tempest-tossed,
Must bear⁷ alone the weary strife.

June 21, 1849.

Alternative readings: ¹parting hour; ²struggling,
gasp for, gasp of; ³wishing; ⁴sigh might; ⁵shade;
⁶shade; ⁷weep.

AN ESTRAY.

Well we know, not ever here is a footing for thy dream :
Thou art sick for horse and spear beside an ancient stream ;

For the hearth-smoke in the wild, and the herd-boy's stave ;
For a beauty far exiled, and belief within her grave.

While another sky and ground orb thy strange remembering,
And no world of mortal bound is the master of thy wing,

Dost thou yet thy fate forgive, that the godhead¹ in thy breast
Has this life at least to live as a force in rhythmic rest,

As a seed that bides the hour of obscureness and decay,
Being troth of flower to flower down the long generic day ?

Child whom elder airs enfold, who hast greatness to maintain
Where heroic hap of old may return and shine again,

Oft as stirs across thy heart the too familiar light,
How thy mother's pulses start at the token quick and slight !

Lest captivity be o'er, lest thou glide away, and so
From our tents of Nevermore strike the trail of Long Ago.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

UPON IMPULSE.

The seminary buildings stood just across the meadow from the low lodge-like railway station, and a path led through a gap in the fence across the meadow. People were soberly converging toward its central building, as if proceeding to church.

Among the people who alighted from the two o'clock train were Professor Blakesly and his wife and a tall, dark man whom they called Ware.

Mrs. Blakesly was plump and pretty, plainly the mother of two or three children and the sovereign of a modest suburban cottage. Blakesly was as evidently a teacher; even the casual glances of the other visitors might discover the character of these people.

Ware was not so easy to be read. His face was lean and brown, and his squarely clipped mustache gave him a stern look. His body was well rounded with muscle, and he walked alertly; his manner was direct and vigorous, manifestly of the open air.

As they entered the meadow he paused and said with humorous irresolution, "I don't know what I am out here for."

"To see the pretty girls, of course," said Mrs. Blakesly.

"They may be plain, after all," he said.

"They're always pretty at graduation time and at marriage," Blakesly interpreted.

"Then there's the ice-cream and cake," Mrs. Blakesly added.

"Where do all these people come from?" Ware asked, looking about.

"It's all country here."

"They are the fathers, mothers, and brothers of the seminary girls. They come from everywhere. See the dear creatures about the door! Let's hurry along."

"They do not interest me. I take off my hat to the beauty of the day, however."

Ware had evidently come under protest, for he lingered in the daisied grass which was dappled with shadows and tinkling with bobolinks and cat-birds.

A broad path led up to the central building, whose double doors were swung wide with most hospitable intent.

Ware ascended the steps behind his friends, a bored look on his dark face.

Two rows of flushed, excited girls with two teachers at their head stood flanking the doorway to receive the visitors, who streamed steadily into the wide, cool hall.

Mrs. Blakesly took Ware in hand. "Mr. Ware, this is Miss Powell. Miss Powell, this is Mr. Jenkin Ware, lawyer and friend to the Blakeslys."

"I'm very glad to see you," said a cool voice, in which gladness was entirely absent.

Ware turned to shake hands mechanically, but something in the steady eyes and clasp of the hand held out turned his listless manner into surprise and confusion. He stared at her without speaking, only for a second, and yet so long she coloured and withdrew her hand sharply.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't get the name."

"Miss Powell," answered Mrs. Blakesly, who had certainly missed this little comedy, which would have been so delicious to her.

Ware moved on, shaking hands with the other teachers and bowing to the girls. He seized an early moment to turn and look back at Miss Powell. His listless indifference was gone. She was a fine figure of a woman—a strong, lithe figure, dressed in a well-ordered, light-coloured gown. Her head was girlish, with a fluff of brown hair knotted low at the back. Her profile was magnificent. The head had the intellectual poise, but the proud bosom and strong body added another quality. "She is a modern type," Ware said, remembering a painting of such a type he had seen in a recent exhibition.

As he studied her she turned and caught him looking, and he felt again a curious fluttering rush at his heart. He fancied she flushed a little deeper as she turned away.

As for him, it had been a very long while since he had felt that singular weakness in the presence of a young woman. He walked on trying to account for it. It made him feel very boyish. He had a furtive desire to remain in the hall where he could watch

her, and when he passed up the stairs, it was with a distinct feeling of melancholy, as if he were leaving something very dear and leaving it forever.

He wondered where this feeling came from, and he looked into the upturned faces of the girls as if they were pansies. He wandered about the rooms with the Blakeslys, being bored by introductions, until at last Miss Powell came up the stairway with the last of the guests.

While the girls sang and went through some pretty drills Ware again studied Miss Powell. Her appeal to his imagination was startling. He searched for the cause of it. It could not be in her beauty. Certainly she was fine and womanly and of splendid physique, but all about her were lovely girls of daintier flesh and warmer colour. He reasoned that her power was in her eyes, steady, frank as sunlight, clear as water in a mountain brook. She seemed unconscious of his scrutiny.

At last they began moving down the stairs and on to the other buildings. Ware and Blakesly waited for the ladies to come down. And when they came they were in the midst of a flood of others, and Ware had no chance to speak to them. As they moved across the grass he fell in behind Mrs. Blakesly, who seemed to be telling secrets to Miss Powell, who flushed and shook her head.

Mrs. Blakesly turned and saw Ware close behind her, and said, "O Mr. Ware, where is my dear, dear husband?"

"Back in the swirl," Ware replied.

Mrs. Blakesly artfully dropped Miss Powell's arm and fell back. "I must not desert the poor dear." As she passed Ware she said, "Take my place."

"With pleasure," he replied, and walked on after Miss Powell, who seemed not to care to wait.

How simply she was dressed! She moved like an athlete, without effort and without constraint. As he walked quickly to overtake her a finer light fell over the hills and a fresher green came into the grass. The daisies nodding in the wind blurred together in a dance of light and loveliness which moved him like a song.

"How beautiful everything is to-day!" he said, as he stepped to her side. He felt as if he had said, how beautiful you are!

She flashed a quick, inquiring glance at him.

"Yes; June can be beautiful with us. Still there is a beauty more mature, when the sickle is about to be thrust in."

He did not hear what she said. He was thinking of the power that lay in the oval of her face, in the fluffy tangle of her hair. *Ah! now he knew.* With that upward glance she brought back his boy love, his teacher whom he had worshipped as boys sometimes will, with a love as pure as winter starlight. Yes, now it was clear. There was the same flex of the splendid waist, the same slow lift of the head and steady, beautiful eyes.

As she talked he was a youth of seventeen, he was lying at his teacher's feet by the river while she read wonderful love-stories. There were others there, but they did not count. And then the tears blurred his eyes, he remembered walking behind her dead body as it was borne to the hill-side burying-ground, and all the world was desolate for him.

He became aware that Miss Powell was looking at him with startled eyes. He hastened to apologise and explain. "Pardon me; you look so much like a schoolboy idol—I—I seem to see her again. I didn't hear what you said, you brought the past back so poignantly."

There was something in his voice which touched her, but before he could go on they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Blakesly and one of the other teachers. There was a dancing light in Mrs. Blakesly's eyes as she looked at Ware. She had just been saying to her husband, "What a splendid figure Miss Powell is! How well they look together! wouldn't it be splendid if—"

"O my dear, you're too bad. Please don't match-make any more to-day. Let nature attend to these things," Mr. Blakesly replied with manifest impatience; "nature attended to our case."

"I have no faith in nature any more. I want to have at least a finger in the pie myself. Nature don't work in all cases. I'm afraid nature can't in his case."

"Careful; he'll hear you, my dear."

"Where do we go now, Miss Powell?" asked Blakesly as they came to a halt on the opposite side of the campus.

"I think they are all going to the gymnasium building. Won't you come? That is my dominion."

They answered by moving off, Mrs. Blakesly taking Miss Powell's arm. As they streamed away in files she said, "Isn't he good-looking? We've known him for years. He's all right," she said significantly, and squeezed Miss Powell's arm.

"Well, Lou Blakesly, you're the same old irrepressible!"

"Blushing already, you *dear!* I tell you he's splendid. I wish he'd take to you," and she gave Miss Powell another squeeze. "It would be *such* a match. Brains and beauty, too."

"Oh, hush!"

They entered the cool, wide hall of the gymnasium, with its red brick walls, its polished floor, and the yellow-red wooden beams showing picturesquely.

There were only a few people remaining in the hall, most having passed on into the museum. As they came to the various appliances Miss Powell explained them.

"What are these rings for?" inquired Mrs. Blakesly, pointing at the row of iron rings depending from long ropes.

"They are for swinging on," and she leaped lightly upward and caught and swung by one hand.

"Mercy! Do you do that?"

"She seems to be doing it now," Blakesly said.

"I am one of the teachers," Miss Powell replied, dropping to the floor.

It was glorious to see how easily she seized a heavy dumb-bell and swung it above her head. The front line of her body was majestic as she stood thus.

"Gracious! I couldn't do that," exclaimed Mrs. Blakesly.

"No, not with your style of dress," replied her husband. "I have to pin her hat on this year," he said to Ware.

"I love it," said Miss Powell, as she drew a heavy weight from the floor and stood with the cord across her shoulder. "It adds so much to life. It gives what Browning calls the wild joy of living. Do you know, few women know what that means? It's been denied us. Only the men have known

*"The wild joys of living! the leaping from
rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the
fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of a plunge in the pool's living water."*

I try to teach my girls 'How good is
man's life, the mere living!'"

The men cheered as she paused for a moment flushed and breathless.

She went on: "We women have been shut out from the sports too long—I mean sports in the sun. The men have had the best of it. All the swimming, all the boating, wheeling, all the grand, wild life; now we're going to have a part."

The young ladies clustered about with flushed, excited faces while their teacher planted her flag and claimed new territory for women.

Miss Powell herself grew conscious, and flushed and paused abruptly.

Mrs. Blakesly effervesced in admiring astonishment. "Well, well! I didn't know you could make a speech."

"I didn't mean to do so," she replied.

"Go on! Go on!" everybody called out, but she turned away to show some other apparatus.

"Wasn't she fine?" exclaimed Mrs. Blakesly to Ware.

"Beyond praise," he replied. She went at once to communicate her morsel of news to her husband, and at length to Miss Powell.

The company passed out into other rooms until no one was left but Mrs. Blakesly, the professor, and Ware. Miss Powell was talking again, and to Ware mainly. Ware was thoughtful, Miss Powell radiant.

"I didn't know what life was till I could do that." She took up a large dumb-bell, and extending it at arm's length, whirled it back and forth. Her forearm, white and smooth, swelled into strong action, and her supple hands had the unwavering power and pressure of an athlete, and withal Ware thought, She is feminine. Her physical power has not coarsened her; it has enlarged her life, but left her entirely womanly.

In some adroit way Mrs. Blakesly got her husband out of the room and left Ware and Miss Powell together. She was showing him the view from the windows, and they seemed to be perfectly absorbed. She looked around once and saw that Mrs. Blakesly was showing her husband something in the farther end of the room. After that she did not think of them.

The sun went lower in the sky and flamed along the sward. He spoke of the mystical power of the waving daisies and the glowing greens which no painter

ever seems to paint. While they looked from the windows their arms touched, and they both tried to ignore it. She shivered a little as if a cold wind had blown upon her. At last she led the way out and down the stairs to the campus. They heard the gay laughter of the company at their cakes and ices, up at the central building.

He stopped outside the hallway, and as she looked up inquiringly at him, he said quietly, "Suppose we go down the road? It seems pleasanter there."

She acquiesced like one in a pleasure which made duty seem absurd.

Strong and fine as she was, she had never found a lover to whom she yielded her companionship with unalloyed delight. She was thirty years of age, and her girlhood was past. She looked at this man, and a suffocating band seemed to encircle her throat. She knew he was strong and clean. He was a little saddened with life—that she read in his deep-set eyes and unsmiling lips.

The road led toward the river, and as they left the campus they entered a lane shaded by natural oaks. He talked on slowly. He asked her what her plans were.

"To teach and to live," she said. Her enthusiasm for the work seemed entirely gone.

Once he said, "This is the finest hour of my life."

On the bank of the river they paused and seated themselves on the sward under a tree whose roots fingered the stream with knuckled hands.

"Yes, every time you look up at me you bring back my boyish idol," he went on. "She was older than I. It is as if I had grown older and she had not, and that she were you, or you were she. I can't tell you how it has affected me. Every movement you make goes deep down into my sweetest, tenderest recollections. It's always June there, always sweet and clean. Her death and burial was mystical in its beauty. I looked in her coffin, she was the grandest statue that ever lay in marble; the Greek types are insipid beside that vision. You'll say I idealised her; possibly I did, but there she is. O God! It was terrible to see one die so young and so lovely."

There was a silence. Tears came to her eyes. He could only exclaim; weep-

ing was denied him. His voice trembled, but grew firmer as he went on:

"And now you come. I don't know exactly in what way you resemble her. I only know you shake me as no other human being has done since that coffin-lid shut out her face." He lifted his head and looked around. "But nature is beautiful and full of light and buoyancy. I am not going to make you sad. I want to make you happy. I was only a boy to her. She cared for me only as a mature woman likes an apt pupil, but she made all nature radiant for me, as you do now."

He smiled upon her suddenly. His sombre mood passed like one of the shadows of the clouds floating over the campus. It was only a recollected mood. As he looked at her the old hunger came into his heart, but the buoyancy and emotional exaltation of youth came back also.

"Miss Powell, are you free to marry me?" he said suddenly.

She grew very still, but she flushed and then she turned her face away from him. She had no immediate reply.

"That is an extraordinary thing to ask you, I know," he went on; "but it seems as if I had known you a long time, and then sitting here in the midst of nature with the insects singing all about us—well, conventions are not so vital as in drawing-rooms. Remember your Browning."

She who had declaimed Browning so blithely now sat silent, but the colour went out of her face, and she listened to the multitudinous stir and chirp of living things, and her eyes dreamed as he went on steadily, his eyes studying her face.

"Browning believes in these impulses. I'll admit I never have. I've always reasoned upon things, at least since I became a man. It hasn't brought me much, and I'm much disposed to try the virtue of an impulse. I feel as certain that we can be happy together as I am of life, so I come back to my question, Are you free to marry me?"

She flushed again. "I have no other ties, if that is what you mean."

"That is what I mean precisely. I felt that you were free like myself. I might ask Blakesly to vouch for me, but I prefer not. I ask for no one's opinion of you. Can't you trust to

that insight of which women are supposed to be happily possessed?"

She smiled a little. "I never boasted of any divining power."

He came nearer. "Come, you and I have gone by rule and reason long enough. Here we have a magnificent impulse; let us follow. Don't ask me to wait, that would spoil it all; considerations would come in."

"Ought they not to come in?"

"No," he replied, and his low voice had the intensity of a trumpet. "If this magnificent moment passes by, this chance for a pure impulsive choice, it is lost forever. You know Browning makes much of such lost opportunities. Seeing you there with bent head and blowing hair, I would throw the world away to become the blade of grass you break. There, will that do?" He smiled.

"That speech should bring back youth to us both," she said.

"Right action *now* will," he quickly answered.

"But I must consider."

"Do not. Take the impulse."

"It may be wayward."

"We've both got beyond the wayward impulse. This impulse rises from the profound deeps. Come, the sun sinks, the insect voices thicken, a star passes behind the moon, and life hastens.

Come into my life. Can't you trust me?"

She grew very white, but a look of exaltation came into her face. She lifted her clear, steady eyes to his. She reached her hand to his, "I will," she said, and they rose and stood together thus.

He uncovered his head. A sort of awe fell upon him. A splendid human life was put into his keeping.

"A pure choice," he said exultingly—"a choice untouched by considerations. It brings back the youth of the world."

The sun lay along the sward in level lines, the sky was full of clouds sailing in file, like mighty purple cranes in saffron seas of flame, the wind wavered among the leaves, and the insects sang.

The two looked into each other's faces. They seemed to be transfigured, each to the other.

"You must not go back," he said.

"They would not understand you nor me. We will never be so near a great happiness, a great holiday. It is holiday time. Let us go to the mountains."

She drew a sigh as if all her cares and duties dropped from her, then she smiled and a comprehending light sparkled in her eyes.

"Very well, to the clouds if you will."

Hamlin Garland.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Why wilt thou chide,
 Who hast attained to be denied?
 Oh, learn, above
 All price is my refusal, Love.
 My sacred Nay
 Was never cheapened by the way.
 My single sorrow crowns Thee, Lord
 Of an unpurchasable word.

Oh, strong, oh, pure!
 As yea makes happier loves secure;
 I vow thee this:
 Unique rejection of a kiss.
 I guard for thee
 This jealous sad monopoly.
 I seal this honour thine; none dare
 Hope for a part in thy despair.

Alice Meynell.

ON THE NATURALISATION OF FOREIGN WORDS.

When Taine was praising that earliest of analytical novels, the *Princess of Cleves*, he noted the simplicity of Madame de Lafayette's style. "Half of the words we use are unknown to Madame de Lafayette," he declared. "She is like the painters of old, who could make every shade with only five or six colours." And he asserts that "there is no easier reading" than this story of Madame de Lafayette's; "a child could understand without effort all her expressions and all her phrases. . . . Nowadays, every writer is a pedant, and every style is obscure. All of us have read three or four centuries, and three or four literatures. Philosophy, science, art, criticism have weighted us with their discoveries and their jargons."

This is true enough, no doubt; and one of the strange phenomenons of this nineteenth century of ours is the sudden and enormous swelling of our vocabularies. Perhaps the distension of the dictionary is more obvious in English than in French, for there are now nearly three times as many human beings using the language of Shakespeare as there are now using the language of Molière; and while the speakers of French are compacted in one country and take their tone from its capital, the speakers of English are scattered in the four quarters of the earth, and they use each man his own speech in his own fashion. From the wider variety of interests among those who speak English, our language is perforce more hospitable to foreign words than French needs to be, since it is used rather by a conservative people who prefer to stay at home.

Perhaps the French are at times even too inhospitable to the foreign phrase. A friend of mine who came to the reading of M. Paul Bourget's *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, fresh from the perusal of the German philosophers, has told me that he was pained by M. Bourget's vain effort to express the thoughts the French author had absorbed from the Germans. It seemed as though M. Bourget were struggling for speech, and could not say what was in his mind for lack of words in his native tongue capable of conveying his meaning. Of course it must be remem-

bered that German philosophy is vague and fluctuating, and that the central thought is often obscured by a penumbra, while French is the most precise of languages. Those who are proud of it have declared that what is not clear is not French.

The English language extends a warmer welcome to the foreign term, and also exercises more freely its right to make a word for itself whenever one is needed. The manufactured article is not always satisfactory, but if it gets into general use, no further evidence is required that it was made to supply a genuine want. *Scientist*, for example, is an ugly word (although an invention of Whewell's), and yet it was needed. How necessary it was can be seen by any reader of Mr. F. W. H. Myers's essay on "Science and a Future Life," who notes that Mr. Myers refused resolutely to use it, although it conveys exactly the meaning the author wanted, and that the British writer preferred to employ instead the French *savant*, which does not—etymologically at least—contain his full intention. Mr. Myers's fastidiousness did not, however, prevent his using *creationist* as an adjective, and also *bonism* as a substitute for *optimism*, "with no greater barbarism in the form of the word and more accuracy in the meaning."

Every one who loves good English cannot but have a healthy hatred for the style of a writer who bespatters his pages with alien words and foreign phrases; and yet we are more tolerant, I think, toward a term taken from one of the dead languages than toward one derived from any of the living tongues. Probably the bishop who liked now and then to cite a Hebrew sentence was oversanguine in his explanation that "everybody knows a little Hebrew." I am afraid that Hebrew is "all Greek" to most of those who listen to discourses by bishops. It is said that even a Latin quotation is now no longer certain to be recognised in the British House of Commons; and yet it was an English statesman who declared that, although there was no necessity for a gentleman to know Latin, he ought at least to have forgotten it.

For a bishop to quote Hebrew is now pedantic, no doubt, and even for the inferior clergy to quote Latin. It is pedantic, but it is not indecorous, whereas a French quotation in the pulpit, or even the use of a single French word, like *savant*, for example, would seem to most of us almost a breach of the proprieties. It would strike us, I think, not merely as a social solecism, but somehow as morally reprehensible. A preacher who habitually cited French phrases would be in danger of the council. To picture Jonathan Edwards as using the language of Voltaire is impossible. That a French quotation should seem more incongruous in the course of a religious argument than a Latin, a Greek, or a Hebrew quotation, is perhaps to be ascribed to the fact that the most of us hold the Parisians to be a more frivolous people than the Romans, the Athenians, or the Israelites. And as the essay of Mr. Myers was a religious argument, this may be one reason why his employment of *savant* was unfortunate.

Another reason is suggested by Professor Dowden's shrewd remark that "a word, like a comet, has a tail as well as a head." What a word connotes is often as important as what it denotes; and an adroit craftsman in letters is careful always that the connotations of the terms he chooses shall be in accord with the tone of his thesis. It may be disputed whether *savant* denotes the same thing as *scientist*, but it can hardly be denied that the connotations of the two words are wholly different. For my own part, some lingering memory of Abbott's *Napoleon*, absorbed in boyhood, links the wise men of France with the donkeys of Egypt, because whenever the Mameluke cavalry threatened the French squares the cry went up, "Asses and *savants* to the centre!"

After all, it is perhaps rather a question whether or not *savant* is now an English noun. There are many French words knocking at the door of the English language and asking for admission. Is *littoral* for *shore* now an English noun? Is *blond* an English adjective, meaning *light-haired* and opposed to *brunette*? Is *brunette* itself really anglicised? (I ask this in spite of the fact that a friend of mine once read in a country newspaper a description of a *brunette* horse.) Has *inedited* for *unpublished* won its way into our language

finally? Lowell gave it his warrant, at least by using it in his *Letters*; but I confess that it has always struck me as liable to confusion with *unedited*.

Foreign words must always be allowed to land on our coasts without a passport, yet if any of them linger long enough to warrant a belief that they may take out their papers sooner or later, we must decide at last whether or not they are likely to be desirable residents of our dictionary; and if we determine to naturalise them, we may fairly enough insist on their renouncing their foreign allegiance. They must cast in their lot with us absolutely and be bound by our laws only. The French *chaperon*, for example, has asked for admission to our vocabulary, and the application has been granted, so that we have now no hesitation in recording that Daisy Miller was chaperoned by Becky Sharp at the last ball given by the Marquis of Steyne. So *technique* has changed its name to *technic*, and is made welcome. So *employé* is accepted in the properly anglicised form of *employee*. So the useful *clôture* undergoes a sea-change and becomes the English *closure*.

So *toilette* has been abbreviated to *toilet*; at least, I should have said so without any hesitation if I had not recently seen the foreign spelling reappearing repeatedly in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Amateur Emigrant*—and this in the complete Edinburgh edition prepared by Mr. Sidney Colvin. To find a Gallic spelling in the British prose of Stevenson is a surprise, especially since the author of the *Dynamiter* is on record as a contemner of another orthographic Gallicism. In a foot-note to *More New Arabian Nights* Stevenson declares that "any writard who writes *dynamitard* shall find in me a never-resting fightard."

I should like to think that the naturalised *literator* was supplanting the alien *littérateur*, but I cannot claim confidence as to the result. *Literator* is a good English word; I have found it in the careful pages of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; and I make no doubt that it can prove a much older pedigree than that. It seems to me a better word by far than *literarian*, which Mr. Fitzedward Hall manufactured for his own use "some time in the fifties," and which he has defended against a British critic who denounced it as "atrocious." Mr.

Hall, praising the word of his own making, declared that "to *litteratus* or *litterator*, for *literary person*, or a longer phrase of equivalent import, there are obvious objections." Nobody, to the best of my belief, ever attempted to use in English the Latin *litteratus*, although its plural Poe made us familiar with by his series of papers on "The Literati of America." Since Poe's death the word has ceased to be current, even if it were accepted from him and from a few of his predecessors.

Perhaps one of the obvious objections to *litteratus* is that if it be treated as an English word the plural it forms is not pleasant to the ear—*litteratuses*. Here, indeed, is a moot point: How does a foreign word make its plural in English? Not long ago Mr. C. F. Thwing, writing in *Harper's Bazar* on the college education of young women, spoke of *foci*. Mr. Churton Collins, preparing a book about the study of English literature in the British universities, expressed his desire "to raise Greek, now gradually falling out of our *curricula* and degenerating into the cachet and shibboleth of cliques of pedants, to its proper place in education." Here we see Mr. Thwing and Mr. Collins treating *focus* and *curriculum* as words not yet assimilated by our language, and therefore to assume the Latin plural.

Does not this prove a lack of taste on the part of these writers? If *focus* and *curriculum* are not good English words, what need is there to employ them when you are using the English language to convey your thoughts? There are occasions, of course, where the employment of a foreign term is justifiable, but they must always be very rare. The imported word which we really require, we had best take to ourselves, incorporating it in the language, treating it thereafter absolutely as an English word, and giving it the regular English plural. If the word you use is so foreign that you would print it in italics, then of course the plural should be formed according to the rules of the foreign language from which it has been borrowed; but if it has become so acclimated in our tongue that you would not think of underlining it, then surely it is English enough to take an English plural. If *cherub* is now English, its plural is the English *cherubs*, and not

the Hebrew *cherubim*. If *phenomenon* is now English, its plural is the English *phenomenons*, and not the Greek *phenomena*. If *formula* is now English, its plural is the English *formulas*, and not the Latin *formulae*. If *bureau* is now English, its plural is the English *bureaus*, and not the French *bureaux*.

It is true also that when we take over a term from another language we ought to be sure that it really exists in the other language. For lack of observance of this caution we find ourselves now in possession of phrases like *double entendre* and *nom de plume* and *déshabille*, which the French never heard. And even when we have assured ourselves of the existence of the word in the foreign language, it behooves us then to assure ourselves also of its exact meaning before we take it for our own. In his interesting and instructive book about *English Prose*, Professor Earle reminds us that the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe is not yet an extinct species; and he adds in a note that "the word *levée* seems to be another genuine instance of the same insular dialect," since it is not French of any date, but an English improvement upon the verb (or substantive) *lever*, "getting up in the morning."

An example, even more extraordinary than any of these, I think, will occur to those of us who are in the habit of glancing through the theatrical announcements of the American newspapers. This is the taking of the French word *vaudeville* to designate what was once known as a "variety show," and what is now more often called a "specialty entertainment." For any such interpretation of *vaudeville* there is no warrant whatever in French. Originally the "vaudeville" was a satiric ballad, bristling with hits at the times, and therefore closely akin to the "topical song" of to-day; and it is at this stage of its evolution that Boileau asserted that

"*Le Français, né malin, créa le vaudeville.*"

In time there came to be spoken words accompanying those sung, and thus the "vaudeville" expanded slowly into a little comic play in which there were one or more songs. Of late the Parisian "vaudeville" has been not unlike the London "musical farce." At no stage of its career had the "vaudeville" anything to do with the "variety show";

and yet to the average American to-day the two words seem synonymous. There was even organised in New York in the fall of 1892 a series of subscription suppers during which "specialty entertainments" were to be given; and in spite of the fact that the organisers were presumably persons who had travelled, they called their society the "Vaudeville Club," although no real "vaudeville" was ever presented before the members during its brief and inglorious career. Of course explanation and protest are now equally futile. The meaning of the word is forever warped beyond correction; and for the future here in America a "vaudeville" is a "variety show," no matter what it may be or may have been in France. When the people as a whole accept a word as having a certain meaning, that is and must be the meaning of the word thereafter; and there is no use in kicking against the pricks. Language is made in the library sometimes, it is true, but not so often as it is made on the sidewalk; and, after all, this is fortunate for us, or else we should be stifled by pedantry.

The fate in English of another French term is even now trembling in the balance. This is the word *née*. The French have found a way out of the difficulty of indicating easily the maiden name of a married woman; they write unhesitatingly about Madame Machin, *née* Chose; and the Germans have a like idiom. But instead of taking a hint from the French and the Germans, and thus of speaking about Mrs. Brown,

born Gray, as they do, not a few English writers have simply borrowed the actual French word, and so we read about Mrs. Black, *née* White. As usual, this borrowing is dangerous; and the temptation seems to be irresistible to destroy the exact meaning of *née* by using it in the sense of "formerly." Thus in the *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-88*, collected and arranged by Mr. George W. E. Russell, the editor supplies in foot-notes information about the persons whose names appear in the correspondence. In one of these annotations we read that the wife of Sir Anthony de Rothschild was "*née* Louisa Montefiore" (i., 165), and in another that the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke was "*née* Annie de Rothschild" (ii., 160). Now no one knows better than the accomplished editor of these letters that neither of these ladies was *born* with a given name as well as a family name. It is obvious that he has chosen arbitrarily to wrench the meaning of *née* to suit his own convenience, a proceeding of which I venture to think that Matthew Arnold himself would certainly have disapproved. In fact, I doubt if Mr. Russell is not here guilty of an absurdity almost as obvious as that charged against a wealthy Western lady now residing at the capital of the United States, who is said to have written her name on the register of a New York hotel thus: "Mrs. Blank, Washington *née* Chicago."

Brander Matthews.

IS THE BOOKMAN MISOGYNOUS?

A CRITICISM.

"I hate every woman!" cries Euripides in keen iambics, in a citation of the *Florilegium* of Stobæus. The sentiment was not new with Euripides—unfortunately not new. There was bucolic Hesiod, with his precepts on wife-choosing, before him. Then there was Simonides of Amorgos, who showed the degradation of the Ionian women and not less the degradation of the Ionian men. "Woman is a curse.!" cried Susarion

—the Jews had said it before when they told the story of Eve. Since these there has been a host of misogynists. And last of all is THE BOOKMAN.

Along with Euripides was Aristophanes, the radiant laughter-lover, the juggler with heaven and earth, who flouted the women of Athens in his *Ecclesiazusæ* and *Clouds* and *Thesmophoriazusæ*. Down the line of the centuries our ancestors cast to and fro the same

ball in spite of the introduction into life and literature of romantic love. You find it among the Latins. You catch the flicker of it in the gloaming and the murk of the Middle Ages, even amid the excesses of chivalry and its exaltations. You see it in Martin Luther's injunction to Catherine von Bora—that it ill became a woman, his wife, to lace her dress in front; such independence was not seemly, not womanly. So it continued, on down through Boileau's satire and Pope's *Characters*, till we find the Wizard of the North, who did for his own century what Heliodorus and his chaste Chariclea did for the fourth,—till we find Walter Scott writing in one of his exquisite songs:

“Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust.”

For ages women have been silent. That it is better to be silent than to antagonise seems to have been a part of their cult. Probably they have all along had the pervasive faith of the Mrs. Poyzers of to-day that “heaven made 'em to match the men,” and have seriously believed that men and women being very much alike, their interests are essentially identical—

“they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free. . . .
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?”

One deprecates, therefore, misogynous literature. It is an embattling of forces that should be firmest friends.

Thus it happens that THE BOOKMAN is at fault. In the November number two misogynous sentences stain its fairness, and because they are not the first of the sort, and because they occur on otherwise admirable pages, it is worth while to speak out. Foremost is the phrase “the neurotic caterwauling of an hysterical woman,” on folio 210. Cicero's invective and pathos are said to be perilously near the thing.

Now specialists in nervous difficulties, and our alienists, have not yet determined that there is any marked difference between the neurotic caterwauling of hysterical women and the neurotic caterwauling of hysterical men. Cicero's shrieks would probably rather approximate the men's. We every one of us know the so-called caterwauling of both men and women, and we each one know that they are difficult to bear,

and that it is hard to choose between them. To take an instance in broad cast literature. All in all, and with change of figure, in what way is the patchouly oil of Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal* so different from the essential lubricant of Swinburne's early ballads? Both these writers, we hasten to add, may be seen from another than this common point of view. A mere generous feeling is that by which we consider any record of value to mankind, and everything holy which is a part of the natural order of the world. But this question does not now concern us.

Exactly and scientifically speaking, the neurotic and the hysterical are contradictory terms, for neurotic men and women are said by physicians to be self-forgetting sensitives, zealous, executive, while the hysterics of both sexes are supreme egotists, selfish, vain, and vague. They are uncomfortable, one may repeat, both in personal and literary contact. So is wit at their expense. “If we knew all,” said George Eliot, who was never neurotic and never hysterical, “we would not judge.” And before Mrs. Lewes lifted her voice Paul wrote to the inhabitants of Rome, “Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest.” Nowadays science declares that the man who wears a shirt-collar cannot be well, and equally the same spirit of research will doubtless determine later on that neurosis and hysteria are legacies of foregone generations who found the world out of joint and preyed upon their strength and calmness of nerve to set it right, and that humaneness and fair play, not to speak of a tender sympathy, are their only cures.

The other phrase has to do with “the unauthoritative young women who make dictionaries at so much a mile.” It is on page 267. The sentence reminds one of the wit of the last century; of Pope's studied and never-dying gibes at Lady Mary Wortley Montagu after she had given him the mitten; of Dr. Johnson's “female day,” and his rumbling thunder over “the freaks and humours and spleen and vanity of women;”—of the man whose devotion to his bepainted and bedizened old wife was the talk of literary London. But we are apt to believe the slurs that Pope, Johnson, and their self-applauding co-labourers cast upon what they

commonly termed "females" as deterrent to their fairness, favour, and fame; and the high-noted laugh that sounded from Euphelia's morning toilet, and helped the self-applause and self-gratulation of those old beaux, not infrequently grates upon our nineteenth-century neurotic sensibilities.

An unauthoritative young woman, one may suppose, is one who is not authoritative, not having authority. But what confers authority? Assumption of it? Very often, alas! We have in this blessed republic no Academy, no Sanhedrim, no keeper of the seal of the authority of letters. The young woman spoken of may be—*is* sometimes—as fitted for authority and the exercise of it as her brother. But there is the eternal variation—she does not assume it. Consequently she makes dictionaries at so much a mile. Such work used to be done by drudge men. Now, with the learning women's colleges afford, it is oftenest done by drudge women. The law of commerce prevails; women gain the task because they work for less than men.

But why should men flee? Does this arrangement not afford opportunity for a man now and then to affix his name to her work? We all remember how in the making of the — Dictionary the unauthoritative young woman did the work, and the unauthoritative man wrote the introduction and the authoritative man affixed his signature to it. Do we not all remember that? Then there is the — — — and the — — — —. We do not fear to mention them; we merely pity, and do not,—and we nurse pity, because with Aristotle we believe it purifies the heart. With small knowledge I can count five such make-ups as I have indicated. In one case an authoritative young woman did her part of the work under the supposition and agreement that her name was to appear—and in the end, by a trick, it did not.

The very work of these so-called unauthoritative young women passes in the eyes of a world uninstructed in the present condition of the art of book-making as the work of the so-called authoritative men. It was not this way when the "king-critic" got together his dictionary. Johnson's work evidences *his hand* on every page and almost *in every paragraph*. But things are

changed from that good old time. We now have trusts and monopolies and such forerunners of socialism. Nowadays the duties of an editor-in-chief may be—nay, have been—to ring a hand-bell for each day's beginning and ending of tasks, to keep a sharp eye upon the authoritative and unauthoritative men and women whose brains he has bargained for, and when their work is done, place his name upon the title-page.

Until honour is stronger among man—that is, inclusively, men and women—don't gibe at the unauthoritative young woman writing at so much a mile. She is gentle. Often she is like the etherised dog that licks the hand that lays bare his brain. She will not retort. But she has a vital sense of honesty and dishonesty, and she knows justice. Philosophy sometimes seems inadequate; still it consoles her. In fact, a knowledge of life, which is the residuum of her unauthoritative literary experience, shows her the rare truth of Mr. Howells's insight when he wrote, "There is *no* happy life for a woman—except as she is happy in suffering for those she loves, and in sacrificing herself to their pleasure, their pride, and ambition. The advantage that the world offers her—and it does not always offer her that—is her choice in self-sacrifice." Ten to one—a hundred to one, the young woman is unauthoritative because she is not peremptory, is not positive, is not dictatorial, assumes no airs of authority, is sympathetic with another's egotism, is altruistic, is not egotistical with the egotism that is unwilling to cast forth its work for the instruction and furthering of men save when personal recognition accompanies it. Individual fame seems to her an ephemeral thing, but the aggregate good of mankind eternal.

The beaux of that other century were great in spite of their sneers and taunts at the Clarindas and Euphelias and Fidelias, not on account of them. Now because THE BOOKMAN may be to New York as the *Rambler* was to the London of 1753, or the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Englishman* to Queen Anne's earlier day, let it not deface its pages with misogynous phrase and sentence, and really unsympathetic words regarding women who by some individual misfortune have become literary drudges—but who, after

all, even from THE BOOKMAN's point of view, whether their work is authoritative or unauthoritative, have a vast educational influence in the world at large. "You harshly blame my strengthlessness and the woman-delicacy of my body," exclaims the Antigone of Euripides, according to another citation in the same *Florilegium* of Stobæus we mentioned above, "but if I am of understanding mind—that is better than a strong arm."

The fact that THE BOOKMAN prints this brief plea of an unauthorised advocate for defendants whose case would otherwise go by default serves to prove—what its former folios also show—that its sympathies are really broad, and that there is room in its pages for some other woman than the hysterical woman with neurotic caterwaulings, and the unauthoritative young woman who makes dictionaries at so much a mile.

Kate Stephens.

A BALLADE OF BYGONES.

Into what dim, unlettered night
 Do our romantic idols stray?
 Whither has Trilby taken flight
 And where does Ben Hur's chariot sway?
 The Little Minister is grey;
 No more does Robert Elsmere pose;
 Where do the favourites delay?
 Nay, where is yestermorning's rose?

Forgotten is The Manxman's might;
 And what of Tess do bookmen say?
 The Prisoner of Zenda's plight
 Is one with Fauntleroy's at play.
 Mulvaney, Ortheris! Where are they?
 On Sherlock Holmes the shadows close;
 Why do their memories decay?
 Ah, where is yestermorning's rose?

They walked Romance's flowery height,
 Nor Howells' self could them dismay;
 Made all of sweetness and of light,
 For which Philistines loved to pay.
 Now each his unlamented way
 To libaried oblivion goes,
 And on their tombs we toss a spray
 Of yestermorning's faded rose.

ENVOY.

Prints 'twas not yours the fate to stay
 With all the art the era knows,
 For fame in this decadent day
 Is but as yestermorning's rose.

Edward A. Church.

MY LITERARY HERESIES.

Obedient to the Editors, I write about "My Literary Heresies," though I am not consciously guilty of any. The difficulty is to find a standard of Literary Orthodoxy. There is no Sacred Congregation of the Index, in Literature, to ban sinners against the Catholic Verity. There is not even an Academy in England, a recognised source of authority. One of the Goncourts averred that all literary discussions came, at last, to this, "My taste is better than yours." The Ettrick Shepherd also (according to Miss Repplier, for I cannot verify the reference) described a critic as "bigoted to his ain abeelities." We are all apt to be bigoted to our own abilities, and, in literature, every man deems himself "the measure of the Universe." This theory, if a heresy, is universally, though unconsciously held, and is not a peculiar innovation of the present unworthy scribe.

Let it also be noted that, apart from literary heresies, there are literary sins. The most orthodox Catholic, or Covenantant, in matters of belief, may, in matters of conduct, be little better than the wicked. He may recognise the beauty of holiness, yet may freely break every commandment. Thus I may, and do, admire Shakespeare and Molière, Pindar and Plato, even more than I admire Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli. This frame of mind, I conceive, is orthodox, yet I may read Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli much more frequently than I read Molière and Plato, Pindar and Shakespeare. As a matter of fact I don't; but I *might*, and this would be (I conceive) a literary sin against knowledge, but not a literary heresy. It would be a literary heresy if I said, speaking of the author of *The Manxman*, "A greater than Shakespeare is here;" and speaking of the author of *The Sorrows of Barabbas*, "A greater than Miss Austen or than Sappho is here." Of course either of these judgments may be true, or both may be true, but both would be heretical. Copernicus made heretical observations, which were true for all that. The only standard of literary orthodoxy is the opinion of the ages, and of the best judges. Thus when a reviewer, in the

Academy, I think, called Victor Hugo "the most notorious of nobodies," he was as heretical as he knew how to be, in the circumstances. The ages have hardly had time to give their verdict on Hugo, but the best judges, foreign and domestic, have given theirs, which contradicts that of the reviewer.

Now, accepting the judgment of the ages, and of the best minds, as the test of literary orthodoxy, I may boast that I am no heretic. I believe in the whole creed, in all the great Gods, from Homer to Tennyson, that is, as far as my very limited reading goes. Goethe, Cervantes, Dante, I mainly take in a spirit of faith, not having such familiarity with German, Spanish, and Italian as to justify me in the sin of schism. Even in sips, even in translations, the great Gods are great and worthy of all praise. The ancient classics, thanks to my schoolmaster's assiduity, I *can* read, and, if it be orthodox to admire them, even to idolatry, I am no heretic. But I am a sinner. I read the Greek Anthology more frequently, and with a pleasure more intimate and natural, than I read Æschylus or Sophocles. This is original sin. I know, and do humbly confess, that the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or the *Prometheus*, is, as poetry, worth more than all the tuneful twitters of Meleager, and Rufinus, and Leonidas of Tarentum, and Paulus Silentiarius. I abhor and condemn that heresy of Edgar Poe, that there is no such thing as a good long poem. I worship architectonics and criticism of life, and noble ideas in noble words. But I am a miserable sinner, *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*.

The Old Man, even Adam, in my members, forsakes Sophocles, and hies back to Meleager and Rufinus, to Heliodorus and Rhodocleia. *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* but it is a sin, not a heresy. Besides, we did not read the Anthology at school! Vergil, again, I admire intellectually, and with my heart, but "for human pleasure," I may, in certain moments, prefer Catullus.

Probably my chief heresy, if it be really a heresy, is a distaste (comparatively speaking) for dramatic poetry.

The Roman comedians I have never been able to read with real enjoyment, nay, they generally bore me. But this, too, is a matter of taste, rather than of opinion. I do not maintain that Plautus is inferior to Lucian, but I read Lucian joyfully, and Plautus only when, for any reason of the literary profession, I cannot help myself. The Restoration Comedy, so highly, and, I doubt not, so justly lauded, I have never read at all. It bores me, and I do not believe in constraining our tastes, or in forced and affected admirations. My conduct is simply criminal, I hope to do better and to have a try at Wycherley. I may admire him late in the day, as La Fontaine came late, but with enthusiasm, to Baruch. As to Beaumont and Fletcher, except as lyric poets, I am nearly in the same case. I hold it no heresy to maintain that Shakespeare is an unequal writer—he chose to be so—and that many of his jokes are of a mediæval ineptitude. The plot of *Cymbeline* is absurd; as Madame du Deffand says, it lacks *le sens commun*. The Sonnets contain much contemporary affectation and obscurity. What is great in *Paradise Lost* is the verse, the "organ voice of England," the imagination, the magnificent character of Satan, not the conception of the epic as a whole. That is contemporary, and even sectarian. Dr. Johnson could not stand *Paradise Lost*. I myself prefer, "for human pleasure," Milton's lyrics, sonnets, "Lycidas," "Comus," to his great epic poem, not as rating the latter lower, but as a matter of simple liking. There is, I think, only one epic poet, who forever holds the human attention, in every age and land, and he, of course, is Homer. To believe in him, as a man and a poet, was once orthodox, is now heresy. I may be called a heretic in this opinion; if so, I am a heretic with Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, and all the world, practically, before the French Revolution. For the rest, in Chaucer, Spenser, Coleridge, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, I do most unfeignedly believe, though *parcus cultor*, I confess, of the two earlier poets. As for Byron, if disbelief is a heresy, I am the chief of sinners. I believe in Fielding as, with Scott and Miss Austen, one of the three greatest English novelists. Smollett and Richardson I cannot place so high, even as a matter of intellectual assent,

preferring Thackeray. Of them all, Fielding and Miss Austen are the most perfect and blameless, for the vices of Scott are no new discovery—they were blamed by all of his critical contemporaries—and Thackeray does preach too much, is careless of construction (a mere fault of indolence), and, in spite of his unique style, is frequently reckless of grammar. "Tell me not what too well I know," as Landor says of Catullus, but Thackeray's and Scott's are amiable blemishes.

As to the French genius, from the *Song of Roland* to the best things of Gyp, it "has given me medicines to make me love it;" but alas, not to love Corneille, who is as much of a Roman as of a Frenchman. *Video meliora*, in Corneille; I prefer the Abbé Prévost, *deteriora sequor*. If it be a heresy to rate the Icelandic sagamen, or some of them, as only second (at a vast distance) to Homer, then indeed I am a heretic. And certainly I have not the public with me; the public which, to be sure, knows about as much of the *Iliad* as of the *Njala*.

By "literature," the public, and very many critics, mean new novels, a few poems, and works on philosophical subjects they don't understand, by politicians and other noted amateurs.

But I recognise no standard of orthodoxy in the contests of the yearly book-market. We have not reached the proper point in the perspective; our personal likes, dislikes, jealousies, envies, enmities, friendships, are too much with us, for a serious and permanent verdict. Again, we read new books with little thought of comparison, with slight reflection. Thus *Tribby* amused my vulgar taste extremely when I read it, but I never thought of seriously applying to it a literary touch-stone. It was enough that Mr. Du Maurier, that most deeply regretted man and artist, gave me a happy day. We cannot apply literary touch-stones, standards, comparisons, in a hurry, and, without the possession of such standards in wide reading, ancient and modern, I do not see how we can be critics at all. This opinion also may be a heresy, in our age; it is, however, one to which I am wedded. Indeed, I am conscious of a hundred defects in taste—it is a great defect to be indifferent to the drama; it is, perhaps, another to hate tracts dis-

guised as novels—but, as a matter of intellectual assent, I think that the opinion of the ages and of the best minds is, almost invariably, correct. Against that never may I raise the heels of private judgment.

Nothing can be more orthodox than these conclusions. A sinner I am, of the darkest dye ; but not a heretic. I read modern novels more frequently, alas, than I read Spenser, and Stubbs

and Froude more often than Clarendon, and Macaulay in preference to Titus Livius. The spirit, like Barkis, "is willing" (I am heretical enough to admire Dickens), the flesh is weaker than water. I am like an orthodox but lax brigand of the Abruzzi, yet orthodox I am :

" Even in this faith I choose to live and die "

Andrew Lang.

THE FAIR LITTLE COLLEEN.

" There is one at the door, Wolfe O'Driscoll,
At the door, who is bidding you come !"

" Who is he that wakes me in the darkness,
Calling when all the world's dumb ?"

" Six horses has he to his carriage,
Six horses blacker than the night,
And their twelve red eyes in the shadows
Twelve lamps he carries for his light ;

" And his coach is a coffin black and mouldy,
A huge black coffin open wide :
He asks for your soul, Wolfe O'Driscoll,
Who is calling at the door outside."

" Who let him thro' the gates of my gardens,
Else no entry the strong bolts gave ?"

" 'Twas the father of the fair little colleen
You drove to her heart-broke grave."

" And who let him pass through the courtyard,
By loosening the bar and the chain ?"

" Oh, who but the brother of the colleen
Who lies in the cold and the rain !"

" Then who drew the latch at the portal,
And into my house bade him go ?"

" She, the mother of the poor, sweet colleen,
Who lies in her youth so low."

" What is here, that he dare not enter,
Stands the doors of my chamber between ?"

" Ah, the ghost of the fair little colleen,
Herself from the churchyard green."

Dora Sigerson.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SEVEN SEAS.*

The *Seven Seas* is a garland of poems and songs more or less nautical, to which is hung a pendant of over a dozen new *Barrack-room Ballads*. I have examined it with wonder, reluctant admiration, repulsion, dismay. And, worse, I have promised to write about it—to write about admitted masterpieces which are utterly out of my line, which I can neither understand nor appreciate, which violate the literary principles which I hold most dear. How can I write with even justice—how write anything whatever to the purpose concerning works of genius which it is my wish and fixed intention always to ignore? One can be many-sided; to be every-sided is to be a mass of protoplasm or a humbug. I feel—I almost know—that my first principles are right; but I own that when they are outraged, some chemical process takes place—some effervescence, ebullition, or what not—and a mist of indifference or even prejudice is evolved to blind me to the real merits of the subject under analysis. To be perfectly catholic one must believe everything a little, but nothing very much. One critic is born a Catholic; another a Protestant. Each are useful beacons in their way: the one a steady reflector, too often, perhaps, a revolving light; the other an intermittent flash, which at least serves to measure the darkness. Prejudice is, of course, highly reprehensible, but, after all, is not without its sweet uses. No doubt if we have strong and solid reasons for disliking a work, we ought to stifle that dislike and try to take a proper interest, to put ourself in the author's place, to look out for beauties, to keep our noses against the grindstone until we feel a pleasurable friction, and so on; but we don't—and won't. Not in literature only—in everything. Thus, machinery—I admit it as an ugly, wholesome fact, but ignore it all I can. To this day I have contrived to remain blessedly ignorant of how the steam works the engine. This is prejudice, but surely harmless; for what concern

have I in machines? Why should I admire them against the grain? You lure me down into the engine-room. You explain, you expatiate. I smile, I nod, I compliment, I even put in an intelligent inquiry—for courtesy makes hypocrites of us all; and you think I am vastly interested. But I am not even listening. Furtively closing my eyes against the stupid, shuddering, slavish cranks, and my nostrils against the smell, the smell, the hateful, modern, utilitarian, economically defensible smell, I muse upon white decks and pitchy fragrances, and saffron skies fretted by the slender spars and diaper cordage of the good ships of old.

Well, all this is something more than illustration, and comes near to being an allegory. For what I say to the mechanical enthusiast I would say to Mr. Kipling, if I dared. His earlier prose works, down to *Many Inventions*, I studied with enthusiasm and eulogised in many columns. Of his later prose I have read nothing; of his poetry but a few fragments. And now I find it just what I feared—as clever, as powerful, as utterly inadmissible, beyond my comprehension and remote from my sympathies. Others are more fortunate. Among the appended advertisements I seem to catch at a straw. "The *Barrack-room Ballads*," says a critic, "teem with imagination, they palpitate with emotion. We read them with laughter and tears; the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?" What is? Why, merely all the poetry of all the great poets—the poets whose themes, whose treatment, and whose language were all entirely poetical. With more point might we ask, If the poetry from Homer downward which universal criticism has sanctioned be really poetry, what then is this new school of blood and iron, of slang and profanity? The New Poetry is no more poetry than the New Woman is a woman, or New Caledonia a land o' cakes. It leaves me strangely indifferent. Granted that it "teems with imagination," often grandiose and rich, sometimes, alas, undisciplined and extravagant, I cannot hear it "palpitate."

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1 50.

with emotion," but only throb with the mechanical beat of a high-pressure engine. I shed no tear—not once did I laugh—just now and then a smile at some brilliant flash of wit. The metres are well enough—often modelled on Mr. Swinburne's—but the words are too "cunningly ordered" to "tingle with life" in unsophisticated ears. Many of them I do not understand—the slang, the shibboleths of the fore-castle and the barrack-room, the colonial phrases and allusions, not even all the archaic and far-fetched words which Mr. Kipling loves to revive. Sometimes the "cunning order" seems due to the exigencies of the "throbbing metre," and the result is obscurity and mystification. Alas, this straw avails not! The critic affords no ideas that I dare purloin and adapt.

There remain my careful notes on the several poems. The fire alone shall digest them. For what sincerity can harbour in the less or more of praise doled out to the details of a whole which one dislikes and deplores? Nothing seems left but to hold one's peace, or to hint very briefly—to lay down and substantiate them would require many pages—the grounds of my dissent from the main principles of this new school of poetry.

There is here no question as to those pieces in which Mr. Kipling adheres to orthodox poetical traditions, as in dignified lyrics like his "Dedication" and "Song of Battle," or in such brilliant *jeux d'esprit* as the "Neolithic Age" and the first half of the "Three-Decker," where he compares well with Hood and Præd. My remarks point only to those poems which exhibit most strongly his peculiar powers, tastes, and individuality.

Now, first, as to his spirit, his attitude to men and things as shown in his selection of subjects and the treatment thereof. Suppose we call it the Brutal-Human spirit, of course in no offensive sense. It seems to me that his peculiar province, the domain where he was first pioneer, and will long reign supreme, is the Brute-Man, or Man-Brute, whichever name you prefer. This to his praise—nay, to his supreme glory. For in all men the brute is a part, in many a large part, in some the whole. And to recognise, to teach, to convince, as he has done, that such men are not nec-

essarily less worthy than dogs and horses, that the brute in man is, after all, a noble animal in its way—this is a solid service to morals and to literature. Mr. Bret Harte and his followers (among them Stevenson in his *Wrecker* and *Ebb Tide*) are scarcely rivals; they charmed but did not convince at all. Their Sentimental Ruffian (in whom I have but sparingly believed) is always a refined, sensitive gentleman by birth or by instinct, who has gone to the bad and got crusted over. Mr. Kipling's function is to cut down to the Natural Man through all disguises, and in his conscientious, sternly righteous surgery he rarely fails. But, as I feared long since, he is going and will go too far, carrying the public also with him. His marvellous pictures, so vivid, impressive, and convincing, must perforce tend to make us not only condone, but positively admire the lawless force, the furious passions, the sordid vulgarity, the wildly picturesque sins of the Brute-Man. When reading his greatest tales I felt this as much as you, and, like you, flattered myself by saying: "Away with squeamish prudery! This is honest; this is true; this is natural. Why be ashamed of it?" Were we quite sincere? Did not our enthusiasm savour of the decadence? When in our easy-chairs we gloated over the murderous frays, the hellish frenzies and the mortal agonies, did not the down-turned thumbs of the Roman amphitheatre warn us? More I will not say. But just this much, that the Man which Mr. Kipling has revealed to us is but a part of Humanity—a fine, an interesting, a sympathetic part, but surely not the best part, nor that upon which it profits the multitude to dwell too fondly.

But the main point is this. Mr. Kipling's aims and methods being what they are, prose, not poetry, is his only fit vehicle—prose, which can express fully everything high and low, not poetry, which can only express a few things, though it expresses them exquisitely. Now, is it narrowing too strictly the definition of poetry to put comic and serio-comic songs and the whole music-hall minstrelsy outside the pale? Ought we even to admit satirical verses in the vernacular like the "Biglow Papers"? Or songs which, being aimed to catch the fancy and to be adopted by the vulgar for their pleas-

ure, instruction, and inspiration, are larded with vulgarisms of thought and expression? As to these last I might be doubtful if I thought that Mr. Kipling's soldier-songs were actually displacing the pompous old favourites, such as the "Tired Soldier" and the "British Grenadiers."* Now his poems nearly all come under one of the above heads—most under the serio-comic. As such I have not a word to say against them. My sole, but strenuous objection is that by many (as by the critic quoted above) they are regarded as serious poetry, and that in some unmistakable but indefinable way (apart from orthodox print and binding) they do seem to regard themselves as such. Mr. Kipling is, or pretends to be, so much in earnest; he weaves in so many fine fancies among his deliberate deformities; he at unexpected moments assumes such high ground. I firmly believe that he does mean it for poetry, and has formed some theory of naturalistic composition which I humbly deplore. Narrow verse and raise prose—is our safest maxim. Poetry should never reflect the sordid ideas and coarse expressions of vulgar minds. It can stoop at times with Wordsworth to childlike simplicity, but never to slang; it is powerless to depict low life, because its very nature must destroy the impression of actuality which alone justifies the choice of such subjects. Take one instance—Mr. Kipling's longest, most ambitious piece, "The Mary Gloster." It is built on two bad models, Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Northern Farmer." Now literary usage and a sense of fitness allow *Ceone* and *Tithonus* to reel off their impassioned soliloquies in perfect metre, but how does the vernacular garrulity of a prosaic, shrewd, old money-maker gain by being tortured into verse? It loses the veracity of prose without becoming poetry. But the last dying speech (eleven pages long) of old Gloster is more flagrant. As a prose study it would have been admirable, though his sentimental craze about the funeral is inconsistent with his business

* I have since been informed by a dragoon just returned from India and Egypt that while Mr. Kipling's stories are highly appreciated in the barrack-room (my informant seemed well versed in most of them) the ballads are neglected. "What we sing are the latest songs out, and a few of the old things."

character. Sir Anthony is an ignorant, sordid, vulgar, obscene, impenitent villain, who has made himself and his millions by fraud and avarice. To his genteel son he groans out the tale of his triumphant crimes and sordid grievances; every idea, every image is mean, every expression coarse or revolting. Now I grant that nearly all he says, such a man might and would have said, but, be sure, he would never have said it in rhyme. A grovelling soul without one ray of romance (for the funeral craze was only superstitious monomania), he is valuable only from the realistic veracity of his presentation, and that illusion of veracity is utterly destroyed, when with his last breath he persists in versifying his slang and ribaldry. And yet it has been asked—"If this be not poetry, what is?"

Let this one instance suffice of the error which lies at the root of Mr. Kipling's system. Compared to this his other faults are trifling. Among them is the daring familiarity, in many eyes amounting to profanity, which marked his "Tomlinson," and reappears in the "Last Chantey." There is also a tendency to stereotype the protest against prudery, and to keep up the high-pressure flesh-and-blood tone, by not only calling a spade a spade, but by flourishing one every now and then as a sort of standard, and by an ostentatious coarseness of allusion to the venerable mysteries of generation and maternity, which, after all, is more boyish than manly. That the volume is full of ability, of knowledge of men, of insight, of powerful expression, even of several of the elements which conspire to make great poetry, goes without saying, so I have not troubled to say it. That the author could write such poetry is very possible, but only by adopting new subjects and new methods. My concern has been only with the salient truth which seems to leap to light from every page—namely, that those phases of humanity and its environment which he has made peculiarly his own, and which, revealed in his magic prose, assume well-nigh the glamour of poetry, sink, when weighted with the trammels of verse even by fingers dexterous as his, beneath prose to the level of serio-comic extravaganza.

ROCHEFORT AND BOULANGER.*

The last part of the Rochefort memoirs—that is to say, the whole of Volume V. of the French edition—is devoted to a review of the famous Boulanger episode. As is well known, Rochefort was the General's confidant and adviser throughout that serio-comic affair, and he was, therefore, in a better position than any one else to know the true inside history of those famous intrigues which cost Boulanger his life and Rochefort himself six years of exile. It is doubtful, however, that M. Rochefort has told all he knows. In fact, the memoirs reveal little that is not already public property. M. Rochefort would, in truth, have no interest in disclosing facts that could only incriminate himself.

He begins by enumerating the causes that led to the General's enormous popularity with the masses—a popularity that nearly placed him in the Palace of the Elysée as President or Military Dictator. There were, he says, two causes for this. First, the unpopularity and incapacity of the existing Ferry Ministry, whom the mob held responsible for all France's colonial troubles; second, Boulanger's unequivocal attitude and language toward the hereditary enemy Germany, and also his vigorous and humanitarian reforms while Minister of War. He permitted the soldiers to wear beards and to go to bed later than eight o'clock. He moved to other cities regiments that by favouritism had been allowed to be garrisoned in one place for fourteen consecutive years. "These measures," declares the journalist, "aroused the fury of the reactionaries, and made a popular idol of the man."

Concerning the General as a soldier and a patriot, Rochefort has this to say:

"I, who was the recipient of all Boulanger's secrets, and before whom he unbosomed himself all the more freely because he knew I was incapable of betraying him—I feel it my duty to declare that all the judgments formed regarding him, even the most favourable, are almost completely erroneous. Politics were an indisputable means with him, but entirely secondary. His aim, and the only one he pursued obstinately, was revenge for our disasters and the repossession of our two lost provinces. He

waited only for the moment when, having entirely reorganized the army, he could find an opportunity to put himself at its head and march against the enemy."

Rochefort did not meet Boulanger for some time after the latter's popularity began, and as the pamphleteer was ever eager to seize upon anything or anybody to discredit the government, he was quick to see how a man like Boulanger could be induced to attempt even the wildest schemes. Rochefort seems plausible enough when one is reading him, but his whole career shows him to have been in conflict with every form of government—imperial and republican—and to have had no consistent policy of his own. In other words, Rochefort is an irresponsible meddler in politics, and a dangerous one because of his clever pen.

"I had seen Boulanger only once before he was made Minister," he writes. "The support I gave him in *L'Intransigeant* was, therefore, purely a matter of policy. It was only on the day following the inauguration of the Cercle Militaire, at which he presided, that I was taken to him. After referring in complimentary terms to the magnificent ovation given him by the crowds in the street the previous evening, I gave him this bitter pill to swallow: 'You may be sure that you are eating the best dishes now. I know what popularity is. You'll pay for all these acclamations one day. They will call you traitor and robber; they will insist that you wanted to poison your father so as to inherit quicker. I, myself, after having been borne aloft in triumph, have been accused of burglary and of robbing church poor-boxes.' Boulanger laughed. Yet the troubles I prophesied then were far less than those that came."

When the Schnabele incident took place, Boulanger was the man of the hour. War with Germany seemed inevitable; the *brav' général* and his black horse were hailed as the saviours of France.

"I was among the first," says Rochefort, "to hasten to the General to gather particulars concerning the outrage, and find out what our government proposed to do. I found Boulanger perfectly calm, like a man who has taken a supreme resolution and will not go beyond the limit that he himself has attributed to reconciliation. When I entered he was standing at the door of his office. He closed the door and said: 'If they really mean war, they will always be able to provoke it, even during negotiations. We must therefore mobilise without the loss of a moment's time.' And, in fact, while I was with him he rang his bell ten times to send off messengers with orders. I received, therefore, from my visit the disquieting impression that an absolute rupture with Germany hung only by a thread. And, I am free to confess, Boulanger appeared so full of ardour and so disposed

* *Les Aventures de Ma Vie*. Par Henri Rochefort. Tome v. Paris: Paul Dupont.

The Adventures of My Life. By Henri Rochefort. Eng. trans. 2 vols. New York: Edward Arnold. \$7.50.

to go ahead, that I could not help sharing his enthusiasm."

The extraordinary ovations given to the General by the Parisians alarmed the government beyond measure, and Boulanger was banished to Clermont Ferrand. "This step," says Rochefort, "made a martyr of the General, and founded Boulangism."

"France," writes the journalist, "which believed itself preserved for a long time from military incapacity and dishonest politics, objected to the shameful yoke that the government tried to impose on it, and Boulanger thus became the centre and the pivot of the opposition which arose on every side. The real cause of the government's apprehension was its conviction that if a pretender ventured to undertake an attempt to strangle the Republic, he might be met at the railway station by the same hundred and fifty thousand patriots who made the ovation to the general."

As will be remembered, Boulanger's name was mixed up in the scandal regarding the traffic in the cross of the Legion of Honour, in which Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, was implicated. Rochefort is emphatic in defending Boulanger from the charge. He says:

"It was an infamous and, above all, a stupid calumny. And who was it that started these revolting insinuations; who spread the gossip? General Ferron himself, who, in his quality as Minister of War, should have defended the officer whom he had appointed to the command of the Thirteenth Corps."

Now comes the first "revelation" of the book, the story of how Rochefort and his friends tried to secure power by stratagem. President Grévy had been more than compromised by his son-in-law's escapades. The old man could not succeed in forming a ministry to replace the Rouvier Ministry, which had tried to save Wilson, and resignation appeared to be the only way out of the dilemma. Then the plotters decided to act.

"The election of Ferry to the Presidency seemed imminent," writes Rochefort. "That would be disaster which we must do all to avert. We met at the house of Georges Laguerre, in the Rue Saint Honoré. There were present Laisant, Andrieux, Boulanger, and myself. Clémenceau was also at the meeting, which lasted until three in the morning, and constituted what has since been called 'the historical night,' although we made no pretension to make it part of history. They have pretended to consider our deliberations as the result of a plot. In reality nothing but perfectly legal proceedings were plotted then. We simply wished to wriggle through one of the numerous moth-

holes in the Constitution. This is what it was: When a Ministry has fallen, which happens frequently in our country, it remains at its post to attend to current business until the President succeeds in organising another. Now there is no limit to this state of affairs. The Rouvier Cabinet had just fallen. M. Grévy had the right to wait fifteen days, a month, three months before finding a substitute. It was on this faculty that we based ourselves to organise the *coup* that we were meditating, and which, by unhoped for accident, would have been revolutionary without ceasing to be constitutional. Freycinet, Clémenceau, and a few others having declined the mission to form a cabinet on the *débris* of that just fallen, we presented one to old Grévy, as follows:

"Boulanger for War.

"Laisant for Education.

"Laguerre for Justice.

"On condition of adhering to this list, Father Grévy was secured in the only thing he really cared about—his maintenance at the Elysée. He would send away his son-in-law, and we would present ourselves before the Chamber with a declaration promising constitutional revision in the broadest sense, which implied the suppression of the Senate. We would ask Parliament for a vote of confidence, which, naturally, would be refused by an overwhelming majority. But, although overthrown, Grévy would be entitled to keep us to attend to current business. If the Chamber and the Senate attempted to drag us from our ministerial benches, they would be guilty of sedition. We should be compelled to move the seat of the government to Versailles, and the Parisian population, which never tired of acclaiming Boulanger, being incontestably with us, the parliamentarians would soon be where we wished them to be. Boulanger, who was then in Paris on military business, and was to return to his command at Clermont the following day, was present at these deliberations without taking part.

"Clémenceau, who could not reconcile our anti-parliamentary schemes with his ideas concerning the tribune and legality, showed plainly that night his intention to break definitely with Boulanger, whom he seemed to regard as outside of any solution. When the plan, to which only Grévy's consent was necessary, was definitely settled, I took, I remember, a sheet of paper, on which I wrote down the names of the future ministers as fast as we appointed them. Andrieux undertook to go and propose the list to the old tenant of the Elysée, to whom the Chamber had given notice to quit, and who asked nothing better than to renew his lease. If he entered into our views, instead of the message of resignation that was hourly expected at the Palais Bourbon and the Luxembourg, he would issue a sort of proclamation to the country, in which he would declare that he had finally constituted a Ministry with which he was in perfect sympathy, and which would appear that very day before Parliament."

Grévy, however, refused to be hoodwinked. He replied:

"All I can see in the offers you make me is that you don't want to serve me, but to use me. Once the masters, nothing would be easier for

you than to crush me, and it is probable that you would not hesitate."

"In which," adds the journalist with amusing frankness, "the old gentleman was not mistaken."

Meanwhile Boulanger's popularity with the masses increased steadily. The air was full of rumours of plots and *coups d'état*. The General became candidate for the Department of the Nord, and was elected to the Chamber by the enormous majority of 172,500 votes. Rochefort says:

"That election inaugurated the series of triumphant scrutins which were to avenge the ex-minister for all the base iniquities with which he had been pursued."

Rochefort confesses that he himself wrote most of the General's startling manifestoes. He writes:

"I had rented for the summer a charming little villa, situated in the Bois de Boulogne, at the entrance to the Suresnes Bridge, and almost every morning the General came out on horseback to pay me a visit, accompanied by Count Dillon. They sometimes lunched with my family and me in the garden, and afterward we sat down and prepared manifestoes or replies necessitated by the incessant attacks against him. I usually wrote the replies, and Alfred Naquet wrote the longer speeches. It was Naquet who elaborated together with Boulanger the projects of revision which the general read before the Chamber, and which brought Floquet to the tribune to pronounce his epigram, celebrated for its inanity, 'At your age Napoleon was dead.'"

The crisis and also the end came with the elections of 1889. Boulanger opposed the ministerial candidate Jacques, and the latter was smothered under. Boulanger was the most popular man in France. Something was expected of him at any moment. A march on the Elysée and the proclamation of a military dictatorship was rumoured. Whether Boulanger at any time seriously entertained this idea will probably never be known. Rochefort certainly does not enlighten us, nor do we think he is sincere when he says:

"A *coup d'état* is the act of a government which employs the military and civil forces under its authority to overthrow a Constitution to which it has sworn obedience. Boulanger, not being a Minister, nor even a soldier, and having for him not only his popularity in Paris, but all over French territory, would not have committed any crime in permitting himself to be carried to power on the wave of popularity."

If that were his ambition, Boulanger was not strong enough to live up to it,

for he fled to Belgium directly he heard that a warrant for his arrest had been issued. Regarding his sad end, Rochefort says:

'Later Boulanger took Madame de Bonne-main, who had grown worse, to Brussels, and after a few weeks I received the following telegram: 'All is over. I am very unhappy.' During the two months that separated this death from his own, the general lived as if in a trance. For fear of alarming his family, who suspected his intention, he strained himself to affect gaiety, saying, 'Come, let's sit down to dinner. I'm horribly hungry.' Then he would sit before his plate and play with the food with his fork. . . . He promised his niece that he would not kill himself during the month of October. It was then September 28th. He kept his word, for it was September 29th, in the morning, that he blew his brains out."

A. H.

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.*

There is a certain professional advantage to a new poet in being anonymous as well as deceased. The proclivity of Mabel Loomis Todd for editing the dead, while it is not so valuable to the literary world in this instance as in that of Emily Dickinson, cannot be said to have been misdirected. There are some very good lines in *A Cycle of Sonnets*, though the name is somewhat astronomical and ambitious for this very modest little flight of song.

"As print of noiseless centuries is shown
On the veined crystal—so, dear, I would lead
Through my soul's eras to its present need;
You are so dear to me that you have known
How each new vein within my heart has
grown,
Wrought from the force of pain—nor do I
heed
That side by side with pain this joy you
read,"

is representative of the memorial spirit, the almost historic dignity of a passion that has come to admire itself after many years of brooding.

Under the title of *Skenandoa* Mr. Clinton Scollard has written upon scenes of carnage in an Indian fight of 1741, some gentle and pleasant lines exhibiting a repose in the presence of danger, which

* *A Cycle of Sonnets*. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
Skenandoa. By Clinton Scollard. \$1.25.
Daphne. Three Acts of Singing Nonsense. By Marguerite Merington. The Century Co. \$1.25.
The Garden of Dreams. By Madison Cawein. John P. Morton & Co.

has been popularly attributed heretofore to generals rather than to poets. Mr. Scollard is not at his best in this more or less conscious attempt to do something epic and historic, and it is to be feared that the spirit of the notes which in an inadvertent and unpoetic moment he allowed to be published at the end, has not been confined successfully to the last few pages. His friends have reason to listen for better minstrelsy from Mr. Scollard. They will look forward to the time when he drops his autoharp and resumes his lyre.

Our grandsires little suspected that the miracle play would come to this :

" We are little shepherdesses
Copied out of books of beauty,
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty !

" Toying with our little crookes,
Singing slow-time, singing fast-time,
Wading in Arcadian brookes,
Is our pleasant pastime,"

or that the dignified and long-honoured figure of the devil would degenerate into the Fat Fairy of Marguerite Merington's *Daphne*.

" I act as psychical buffer
'Twixt mortals and fate.
Ah ! sweet is the balm of my drolling,
My rallying, quizzical cheer ;
Ah ! sweet is the task of consoling
At so much a year."

Criticism, as is intimated in the introduction of this very clever singing nonsense, being "knocked into a cocked hat," by the serene and baffling location of the scene in Arcadia, it is only becoming in us to admit at the outset that the dramatic editor of the Arcadian Bookman is the one man in the universe fit to comment upon these very lively lines. But we have had to read them through, and we have our rights. Some of the puns would be very bad even in Arcadia, and the *abandon* of the frivolity would be much heightened in effect by a richer intellectual element in the background and a more manifold satire and cross-reference to life. As a caricature of German opera the little comedy is at its best. It is also interesting as illustrating to the public at large the essential nature of the stage drama in distinction from the literary. Miss Merington has omitted enough ideas to leave room for the music and the stage setting, and her readers will look forward to

seeing on the stage itself the missionary-joy of a real live Fiji monarch, and hearing the songs of the Arcadian shepherdesses as they sing for the continuance of their frivolous lives.

The minor poet who has the daring to face the public with a bold, unexpurgated volume of his scattered work runs the risk of revealing the breadth and scope of his minority. Mr. Cawein's occasional poems have all had the advantage of the great, healthy setting of American common sense, and seeing one at a time in the dreary reaches of under imaginative prose, they have seemed to have a reason for existing, to add in their very extremeness a grace to the general effect of our literary expression. By no means lacking in a very real personality, and not without the spirit of delight in beauty which does much to relieve his faults, Mr. Cawein's work as a whole reveals at the slightest glance a strained and labouring muse hastening breathless through the world for words. The spiritual intensity, which in other men makes the most acceptable balance for this orthographical tirelessness, this stress of phrasing, is not to be found in Mr. Cawein, and the popular habit among minor poets of going about and glaring at nature everywhere for analogies is fatally fixed upon him.

The most obvious revelation of the present volume is the narrowness of the poet's imagination. While his verse is a revel in stars and moons, Mr. Cawein is singularly lacking in the atmosphere of vastness which belongs to these long-recognised tenants of the poet's soul and the heavens. Not possessed of such power as there may be in a moral imagination, the sense of an urgent personal life permeating all his vision, Mr. Cawein is wanting in the resource of mystery. His imagination is unfinite. He shuts life in with his sky instead of letting it out. His stars have never the awful beauty that makes them face in the greater moods of men the other way. They shine, but in "mossy dells." With a mind that is almost morbidly out-doors, he seems to dwell in a continuous dampness of dews, and an endless, unremitting wind blows through every page.

But passing over the wilful figures that flock through his lines, and forgiving him his child sky, his lack of poetic

feeling in publishing poems in a single volume, many of which would have been individually very beautiful, it is a delight to acknowledge the minor originality that invests them all, the beauty of a fancy which, though it lacks the humour to judge itself, wanders through the few experiences of the poet to give them often a distinction which no one can overlook.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S "NEW BALLADS."*

For most of us the best poetry is the poetry which compels happiness, either by its message or its art. A Whitman touches up the lagging spirit like a tonic. An ode by Keats inspires the inexplicable inward delight that "thrill" is a poor word for. Putting John Davidson to the test of message, he is disappointing. Now and then he has voiced a sort of Hill-Topperism which seemed to suggest that something lay heavy on his mind, but he has too much pagan blood in him to linger long on such a theme, and though the divinity of all sexual love is the last word in his *New Ballads*, one is reluctant to believe that his pen is most naturally compelled by such a sentiment. What he suffers from is the Scots disease of metaphysics. And when Mr. Davidson is metaphysical he is minor. A certain strenuousness or austerity also governs most of his moods; not as the linnets does he get to work, but in the exhortative tones of a new evangelist—a provincial one at a street corner on a Sunday night. You would give the world for a jocund hint, but jocundity is not on the cards. Even the manifestations of the seasons are but symbols to such an one. Certain prose papers of Mr. Davidson's proved conclusively that he is *en rapport* with nature, a lover of fields, a student of starshine; and yet in these seventeen sets of verse in his latest book, there is, from first to last, scant evidence of wholesome sympathy with any natural phenomena outside the admittedly wondrous mind of man. You turn to "A Spring Day" and "A Song of the Road," hoping for a relief from the painful tension of "The Artist's Wife" and "A Woman and her Son;" and

* *New Ballads*. By John Davidson. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

you find the Spring song, for all its beauty, utterly lacking the lilt of hope which may be conventional but at least is comforting, and the "Song of the Road" resolves itself into an allegory of life and its broad and narrow ways—very magnificent but dolorous withal. Pegasus in truth was seldom straddled by more melancholy a knight. This objection may be, and probably is, purely temperamental, and there are, fortunately for Mr. Davidson, many who will doubtless derive a sad, sweet joy from the under-current of gloom which is in a ballad like "Piper, Play!"—

"Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road the grimy rout
Tramples homeward, twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Though we be o'erlaboured men;
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
Let us foot it once again."

Yet he would be blind and soulless who would deny that "taking him bye and large" Mr. Davidson is a poet of eminent rank. His failing is the failing of intensity, which is a quality some of his gushing contemporaries have sadly to seek, and if his mental outlook often gives us the vapours, his art and fancy convey the essential happiness. There is hardly a page of this little book on which you do not drop upon thoughts the most delicious, suggestions so startling and direct that they immediately convince you of a hard thinker behind them, whose touch upon the average chord is confident and correct. The "Ballad of the Artist's Wife," the "Ballad of a Workman," "A Mother and her Son," and "The Ballad of Tannhäuser" include his finest flights, and are, apart from their informing sentiment, supremely excellent. The first-named tells of a struggling artist who deserts his wife because

"At length he looked her in the face,
And lo! a woman old and plain!"

leaving her with children, for whom she wrought till she died. He followed them to Paradise, where he found his soul saved by the vicarious sacrifice of his wife on earth—a daring conclusion, but neither human nor divine justice. "The Mother and her Son" are obviously Scots, for they dispute over theological dogma at the woman's death-

bed. "Both were bigots, fateful souls that plague the gentle world." A grimy but splendid performance, with lines in it which spell genius in every word :

"He set his teeth and saw his mother die.
Outside a city reveller's tipsy tread
Severed the silence with a jagged rent ;
The tall lamps flickered through the sombre street.
With yellow light hiding the stainless stars ;
In the next house a child awoke and cried ;
Far off a clank and clash of shunting trains
Broke out and ceased, as if the fettered world
Startled and shook its irons in the night."

Except the "jagged rent" in the silence—which is ingenious but extravagant—this is distinctly fine, and the poem is full of material equally good. Admirable in almost all respects, too, is the "Ballad of the Poet Born," whose harp rusted while he did his duty as he understood it (metaphysics again!), herding and ploughing to feed a mother and sisters who were none the better for his sacrifice. And when his leisure-time came his gift was gone, only responding once—to his swan-song, when

"—he sang of dawn and dusk,
Of midnight and of noon ;

* * * * *

"He sang of peace and work that bless
The simple and the sage ;
He sang of hope and happiness,
He sang the Golden Age."

Here, if anywhere, does Mr. Davidson relax his mood melancholic ; and had he given us no more than this, and perhaps the dainty verses on "A Frosty Morning" and the flashing impressionism of "Winter Rain," he had still claims on our gratitude.

Neil Munro.

THE EDUCATION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.*

Mr. Halleck's book is the outcome of the work done during the past few decades in the localisation of brain functions, or in establishing the relation between certain sensory and motor functions, and corresponding brain centres. It is an attempt to apply the results, real or supposed, to practical education. The whole idea of the book is to shape the education of boys and girls so as to conform with the theories of brain func-

* The Education of the Central Nervous System By Reuben Post Halleck, M.A. New York : The Macmillan Company.

tions and their localisation, and thus to secure the proper brain development to meet the demands upon it. The theory upon which the author's educational system is based is that certain sensory and motor functions of the organism are definitely connected with certain centres of the brain, and can be successfully performed only when those centres are properly developed. To develop them it is proposed to shape educational methods so that the stimulus may operate upon the appropriate centre, and following the general principle of exercise, develop it for better service in the same direction.

The first chapter prepares us for this reconstruction of educational methods, by giving a complete and comparatively satisfactory account of the results in physiological science regarding the connection between brain centres and mental functions ; and having to face the possible accusation of maintaining a mechanical philosophy for mental phenomena, sensory and motor, the author takes the bull by the horns in the second chapter, and shows how many of the bodily actions actually conform to mechanical laws ; in other words, how much of a machine we really are—that is, how dependent certain thoughts and actions are upon adequately developed brain-centres, which observation and experiment have shown or presumably shown to be connected with them. The whole idea is built upon this theory, which may be briefly illustrated in such facts as the connection of aphasia with the temporal lobes of the brain, of vision with the occipital lobes, of voluntary motor action with the region about the fissure of Rolando. These with many similar phenomena suggest a theory of development that has been powerfully confirmed by Professor Donaldson's post mortem examination of the brain of Laura Bridgman, who became blind, deaf, and dumb at a very early age, before any of her mental capabilities could begin their proper development. The centres that were rendered incapable of exercise by her misfortune were atrophied and defective. The conclusion is and was that we must secure the proper exercise for the centres to be "educated" in order to fit them for their proper work in mature life.

The general spirit of the work, as well as some of its direct insinuations,

is that our methods of education require complete overhauling in deference to the physiological and evolutionistic doctrine here laid down. But for myself, I do not see any reason for so much enthusiasm in this line of suggestion. There is undoubtedly a grain of important truth in the author's plan, but it is very much magnified in respect to its capacity for producing great results. It falls well into line with two facts in modern educational methods: (1) Manual training, and (2) physical culture. But I shall venture to say that without the sympathetic support from these two tendencies, the suggestions here made would not receive much attention from any one. They also appropriate the sympathies of all who are ready to attack traditional methods in anything, though they do not know the ground upon which the new proposals rest. But aside from these influences, we do not see that the doctrine of the connection between certain functions and the relative development of the brain-centres is definite enough to support any such proposals in educational methods, especially if they insinuate the need of radical changes. In the first place, we are terribly in the dark about the relation between brain and intelligence. Is it quantitative or qualitative? Is the quantity of intelligence related directly to the quantity of the brain as a whole, or to its quality? Or is intelligence divided up into special kinds and correlated with the special development of certain centres? Or is the quantity of intelligence, general or special, correlated with the complexity and quality of the brain? These are questions that are still variously debated to-day, and before we propose systems of education to develop brain power we must be sure that we have an answer to the correct question. If, as appears from Professor Donaldson's book, quoted freely by the author, the quantity of intelligence is more probably correlated with the quality and complex structure of the brain, the author's proposed reforms cannot hope for much result. If we can act upon the simple maxim that exercise increases the size and efficiency of the organ concerned, the task is very easy, and the case of Laura Bridgman seems a very simple one in favour of such a system. But there are several facts here to be considered which the popular mind does

not notice: (1) Though the want of exercise in vision, hearing, etc., in her case may have resulted in partial atrophy, would the normal exercise have produced as much increase above the natural size of the centre as the lack of it is supposed to have caused a decrease of it? (2) If exercise counts for so much, why are we not able to produce better results than we do with the feeble-minded? (3) Does not the remarkable difference between the two occipital lobes, here mentioned by the author, in the case of Laura Bridgman, corresponding as it does to the difference of time in the loss of sight between the two eyes, though both were lost very early—does not this very difference show that the development is not due mainly to experience or exercise, but to other conditions? The fact is, that in this and all other cases the quality of mind and brain is a more important fact than any amount of exercise, and without it exercise counts for very little, in so far as physical effect at the one point is concerned.

Moreover, this whole question of the localisation of brain functions is not so definitely answered as is implied by the author. A great many experiments seem to make the matter perfectly clear; but, then, others nullify the clear conclusions deducible from these. For instance, it was tolerably agreed for awhile that motor reactions were located about the fissure of Rolando, and that the intellectual functions were carried on in the frontal lobes of the brain. But later experiments seem to show that consciousness may be connected with the motor centres, and if I mistake not, a motor reaction has been obtained from the occipital lobes, which, until this was obtained, were supposed to be purely sensory. Then there is the fact of the restitutions of function in vicarious centres. All these facts decidedly fix limits to the fruitfulness of a system of education founded on the idea that each sensory or motor centre has its own appropriate means of education. Exercise has its value, and it may increase the size of brain centres, but there are undoubtedly such limits to this influence as to require a little humility when proposing so large a scheme as is here suggested. When quality and complexity of brain are added to quantity as desiderata in the problem, we shall find that

we require more than the maxim of the relation between exercise and the amount of brain to satisfy the terms of the problem. This fact is simply crucial to the whole case, and the need of a means to produce quality and complexity of brain is well illustrated in the feeble-minded who do not lack in education, but make less progress than many who have no education at all. I am afraid we have the old problem of creating mind before us, and not in creating brain when the mind is given, and if this be the case our workshop is defective in materials.

But suppose the simple maxim of exercise satisfies the terms of the problem, are the objections to our present system of intellectual and physical culture so cogent as to imply that it is not very successful in developing brain centres? Take hearing, for instance. Is it necessary to give more exercise in musical experience in order to develop the auditory centre? Do not sensations of sound of any kind accomplish this just as well? Musical education may confer certain refinements upon the subject, or produce capacities which are not noticeable in those who work in machine shops; but it may not produce more brain than the various sounds that we have to recognise in the daily walks of life. The mere seeing of light may do as much to develop the occipital lobes as any amount of training in the discrimination of colours or objects. If activity is the object, it is activity of any kind whatsoever that is as effective as a particular kind of it.

Throughout his whole discussion the author confuses two wholly distinct problems: (1) There is the correlation between the quantity of intelligence and character of the brain, involving quantity, quality, and complexity of structure, and (2) there is the influence of exercise, in such a mind as is given, on the development of the brain. This latter is a much more problematic doctrine than the former, and is not necessarily involved in it. Facts show the correlation between intelligence and the brain, but the same facts do not show that the quantity or quality of brain has been produced by the exercise of intelligence, as the author's doctrine would seem to imply. If materialism be true, the very converse of the author's theory would be true. The amount of intelli-

gence would depend upon the kind or amount of brain, the former being the effect and the latter the cause, instead of the brain depending upon intelligence and its growth, the latter being the cause and the former the effect. And the stress which the author lays upon the mechanical theory of mind would favour this interpretation of the case, so that the presupposition necessary to sustain his method of education would be a spiritualistic or immaterialistic, and not a mechanical theory of mind. Nor would it help any to suppose intelligence a correlate rather than a function of the brain, because this would only show that success in increasing the brain by education will depend upon increasing the quality of its correlate mind; for we find in the feeble-minded that the effect is not proportioned to the exercise. Either the character of the brain must be given at the outset to determine the intelligence, or the intelligence to determine the brain, or both to determine the limits of education. In none of them is there sufficient reason for any important changes in education.

What the author ought to have developed out of the maxim of experience and exercise is a doctrine which he does not seem to touch, and which is closely related to questions of localised brain functions. It is the effect of exercise and experience upon the subsequent capacities of the subject. For instance, take the case of mathematics. We often say that we teach mathematics in order to train the reasoning powers. The fact is, that this science exercises very little influence on the general reasoning powers. The same is true even of the science of formal logic. They train men to reason well enough with the content or matter peculiar to the two sciences, but very few minds catch the general principles involved outside the special forms of illustration chosen. This is even apparent in the fact that we have to take a man who has studied mathematics to teach the science. So with the other sciences. The laws of association operate to fix the concrete limits in which the reasoning is made familiar and easy. It is so with any form of exercise. In so far as educating the brain is concerned, it does not make much difference what form of exercise is taken. We could train the reasoning centre as well in logic or politics as in

mathematics. But if we want a man to be a good mathematician, we must not train him merely in politics. *We must utilise association and reasoning in the specific subject-matter which he expects to teach, or his physical capacities in the subject-matter of the trade he will follow.* This is the fundamental principle that gave rise to manual training schools. It was found that some minds are not qualified to carry knowledge or method from one kind of subject-matter to another, but must be confined to the images or activities in which they have been trained.

Here, then, lies the value of special methods of education founded upon the idea of exercise. Exercise gives increased facility of action in a given direction, and creates habits of brain-reaction which are useful in the direction learned; but any other exercise might give the brain development physically as it is wanted. Hence, all that the doctrine of the correlation between intelligence and the brain, and such special cases as Laura Bridgman, prove, is that exercise is necessary to keep up the development of the parts of the brain concerned, but they do not prove that any one method is better than another. Practical objects independently of brain development have to be consulted quite as fully as this end. These are questions of habit and facility of action which our civilisation requires, and the main things to be considered are two: (1) The direction of individual taste, which may be the only accessible evidence of the brain power to be cultivated, and (2) the laws of association and habit limiting great facility of action, in most cases, to the concrete forms in which the discipline has been obtained. Here is the problem of education, and it is not in any scheme to produce brain matter.

James H. Hyslop.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.*

Absolving himself from the task of telling a well-known story, Mr. Shorter has turned his researches, as his title announces, upon the friendships, the

* Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By Clement K. Shorter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

acquaintance, the relations, and the affections of the woman who had so few. He had the right to take it for granted that all the readers of his new book had read Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*; nevertheless, he has kept everything linked and consequent; his book is a supplement, confessedly, but it holds well together. The more important letters he has collected are of singular interest; the duller are curious for a reader's own reasons; the trivial are always relics. What Mr. Shorter, by his resolution and by the opportunities he had, and made when need was, by confidences and concessions of Charlotte Brontë's surviving friends, who refused him nothing, and by the discernment of his own very expert knowledge, has added to the facts of the *Life*, has already been told in these pages. I will only say that I note the appropriate additions made in the present work to the too timorously scanty record left by Mrs. Gaskell of her heroine's suitors, engagement, and marriage. There is a lack of human simplicity in these evasions of the biographer. It is not that we claim to know more, but that we dislike the demonstrative reticence, the hurrying to close the door, and the publication of reserve. It is more like Mrs. Todgers than like anything in Shakespeare. Mr. Nicholls himself has not thought it necessary to be so nimble. But Mrs. Gaskell's action was intelligible. Her admirable *Life* was as much a defence and reply as Newman's *Apologia*. Alert on behalf of her friend, and of her sex, she wrote with equal trepidation and steadfastness in answer to the injurious rumours and conjectures wherewith the reviewer of 1850 accompanied his criticism when a book before him was the work of a woman. She allowed one or two offers of marriage to flit for an instant into sight and out again, because they served to show that Charlotte Brontë was in no haste to marry. She would not allow a reader to think it possible that Miss Brontë had ever had the slightest inclination toward any curate except the curate she married. That loyal biographer permits herself to quote one love-passage, introduced to prove how fully Miss Brontë fulfilled every possible demand of contemporary public opinion by treating her suitor with extreme agitation and ruthless severity. "I could only

entreat him to leave me. . . . I half led, half put him out of the room." Charlotte Brontë was nearly thirty-seven when she had this attitude toward an offer of human marriage.

Mrs. Gaskell's action no doubt served her turn for that time, but it was quite worth while to correct it now; the scene has lost its slight grotesqueness now that a simpler spirit has allowed the whole story to be told with dignity, and not for purposes of defence. Released from the rigour of the female friend, this part of Charlotte Brontë's story takes its place restored to reason, gravity, and order. Mr. Shorter is to be thanked, moreover, for his accessory biography of Mary Taylor, whose letters are much the most spirited of all he prints.

Charlotte Brontë's literary letters are full of platitudes, and her platitudes are clothed—clothed seems the word in use—in distressing English. The greater number of her letters have the most curious value to all who think her style—her memorable style—worthy of interest; for they prove again how execrable was the vintage of English gathered in her day, how corrupted with blights of common pride. From this she was able to break away; this she rejected, although it was her habit; from this, a hundred times, she went freer than her contemporaries. She cast away, in her passages of noblest manner, a language that had obviously been to her a kind of symbol of all that was respectable, middle-class, and, as Marjorie Fleming would say, "primmed up." She broke a deplorable custom to prove her mastery of the words she used. That custom was an insult to the English that had gone before, and a defiance to the English that should come after. No convention, no ceremony, no heartlessness or lifelessness, no Latinity gone astray, no derogation in any other age was quite so bad as the way of writing English that was deemed a polite art—not certainly by the scholarly, but by the ladies'—scholarly, by women, and especially by governesses—in Charlotte Brontë's day. It is hardly to be found now save in the circular of a grocer or a house-agent. Charlotte Brontë's mother had used another tongue—a language of propriety, balance, and moderate gaiety, by no means despicable. It was altogether a better vintage that befell in

her generation. But the daughter lighted upon the evil days. You cannot forget that the "fiery-hearted vestal" was not only a fiery-hearted vestal, but also a governess. She had the *grace d'état* for one and the other vocation, and this was her language, at sixteen, when she wrote to her brother and companion, a year younger, with allusions to their "residence," with this to follow:

"I hope, with you, that the present delightful weather may contribute to the perfect restoration of our dear papa's health, and that it may give aunt pleasant reminiscences of the salubrious climate of her own native place."

Some girls of sixteen, with no sense of humour, might write so in these days for the love of it. But Charlotte Brontë, much older, wrote her sorry novel, *The Professor*, in the same language, made worse by sheer vulgarities, by phrases unscholarly, polite and ignorant, uneducated, and far, far removed from the language of the lower classes, a manner of writing for which there is no name. She tells the story in the person of her professor, and we have to hear him "talk so like a waiting gentlewoman," not certainly of guns and drums, but of "an extensive and eligible connexion, first opened by unsolicited recommendation," of "raised terms," and of an "elevated system of instruction;" "our pupils," he says, "became more select." He "disposes of the eligible connexion." When he should be telling us that his wife is teaching, he says she is "communicating instruction," and he says it in a suitable form of bad grammar: "While communicating instruction her aspect was more animated." "Some of her pupils received the impression of elevated sentiments," is said of the lady whose aspect communicated instruction. "We might in time realise an independence; we had the means of commencing on a careful scale, having lived greatly within our income." A difficulty midway in his career "operates as a barrier." Perhaps the worst English that Charlotte Brontë put into the mouth of her professor is this about a child: "For the toys he possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection."

It was the custom of the time that charged with this last infamous sentence a pen able to write the *Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell*, beginning,

"But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief." As we read again the simple, vital, and majestic sentences that follow we confess that none of her contemporaries, who had the good fortune to be men and not governesses, who refused the phrases "operating as a barrier," and "contracting a partiality," refused them to such purpose as she, when she did refuse them, or wrote English so excellent as hers. Charlotte Brontë, who was distinguished by an invitation to meet some of them at dinner in London, who was fluttered, and thought them worth a headache, might have put them all to school. Lewes, for instance, Southey, Chorley, Horne, the critic of the *Times*, the critic of the *Spectator*, and other bearded mediocrities. They ought to have been fluttered by this dove. Which of them wrote in this manner? Hear the page again:

"My sister Emily first declined. . . . Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it, but indeed I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. . . . Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure. . . ."

Again, still under the inspiration of that sister, there are the letters about Emily: "She was torn, conscious, panting, reluctant, from a life she loved." Worthy to be named with these passages are twenty in *Jane Eyre*, more in *Villette*, and as many more perhaps in Charlotte Brontë's private letters. This may seem a scanty score, but let the depth and height of my admiration be held to atone for its narrowness.

Do we wish, or are we rather reluctant, to hear more of the greater sister? It is with this question that a new book on the Brontës is received. Mrs. Gaskell seemed to apologise to the indifferent reader for what record she made of Emily Brontë; respect, she evidently

thought, was due to the illusion of Charlotte—a sister's admiration, but the world, it was understood, was not intent upon the author of *Wuthering Heights*. Something Mr. Shorter has added to the brief memorial of Emily Brontë in the *Life*; a scratch of drawing, a brief letter, Miss Nussey's description of Emily in health and spirits, and a page of the papers that the two younger sisters were wont to seal up for reading after four years. It was an action common to children—"What shall we be when we open this? where shall we be? and how?"—which these two continued close up to their death. It is all little enough. Emily's letters were ashes fifty years ago, and her body was dust. There is no trace, or outline, or sketch of her face. Insensibility, indifference, neglect, contempt that outlived her, the perfect incapacity of all who were called her critics, and had her under their vulgar judgment, left her alone on earth. And now that her work is known and the world is looking for her who hid herself, she, brilliant fugitive, the bird of a broken snare, has snatched her very shadow out of sight.

Alice Meynell.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS NEW TALE OF BEAUTY.*

That Mr. William Morris was the greatest poet of his time one may doubt, remembering more impassioned numbers than his, but one need not doubt at all that he was the poet of his time who was most perfectly a poet. Certain men impress themselves on the imagination of the world as types, and Shelley, with his wayward desires, his unavailing protest, has become the type of the poet to most men and to all women, and perhaps because he seemed to illustrate that English dream, which holds the poet and the artist unfitted for practical life: laughable and lovable children whose stories and angers one may listen to when the day's work is done. If, however, a time come when the world recognises that the day's work, that practical life, become noble

* *The Well at the World's End*. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. \$7.50.

just in so far as they are subordinated to the sense of beauty, the sense of the perfect, just in so far as they approach the dream of the poet and the artist, then Mr. William Morris may become, instead of Shelley, the type of the poet: for he more than any man of modern days tried to change the life of his time into the life of his dream. To others beauty was a solitary vision, a gift coming from God they knew not how; but to him it was always some golden fleece or happy island, some well at the world's end, found after many perils and many labours in the world, and in all his later books, at any rate, found for the world's sake. Almost alone among the dreamers of our time, he accepted life and called it good; and because almost alone among them he saw, amid its incompleteness and triviality, the Earthly Paradise that shall blossom at the end of the ages.

When Ralph, the pilgrim to the well at the world's end, is setting out upon his journey, he meets with a monk who bids him renounce the world.

"Now, lord, I can see by thy face that thou art set on beholding the fashion of this world, and most like it will give thee the rue."

"Then came a word into Ralph's mouth, and he said: 'Wilt thou tell me, father, whose work was the world's fashion?'"

"The monk reddened, but answered nought, and Ralph spake again: 'Forsooth, did the craftsman of it fumble over his work?'"

"Then the monk scowled, but presently he enforced himself to speak blithely, and said, 'Such matters are over high for my speech or thine, lord; but I tell thee, who knoweth, that there are men in this House who have tried the world and found it wanting.'"

"Ralph smiled and said, stammering: 'Father, did the world try them, and find them wanting perchance?'"

And later on it is said to the seekers of the well,

"If you love not the earth and the world with all your souls, and will not strive all ye may to be frank and happy therein, your toil and peril aforesaid shall win you no blessing, but a curse."

In the literal sense of the word, and in the only high sense, he was a prophet; and it was his vision of that perfect life, which the world is always trying, as Jacob Behmen taught, to bring forth, that awakened every activity of his laborious life—his revival of mediæval tapestry and stained glass, his archaic printing, his dreams of Sigurd and of Gudrun and of Guinevere, his essays

upon the unloveliness of our life and art, his preaching in parks and at the corners of streets, his praise of revolutions, his marchings at the head of crowds, and his fierce anger against most things that we delight to honour. We sometimes call him "melancholy," and speak of the "melancholy" of his poems, and I know not well why, unless it be that we mistake the pensiveness of his early verse, a pensiveness for noble things once had and lost, or for noble things too great not to be nearly beyond hope, for his permanent mood, which was one of delight in the beauty of noon peace, of rest after labour, of orchards in blossom, of the desire of the body and of the desire of the spirit. Like Blake, he held nothing that gave joy unworthy, and might have said with Ruysbroeck, "I must rejoice without ceasing, even though the world shudder at my joy," except that he would have had the world share his joy. There is no picture of him more permanent in my mind than that of him sitting at one of those suppers at Hammersmith to which he gathered so singular a company of artists and workmen, and crying out on those who held it unworthy to be inspired by a cup of wine: for had not wine come out of the sap and out of the leaves and out of the heat of the sunlight? It was this vision of happiness that made him hate rhetoric, for rhetoric is the triumph of the desire to convince over the desire to reveal. His definition of good writing would have been writing full of pictures of beautiful things and beautiful moments. "My masters," he said once, "are Keats and Chaucer, because Keats and Chaucer make pictures." Dante he held for a like reason to be more a poet than Milton, who, despite his "great, earnest mind, expressed himself as a rhetorician." These pictures were not, I imagine, to be so much in great masses as in minute detail. "The beauty of Dante," he said to me once, "is in his detail;" and in all his art one notices nothing more constant than the way in which it heaps up, and often in the midst of tragedy, little details of happiness. This book is full of them, and there is scarcely a chapter in which there is not some moment for which one might almost give one's soul.

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Mr. Hare has been governed by two ideas in writing the story of his life. These are, that in detail consists the real interest of biography, and that the duty of candour does not stop at self-revelation, unless where the feelings of living persons are concerned: *De mortuis omnia*, in fact. The consistent result is that even in two large volumes he has only got as far as 1870, and that, especially, in the parts descriptive of his childhood, and youth, there is an astonishingly frank condemnation of many persons whom most people had agreed to be saintly beyond criticism. Mr. Hare's book raises quite as interesting and as delicate points on the writing of biography as did Mr. Purcell's. But if he has been indiscreetly communicative we do not hold such austere views on the question of indiscretion as to pass over in silence the intensely interesting, and, we must say, appalling picture he presents of his childhood.

His book should take a permanent place in the library of Educationists, as an awful warning. We have not often read anything that so roused our indignation, even in the many chronicles of poor bullied children; and even if the bitterness of a sensitive and misunderstood nature has exaggerated detail, there must be a substratum of unexaggerated fact, and it spells waste, incompetence, and cruelty on the part of the educated persons responsible for his bringing up. About one of the persons pilloried, Esther Maurice, the sister of F. D. Maurice, a reader feels inclined to add something to the condemnation. She became Mr. Hare's aunt by marriage, and thus had abundant opportunities for bullying him. A very religious woman, her idea of education was forcing the most disagreeable thing to be done on every occasion. Her treatment of her nephew was a series of outrages and insults, an ingenious system of penance applied to a delicate and sensitive child, shocking his nerves, checking his advances, martyring his mind and physique. She was kind to those who placidly allowed themselves to be bullied, and practised great austerities toward herself, Mr. Hare owns.

"She was," he says, "the Inquisition in person." There he hits the nail on the head. It is a common habit, while condemning harsh conduct, to modify the condemnation on the ground of its accordance with some rigid principles—as we deplore the Inquisition, and yet couple it with the name of religious zeal. But it is the impulse toward such harshness that makes use of the sheltering principle; and it would be healthier if we were to perceive and own that such outbursts of cruelty, on the part of an institution or an individual, are the welling up of savagery, are the survival and secret growth of the beast in mankind that grows strong in the neighbourhood of weak, defenceless persons. This secret savagery will hotly embrace and rigidly follow any religious system that cloaks it with respectability. When it has become impossible to call a bully a religious person, the world will be a healthier place, for then the incorrigible bullies will be driven into the ranks of the criminals, where it will be so much easier to deal with them. When Hare's Aunt Esther ordered his cat to be hanged because he had an affection for it, she was showing the distinctest criminal propensity, and she very likely owed her comparatively placid life, undisturbed, at least, by magisterial interference, to her respectable clerical surroundings. Had she been born in a slum, she might have spent the most important part of her life in gaol. Unfortunately, she spent it in Hurstmonceaux Rectory.

The family history is exceedingly entertaining, if painful. For his own comfort he had far too many relatives, but if many of them were disagreeable, very few seem to have been commonplace. His own parents were lively persons, with varied and romantic accidents in their career. But till he grew up he knew little of them, for the widow of his Uncle Augustus having proposed to adopt him, she received this naïf answer from his mother, "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly, the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and, if any one else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others?" Henceforward he was the child of much affection, but of an affection that seems to have been coupled with no intelligence, and that protected him feebly from ill-treatment.

* *The Story of My Life*. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50.

His first school was an inferior place of low moral tone, chosen because the master had once written nice evangelical letters to his adopted mother. At Harrow he learnt nothing, and was too ill to learn, had there been opportunities. In the holidays he was urged to meditate on death and hell, and sent back encased in an iron frame for curvature of the spine. Sent home ill, he was shut up with tracts, lowering diet, counsels of resignation, and a stupid, ignorant tutor, till he nearly died. At a private tutor's near Bath, he spent two years and a half in enforced idleness. Such entries in his journal continually occur as, "No work at all." "No lessons." As the tutor would not teach, he spent the whole day on long walking excursions, without a farthing to buy a morsel of food. Then followed some fairly competent teaching, but it came too late, and it was administered by an eccentric master, undignified and pettish in temper to the point of insanity. Hare, a lad on the verge of manhood, till he made an effectual protest, was forced by him to wear his coat and waistcoat inside out for mistakes in Latin. Oxford, some degree of liberty, and a consequent healthy rush of animal spirits, happily followed. There was never a stranger tale told of the education of a boy who did not belong to the neglected classes. Yet the terrible system made itself felt even later. At Lucca a doctor pronounced his life in danger, should he risk the severities of an English winter. His mother, in spite of this, was determined he should return, having taken it into her head that he might turn Roman Catholic, and presumably preferring a dead Protestant son to a living one of any other faith.

There is reason in dwelling on the earlier volumes of the book, for they are the most interesting, though quite unnecessarily lengthy. The rest consists of a record of the travels that gave him the material for his famous hand-books, an account of the celebrated persons he has had unusual chances of meeting all his life, the later strange, and even sensational, history of his immediate relatives, and a wonderful collection of personal histories that his memory and his habit of keeping note-books have preserved out of his experiences in all the countries he has trav-

elled and sojourned in. The detailed stories are more numerous and more striking than his anecdotes; we send leisurely readers with a taste for romantic gossip to them, confident that their interest will be captured. But on the anecdotal side the book is not lacking. Among the celebrities that appear in very frankly-drawn pictures in these pages are Matthew Arnold; the Bunsens, whose broadening influence even as a child he recognised in the narrow Hurstmonceaux circle, with its mutual admiration tone; Carlyle, whom he recollected bursting into a tirade against high hats when his own was blown into a ditch; Mrs. Gaskell, whom he says every one liked, and who impressed him by the deference she paid to her own daughters; Mrs. Grote, whose eccentricities delighted him, and of whom he has some good stories to tell. She once proposed to take a very feeble invalid friend for a drive, and presented herself in a very high dog-cart. With difficulty the invalid was hoisted up beside Mrs. Grote, and "for some time was too exhausted to speak. Then she said something almost in a whisper. 'Good God! don't speak so loud,' said Mrs. Grote, 'or you'll frighten the horse; if he runs away, God only knows where he'll stop.'" Mr. Hare says that in the life of her husband which she wrote, one original sentence was suppressed by the publisher—"When George Grote and I were young, we were equally distinguished by the beauty of our persons and the vivacity of our conversation!" There are some stories, old and new, of Jowett. Landor, he writes of with sincere affection. Of Maurice, whose goodness is owned, he says "he maundered over his own humility in a way which—even to a child—did not seem humble." He used to go to Madame Mohl's salons, and though he is uncomplimentary to her personal appearance—"like a poodle"—does her talents full justice. At Turin he had the benefit of watching Ruskin copy a Paul Veronese, progressing at the rate of one dress in the picture in ten years. Of Dean Stanley, his cousin, as a young man, there are frequent reminiscences, very friendly on the whole, though clerical personages are not too sympathetically dealt with. And an early recollection of Wordsworth is recorded, talking a good

deal about himself and reading his own poems. But as we have said, the first and permanent interest of the book lies in its extraordinary educational warnings.

TAQUISARA.*

Is there an American school of novelists? This question is suggested afresh every time announcement is made of a new story by Marion Crawford, just as a picture by Sargent or Chase makes us inquire once more for the American school of art. Mr. Crawford is the most prolific of our fiction writers, in some respects the strongest. He is one of the few whose books are looked forward to with impatience. But he is the world's, not America's. Surely an author of such vivid and versatile imagination, such keenness of perception, such alert dramatic instinct, such breadth of view and firmness of grasp, combined with almost dangerous facility of expression and rare power of graphic delineation—in a word, a master of what De Quincey named "the literature of power" as distinguished from "the literature of knowledge;" surely a man so endowed was eminently fitted to mark a place in imaginative literature where Americans might stand together.

But these repinings are based on the notion that national schools are worth having, and perhaps Mr. Crawford is one of those who think they are not. On the whole, judging by his work, it is tolerably evident that, like the painters mentioned, he takes the cosmopolitan's view of human nature, which some persons dub the French view. Circumstances and tastes have drawn him chiefly to Italy for his observations of it, but while the local colour of his books which deal with that country is held by many readers to be foremost among their charms, it is undoubtedly true of them, as of the others, whether their scenes be laid in India, or Bohemia, or New York, that it is the heart of men and women, with all its strength and weakness, that appeals most to Mr. Crawford's artistic sense. He is given to psychological analysis. Of action, quick and startling, he is never chary; it seems ever and anon to leap up at touch of his im-

agination, like flame from a volcano. But it is doubtful if for himself the internal tumult that causes the outburst is not more interesting than the plainly visible results. With the mere romance writers, to whom the march of events is everything, he has little sympathy, although he shares so much of their power. And hence it is, probably, that Mr. Crawford's plots are seldom simple. He is too true an artist not to stick to his story, but he does not hesitate to go far afield with it—holding it fast all the time whether it drags or runs—in search of new counters of incident, if we may so describe his process, on which to display the motives of his people.

In *Taquisara*, his latest volume, these tendencies are more than ever conspicuous. It tells the story of a Neapolitan princess subjected to the plots and intrigues of avaricious relatives. They conspire first to make her marry a man of their own family, so that their embezzlement of a part of her fortune may not be discovered, and then, failing in that project, because of the rather inexplicable removal by suicide of the man provided for their purpose, attempt to take her life, after having induced her to make them beneficiaries of her will. These preliminaries disposed of, and the girl's character being now well revealed under these somewhat unusual circumstances, the scene changes to a mountain castle, where the real story of her life comes out, and for the first time *Taquisara* appears in his rôle of hero. Here, under compulsion of pity, she agrees to marry *Taquisara*'s friend, believing him to be at the point of death. The ceremony is performed, but before the irrevocable words are spoken the sick man, unnoticed by the short-sighted priest, apparently dies, and *Taquisara*, having taken the girl's hand in his, is unwittingly made the husband. The other recovers and lives to discover the sacrifice his friends were ready to make for him and to put together the hands the priest has already joined.

So bare an outline of course only remotely suggests the drama Mr. Crawford has conceived. There are incidents intended to explain and enliven its development, but many of them give the impression of having been brought in for their own sake rather than for their relation to the story. In a less habitually conscientious author they would

* *Taquisara*. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

be put down as padding. Of such a character is the unexpected confession of the priest that the marriage ceremony he performed is invalid, as are all others at which he has officiated, because he was never ordained. The character of this mild old man is so sympathetic that most readers are likely to resent this eleventh-hour tarnishing of his good name, but there is no more interesting episode in the book, and it serves Mr. Crawford's purpose of exhibiting strikingly the play of human emotions.

Those who think Mr. Crawford is most at home in Italian themes will take up the book with pleasurable anticipations, but they will find here a view to which he has not accustomed them. Apart from *Marzio's Crucifix* we have never had from this author's pen a social study so thoroughly and even narrowly Italian. For although it is Mr. Crawford himself who has somewhere said that the *grand monde* of any country is by reason of its manners, customs, and canons very much the same as the same social grade in every other nationality, and that there is therefore a sort of freemasonry between all belonging to it, wherever they may be, this applies to those in the great whirlpool called society—the entertaining, entertained, and travelling ones, who have and maintain relations with their equals everywhere—and not to such recluses of "the upper ten" as he deals with here. In *Taquisara* the author has very nearly done what a humorous writer in a recent story declares that he will never do, created three characters and annihilated the rest of the world.

The book is a curious one in many respects. Much of it shows signs of having been taken from life, or at least from some of the tales that are current among the great Italian families; but with a strain of elaborate realism there is a mixture of all sorts of fantastic devices savouring of mediævalism, in which even the supernatural—become quite a fad with Mr. Crawford since its success in *Mr. Isaacs*—is brought to bear. There are long and monotonous stretches of introspection on the part of the heroine, besides many sober conversations in which she figures. Mr. Crawford's people are, it is true, not noted for scintillating dialogue, they are not makers

of epigram like Mr. Howells's; but they generally possess that quality of companionableness that makes us feel that we should be glad to meet them in the flesh, whereas of this heroine it must be regretfully admitted that, with all her nobility of character, she lacks imagination, and we get the impression that a chat with her would be a trifle tedious. With *Taquisara* it is different. Although we are told that he is practical and does not look beyond the actualities of life, we surprise in him here and there an evidence of originality and a sense of humour which are refreshing; it is a pity that he was kept in the background when he might have redeemed many an unrelieved page.

It may in closing be mentioned that the author's facility has in this book, as in some that have preceded it, led him into a certain amount of carelessness of diction, although, as usual, many of his periods are notable for grace and brilliancy. But even a novel or two a year are not sufficient excuse for such a phrase as "she never took but one piece," which he uses. The book leaves in the mind the impression that it would gain by dramatisation.

C. Le F. W.

TWO LIVES OF WASHINGTON.*

The appearance of two books on Washington within a few weeks of each other seems to threaten a new biographical craze, like that which gave us an endless serial on Napoleon or tortured our eyes with the portraits of Lincoln's innumerable and hard-featured relatives. These *Lives of Washington*, however, are compressed within a reasonable compass. Each is complete in a single volume, and each volume is of readable length. It seems necessary to state this fact at the outset to allay apprehensions due to recent experience in the matter of biographical works. Either work can be read without abandoning business, neglecting one's family, or going into seclusion for a term of years.

It would be hard to find two works

* The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

on the same subject more unlike in spirit and in style. Mr. Ford, in *The True George Washington*, deals with Washington as a man, not as a statesman or as a general; while to Professor Wilson he is always the "father of his country," the foremost personage of his age, and all the other great things we are accustomed to hear of him. Mr. Ford's book is simply a portrait, while in the other Washington has as usual "the air of his own statue done in bronze and set up by national subscription." The two works supplement each other admirably, following such different lines that they do not overlap at any point, for the historical significance of what Washington did is hardly touched upon by Mr. Ford, while Professor Wilson gives little of the personal details which the other has been at such pains to collect. On account of this difference in purpose and scope comparison is impossible, but if one wants a little diversion from the large lessons of history, and has a "sneaking fondness" for the historical green-room, he will find *The True George Washington* the more fascinating.

Mr. Ford has no patience with the hero-worshippers who prefer to look at their Washington under calcium lights, and he is so irreverent as to quote Mark Twain's remark that he was a greater man than Washington, because the latter "couldn't tell a lie, while he could, but wouldn't." We should therefore look for a somewhat iconoclastic spirit in what follows. But the iconoclasm is of a very mild sort, and after all the images are shattered, we are relieved to find that nothing has happened to our faith—that if anything it is rather strengthened. The set phrases of the older biographers and mythologists have, in spite of our scepticism, left an impression of something preternaturally grave and dignified, something portentous and ineffable about Washington in his early years. In fact, there has lurked in us the feeling that he must have been a precious little prig. It is a comfort to read of his happy, hearty, natural boyhood, of his hot temper, and his tendency to fall in love with "Agreeable Young Ladies," as he spells them. And when he was under the spell of one of his calf-loves, he must have been quite as ridiculous as any ordinary victim, for we find him lamenting at great length and in outrageous

spelling the fact that the enforced necessity of seeing a certain agreeable young lady revives the agonising recollection of his rejection by another, "Whereas was I to live more retired from young Women, I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness." Under the caption "Relations with the Fair Sex" the above passage and many others are quoted from his correspondence, all showing his susceptibility to feminine attractions. It might be inferred from what the author says that this susceptibility got the better of his judgment when he married the widow Custis, who is described as "petite, over-fond, hot tempered, obstinate, and a bad speller;" and, in a quoted passage, as "not possessing much sense, but a perfect lady." This will not be an acceptable view to that eminent champion of her sex who in a public speech not long ago challenged any one to deny that "Martha Washington was as great as her illustrious husband." Yet the author gives her full credit for her tact and grace as a hostess, and for the way in which she relieved her husband of social burdens.

Speaking of burdens, however, it would seem as if there were no limit to the number he could carry and was willing to assume. The careful way in which he superintended every detail of his Mount Vernon estate has been made familiar by quotations from his letters and his accounts; but Mr. Ford gives far stronger proof of this genius for detail by showing that to spare his wife trouble he often ordered her clothing for her. At one time he writes to his London agent that "Mrs. Washington sends home a green sack to get cleaned or fresh dyed of the same colour; made up into a handsome sack again, would be her choice; but if the cloth won't afford that, then to be thrown into a genteel Night Gown." But his family cares were not confined to his own household. He was continually helping his brother's children and other relatives, and he several times assumed the management of other people's estates in order to aid them. The hospitality of Mount Vernon was proverbial. He writes his mother that it was like "a much-resorted inn." This mother, who figures in the older biographies as such

a perfect being, and whom Professor Wilson characterises as a woman of fine character, steadfast courage, and singular capacity for business, is described by the present author as being rather weak and foolish in her treatment of her son, and as having caused him great annoyance by her complaints of poverty when he and her other children were supplying her with everything. He adds that tradition says she smoked a pipe. This last is a sad bit of iconoclasm.

In the chapter on "Physique" there is an amusing collection of "impressions" of Washington's personal appearance, quoted from the writings of people who had visited him. No two are alike. They could not even agree about his nose, some speaking with enthusiasm of that feature, others admitting that it was "not the handsomest of its class."

Enough has been said to show the general character of Mr. Ford's book. It is a small-beer chronicle, but the instances and anecdotes are so suggestive, and the extracts from Washington's writings are so well chosen, that on reading the book one feels as if he had made the personal acquaintance of the General for the first time. It is written in an agreeable, unaffected style, but the author commits one unpardonable sin—the sin against the participial noun. "A not much higher order of treatment was Washington sending for Dr. Laurie to bleed his wife." This is a bad case of it, but it occurs often.

In Professor Wilson's *George Washington* the larger view of the subject has given the author a chance for more extended historical characterisation. Regarding Washington as the product of his times, he introduces his biography with a sketch of social conditions in Virginia in the first half of the eighteenth century. He shows how the rough life and semi-feudal authority of the planters made a manly, vigorous set of men, accustomed to command absolutely in their own domain, but obliged to respect the rights and opinions of their equals.

"It was not a life that bred students, though it was a life that begot thoughtfulness and leadership in affairs. Those who fell in the way of getting them had not a few books upon their shelves, because they thought every gentleman should have such means of knowing what the world had said and done before his

day. But they read only upon occasion, when the weather darkened or long evenings dragged because there were no guests in the house. . . . No one in Virginia thought that 'becoming a mere scholar' was 'a desirable education for a gentleman.' He ought to 'become acquainted with men and things rather than books.' Books must serve only to deepen and widen the knowledge he should get by observation and a free intercourse with those about him. When Virginians wrote, therefore, you might look to find them using not studied phrases, but a style that smacked fresh of all the free elements of good talk—not like scholars or professed students, but like gentlemen of leisure and cultivated men of affairs—with a subtle, not unpleasing flavour of egotism, and the racy directness of speech, withal, that men may use who are sure of their position."

Such was Washington's social environment, a little too brightly coloured, perhaps, for it is clear that the author is tracing the evolution of a hero rather than writing the biography of a man. This, indeed, is the tone of the book throughout, and the effect produced is a little unreal so far as the personality of Washington is concerned. The epic style grows somewhat monotonous at times, and so does the author's attempt to add sprightliness to the narrative by the simple device of using the phrase "'Twas" at irregular intervals. But as an estimate of Washington's services to the country, and as a *résumé* of the general historical features of the period in which he lived, it is instructive and interesting. It is compact and forcible, and though a eulogy does not wander off into rhapsodies, but gives the grounds of the deification. Almost it persuades one to be a hero-worshipper. The style is spirited, though it bears the marks of the author's pains to make it so.

F. M. Colby.

JOHN: A TALE OF KING MESSIAH.*

In these days, when the reading of the many books that are made often entails that "weariness" of which King Lemuel so feelingly speaks, it is more than a pleasure to meet with a story like *John*—it is a profound satisfaction. More than once has the introduction of the Christ in fiction been attempted and carried out with varying degrees of what is called success; witness *Ben*

* *John: A Tale of King Messiah*. By **Katherine Pearson Woods**. New York: **Doubleday, Mead & Co.** \$1.25.

Hur, Titus, and of earlier date, *The Prince of the House of David*, and others. Absorbingly interesting as many of these works may be, there is yet in some of them an element—very nearly approaching sensationalism—which impresses a thoughtful mind as sacrilege, and from which one shrinks. This exceedingly objectionable element, however, is in *John* conspicuously absent, being replaced throughout by a spirit of affectionate and marked reverence.

In a series of situations, following the Gospel story, the life of John, the beloved disciple, is depicted, from the autumn of the year 20 of the Christian era to the last wonderful meeting of the disciples with their risen Lord on the shore of the Lake of Galilee. This brings the Christ into the action of the story, and, except in a few instances, He is there presented through the medium of the impressions of Him received by those who surround Him. Where Miss Woods has departed from this procedure, and drawn upon her imagination for language and details not given by the evangelists, the story has suffered, not from lack of interest in the manner of telling, but from lack of historical support.

The story opens at a time when the heart of the Jewish nation was hot with fierce and impotent rage against the iron tyranny of Imperial Rome, when Roman parasites, worthy followers of a cruel and relentless master, fattened on the blood of the people they despised, and justice was a thing forgotten; when the whole race groaned in travail waiting for the Deliverer, the long looked-for, long-delayed Messiah who should rid them of their enemies and restore the kingdom to Israel, and when in the little hill town of Nazareth dwelt that Messiah, not unmindful of His own, but awaiting in patient submission the Divine call to begin the fulfilment of His mission.

Then follow in quick succession a possible picture of the home life in Nazareth, John of Bethsaida's visit to Jerusalem, the great Forerunner in the wilderness and at the waters of Enon, the drawing of the disciples to the Master, the working of miracles, the incarceration of the Baptist in the fortress of Machærus, and on up to the last visit of Jesus to Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the triumph over death,

and the meeting in the gray dawn of the morning by the lake-side. The narration has a penetration and vigour, a warmth and vividness of portraiture, and a tenderness and reverence that can hardly be excelled. Many of the situations are intensely dramatic, but they are handled with a reserve that is highly artistic and most commendable, and which leaves no opportunity for the charge of anything at all like sensationalism.

Miss Woods's familiarity with the customs, dress, conditions, and general details of Hebrew life proves her to be a close observer as well as a patient student; and her consistent and original treatment of the various characters she introduces exhibits a felicity worthy of the author of *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, and should place this work in the front rank of literature of its kind. Her adaptation of the Lord's "brethren" is a surprise to us; it is contrary to the idea which is most generally accepted, and which, in fact, has become almost a matter of belief with many Christian people.

John is very far from being merely a novel with which to pass away an idle hour; it is a remarkable piece of work. As has been said by a wise man, "there are two kinds of genius, that which gives us something entirely new and that which makes over for us into new that which was old." This last is what Miss Woods has done, and those who read her fresh, vivid rendering of the "sweet story of old," besides enjoying its fine and careful workmanship, cannot but be stirred and quickened into a closer knowledge of the Man of Galilee, and into a truer perception of that service to man which is worship to God.

We await with the greatest interest the other volumes of the trilogy, in which Miss Woods is to take the story into apostolic and sub-apostolic times.

Barbara Yeckton.

A CHILD OF THE JAGO.*

" ' People are so very genteel, aren't they? . . .
But, hang it all, men like ourselves needn't
talk as though the world was built of hardbake.
It's a mighty relief to speak truth with a man

* A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison.
Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

who knows—a man not rotted through with sentiment.”

By the mouth of the Jago surgeon, Mr. Morrison has expressed his own attitude. The mild, sugary speech of philanthropists, the comfortable complacency of West-end slummers, the blind, absurd enthusiasm that looks to make the East-end into Paradise by culture—he turns and rends them all. For he knows that they have not seen, have not dared to see, the black slough of sin and cruelty and unspeakable wrong that lies beyond their efforts and their courage. “Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! Because even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar: Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it.” It is an attitude only tolerable to the courageous; it is a knowledge that would kill if it were forced on the feeble. But the attitude and the knowledge must be a part of any true understanding of the world as it is made. It is a recognition of a state of things desperate but not entirely hopeless. He gives us Dicky, a young thief, a man of the world (an evil world) at ten, yet staunch, spirited, responsible. And he sends Father Sturt in our way, probably to show the kind of temper that has any chance of redeeming the dwellers in such a place of crime and misery. Sturt has no illusions; he knows the worst of the district; he has tenacity, courage, a keen sense of humour, and cannot be humbugged.

It is no use paying Mr. Morrison compliments at this time of day on his vigour and his unusual ability. These must be everywhere acknowledged. They are acknowledged by us very heartily. But this new book of his has pages which it is almost impossible to read. We do not combat his general attitude at all. He does not pretend to tell the whole tale of East-end misery, which has its genteel sides of course; but he tells one awful chapter of it; and we respect his sense of responsibility in doing so, however much he shatters our complacency and our shallow convic-

tions that all's right with the world. We do not accuse him of exaggeration, and as to his excesses of realism we can at least understand the temptation. But to understand does not take away the right of protest; and we do protest against the useless riot of brutality, the orgies of physical violence which we are made witnesses of if we read the book through. Zola has never outdone some of the pages here in their horrible defiance of any sensitive feelings we may have. But we declare our right to have these feelings respected, if not pampered, and our opinion that an unblinking perusal of these tales of brutal fights would show much more morbid effeminacy than any shrinking from them would do. They are no necessary part of Mr. Morrison's strenuous and courageous purpose.

But we must part from the book with a censure. For Dicky, the hero, must receive his due. In the midst of the sordid, cruel, desperate Jago he grows up, unashamed of it, accepting its conditions, ambitious of its honours, a plant of the hideous soil, yet a sturdy, not unwholesome plant. He has affection, loyalty, and endless courage. Mr. Morrison killed him, not for the sake of his pathetic death-scene, we are sure, but because he loved him, and his heart revolted against the thought of the lad's ingenuity hardening into ugly craft, his brave philosophy into callousness, his daring into insolent crime. And so he lets the child of the Jago die, in no odour of sanctity to be sure; but round the little outcast from all that is respectable he has woven a halo of charm.

NANCY NOON.*

Mr. Benjamin Swift has chosen to express a distinctly original mind, and an independent observation of life, after the manner, and indeed after the mannerisms of two distinguished writers, whose kinship, in spite of enormous divergences, was always certain, but never so apparent till an imitation of each got entangled in the pages before us. For the outer garments of his work Mr. Swift has taken Carlyle and Meredith as his models, and the latter has pushed his influence with him beyond

* Nancy Noon. By Benjamin Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

the surface. This is so obvious on reading a page or two of *Nancy Noon*, that it is hardly worth saying. But at least we refrain from being prosy over the dangers that a young writer runs in making such a choice. The book is good enough to set us wondering and guessing what will be Mr. Swift's own style when he evolves it, as he is bound to do. In the meanwhile he has made very energetic use of other people's; and when all dues have been paid to *Richard Feverel* for loans and stimulus, a substantial something remains.

What a writer can never borrow is life. And *Nancy Noon*—though there are very high pragmatism and shrill and boyish pages in it—is alive. The fervour, the passion, the fever are real. You may call them hysterical sometimes, but hysterics may be the symptoms of genuine and intolerable agony. In the last scenes with the Play-Maidens we think we note the influence of another living novelist than Mr. Meredith, and the influence of his weaker moods, too. But though the setting of these scenes is not very happy and does not strike quite true, Sparshott's suffering, which is the main thing, the suffering of a soul puritan in all its fibres, which cannot sin with impunity, and which, having sinned, knows itself damned, we recognise to be perfectly genuine. *Nancy Noon* is a tragedy with Hogarthian comedy running round about it. The horrible, the farcical, and the beautiful keep the stage in turns. Low life on its comic side secures a better innings than it has had of late; and if we cannot put our finger at this moment on quotable witticisms, we can assure a reader that, if he be in good condition, he must sometimes laugh with Twigg and Bacchus. The farce runs into a kind of savagery at times, as in the short history of Cherub that began and ended underground. Here, while we think of it, let us say one thing. Scotland is popular just now in fiction. The scene of *Nancy Noon* is laid in that country, but Mr. Swift has either been unable to achieve, or is indifferent to, popularity arising from this fact. There is no local colour; there is no national characterisation. And as for the lingo talked, it is a curious invention of Mr. Swift's brain, for it has never been heard between the Mull of Galloway and John o' Groats.

The author has infused much delicate imagining into *Nancy*. Will readers fall in love with her? Surely they must after that beautiful picture of her meeting with Moulter in the gray dew of the May morning. If not, they may, at least, fall in love with Sparshott's and Moulter's love of her. We can understand her better than Jiss. A union of intellectual force, of "naïve culture," with the lower and the meaner passions is quite possible, of course, but somehow the blend is imperfect here. His heart is really with Sparshott. The intensity of the book, and intensity is its first quality, is centred in this young man, whose eyes were "northern lights," "a peculiar colour pitching in them as of troubled stars," who "had a wild, brotherly feeling for all impatient things, and gave an extra pat to any horse he found foaming and pawing the ground," and "looked with a sympathy some people thought foolish on the first bee or butterfly that ventured out on a doubtful spring day. His mind was of that sort that made the myth of the Gardens of Adonis." The love-story of this Sparshott must be tumultuous. But brains, as well as strong emotion, have gone to the making of *Nancy Noon*.

The American edition just published is a reprint of the first English edition, which has met with almost unanimous praise. But it contains the author's preface to the second English edition, in which Mr. Swift takes some of his rose-water critics good naturedly by the ears. "I look forward," he says, "almost with fear to becoming very wise and self-repressed." There is nothing saccharine about Mr. Swift's robust temperament, and he is too honest and absolutely sincere to bend the knee to the fetish worship of the sentimentalist. We quote a passage from his preface, in which he goes with a vengeance to the root of the matter, and defends his art from the charge of being wilfully sordid:

"Some have called the book sordid; and yet I had no intention, except to show Love holding his head for giddiness, and—yes, I will confess it—Lust sitting with cold feet at last. In spite of the comedy that is always in the world, I am struck by the general solemnity of the human face. Even Iniquity sometimes goes about his business as solemnly as Virtue. But if I have offended any pure soul by a reference too outspoken to certain aspects of our mortal life, let him believe me sincere when I tell him that I only meant to show him that Sin, that negro, has a personal suffering and agony that the

world hardly suspects. See it in his intolerable eyes. It may be heresy to say that sin is just so much excitement; but so it is; and it needs, at least, the anæsthetics of your pity. But it seems that the stuff with which I work is wrong, and that my method of kneading it is wrong. Surely, however, Tourguéneff said truly, '*Qui dit froid, dit médiocre.*' I have sinned in the opposite extreme. But young blood, you know, is cooked. Alas, the weathercock feels itself justified as long as there is weather."

M.

BIBELOT ISSUES.*

Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Me., evidently bestows as much loving thought upon the production of his books as originally their authors gave to the writing of them. The result is that each book issued by him is a delightful specimen of delicate book-making, simple and beautiful in all its details. The volumes of the Brocade Series are certainly the prettiest books ever issued in this or any country, and the other various series do not fall far behind in perfectness of form.

Mr. Mosher has been singularly happy this season in the choice of his publications. In reprinting, in its entirety, the rare first edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, and in issuing *The Defence of Guenevere*, a book of lyrics, chosen from the works of William Morris, he has performed a great service to book-lovers. He has, perhaps, done even greater service by bringing out an edition in the Old World Series of *The Kasidah*, of Sir Richard Burton,

* The Bibelot Series. \$1.00 each. The *Rubáiyát*, of Omar Kháyyám. Translated into English prose by Justin Huntly McCarthy.

The Defence of Guenevere. By William Morris. In the Old World Series. \$1.00 each.

The New Life. (*La Vita Nuova*) Translated from the Italian of Dante Alighieri by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. With other poems by Andrew Lang.

The Kasidah (couplets) of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi. A lay of the higher law by Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.

Sylvie (Recollections of Valois.) Translated from the French of Gerard de Nerval by Lucie Page.

In the Brocade Series. 75 cts. each:

The Pageant of Summer. By Richard Jeffries.

The Story of Amis and Amile. By William Morris.

an Oriental poem only surpassed in virile fascination by the *Rubáiyát*, of Omar Kháyyám. Its nature may be seen from the following splendid lines:

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

"All other Life is living Death, a world where none but phantoms dwell,
A break, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell.

"Thus as thou view the Phantom forms which in the misty Past were thine,
To be again the thing thou wast with honest pride thou may'st decline;

"And glancing down the range of years, fear not thy future self to see;
Resigned to life, to death resigned, as though the choice were nought to thee."

Sylvie: Souvenirs du Valois is another volume in the Old World Series. It is a delicate little French tale of Gerard de Nerval, translated by Lucie Page into dainty English, appropriate to the flower-like charm of the story.

Mr. Mosher has also issued in the Old World Series under the title of *The New Life of Dante Alighieri*, Rossetti's exquisite translation of *La Vita Nuova*.

A second new volume in the Bibelot Series is Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's prose version of Omar Kháyyám. Mr. McCarthy's version is likely always to remain the best prose rendering of Omar, as Fitzgerald's translation will always be the finest translation in verse.

The two new volumes in the Brocade Series are *The Pageant of Summer*, by Richard Jeffries, and *The Story of Amis and Amile*, one of the little stories, "done out of the ancient French into English" by William Morris, originally issued from the Kelmscott Press.

As, with the exception of *Sylvie*, all these books in their original editions have already secured their place in the literature of the world, it is the perfect manner in which they are now presented that makes their present publication noteworthy. We trust that all book-lovers and Mr. Mosher will speedily find each other out.

M. K.

NOVEL NOTES.

OPALS FROM A MEXICAN MINE. By George De Vallière. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. \$1.25.

LIFE THE ACCUSER. By E. F. Brooke. New York: Edward Arnold. \$1.50.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. By I. K. Friedman. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

That all fiction of the better kind had its individual colour was a recognised fact long before Mr. Stephen Crane patented the discovery. Every one has read a few rare stories that were white, if white may be called a colour; every one has read many that were brown, and so on endlessly. Now and then a tale flames like a field of poppies in windless sunshine—such, for instance, as these Mexican tales, which have just appeared bearing an unfamiliar name. And they have also the poppies' atmosphere, an unwholesome, tense stillness suggesting feverish dreams. They come apparently from a 'prentice hand, but with the perception of the picturesque, which the work reveals, and with so romantic a *milieu* the tales have charm. The first of the five stories makes the strongest appeal to the imagination through its dealing with the mysteries of the ancient Mexican religion. But the last is the most ambitious, and reveals several interesting aspects of local social life, in which the red of poppies is mingled with the red of blood.

Now this very different new story by Miss Emma Brooke is gray—the cold, melancholy gray of the winter sky that forebodes storms more terrible than any summer tempest. The intensity which makes *A Superfluous Woman* a notable book, notwithstanding its structural and other weaknesses, pervades this more recent work with increased force, directness, and composure. The subject has not the freshness of the author's first book; the problem of condonation on the part of a wife has been frequently presented, and its solution seems no nearer, no clearer now than before. But there is a certain originality in the manner of its presentation by Miss Brooke, and her analysis of the character, emotions, and motives of the man, the woman, and the other woman discloses a profound knowledge of human nature. It would hardly be going too

far to say that the scene of the explanation between the husband and the wife approaches very near to real greatness. Altogether, it is a remarkable book, and the most remarkable feature of its production is that it could have been written by the lady who produced it. The facts in the case seem, indeed, almost as unaccountable as in the case of the Brontës, for the upbringing of Miss Emma Brooke and her sisters corresponds in many respects to theirs. Hers also was very religious, with a strong leaning to the ascetic and the austere, and her life has been spent in an out-of-the-way village amid gloomily romantic surroundings; so that it seems as unaccountable in her case, as in that of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, whence they could have derived the knowledge of the wider experience which their works disclose, and the close acquaintance with the tempestuous passions that they must be assumed to have escaped. But the world-pain that cries out in the pages written by these quiet little women of secluded lives can never be learned at second hand; one must have felt—or one will never believe—that life is neither rose-coloured nor black nor white, but an awful, unrelieved, leaden gray.

And yet to the young who have just had their first shock of disillusion it seems to be black. Mr. I. K. Friedman has painted it of this sable hue in his sketches of the Chicago Ghetto. His work, with all its repulsiveness, is strong and vivid. Possibly it is also true, although it is hard to believe that such beings really exist and such scenes actually transpire within a stone's throw of our churches and schools and homes; yet his touch has the firmness that carries conviction, and the art of characterisation is one of his gifts. He has made the terrible creatures who people these gruesome tales appallingly real, notably in the instance of the degraded doctor, who destroys a drunken man's sight in order to compel him to support him by begging. There may be such beings in the world, but one shrinks from reading of them and of their unspeakable doings. When realism crosses the boundary into naturalism, it becomes unendurable.

And there is not a note of ideality throughout the book. There are, however, indications that the absence of this redeeming quality may be owing to some theory of art rather than to any actual lack in the author. In the story of the ballad-writer, at all events, there is a feeling of sympathy which is apparently unconscious, and which would seem to testify that the writer could, if he chose, lift his work above the plane on which it pleases him at present to spend his strength.

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. Street. London and New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

It is not very clear who are the wise or the wayward, for no one develops any special wisdom or any distinctive wilfulness. On the contrary, both the husband and the wife, whose marital misery furnishes the motive of the story, have rather more than the average share of wisdom and goodness. It is, in fact, largely this quiet sanity, so strongly in contrast with the hysterical violence of the ordinary novel of the type, that gives the work its repressed power. There is a feeling of the naturalness of the man and the woman, who are trying, in their different blind ways, to do what is right, and yet with whom everything nevertheless goes wrong, as it so often does with honest and well-meaning people in real life. The causes are obvious enough. The husband has come through his fathers with a body only tolerably sound, and a spirit which is peculiarly perverse. He is not very young when he is married, and he has lived as most young men live in London who are fond of amusement and have money to buy it. He belongs to a good club, dines out, dances occasionally, and dips now and then into what passes for Bohemia. He is, in a word, what is bred in the bone, but he has improved upon the paternal example to the extent that he is neither a profligate nor a drunkard. As for the wife, her training as the motherless daughter of an aristocratic adventurer has been, if possible, more unpropitious than his. But, although powerless to feel toward the man whom she is about to marry as she wishes to feel, she hopes that love may come after marriage, and enters upon the new life with the sincerest resolves to do her duty.

" 'I am not marrying him for Rowe or to get a position,' she says to a friend. 'Of course, I'm glad to marry. I'm sick of this life, sick of home, sick of going about at a disadvantage. I'm grateful to him. You know I look things in the face, and I know how people talk about me. I'm grateful to him, and I mean to do my share and to be a decent wife to him—but I'd marry him anyhow.'"

Thus, given the conditions under which these two very fallible human beings undertake to spend their lives together, the outcome is a foregone conclusion. Alone together in a great country house, they find out—even earlier than that very common discovery is made—that they have little if anything to talk about. The husband's resources are larger than those of the wife—as they usually are—but the books which he loves, and which are nothing to her, soon become a source of unhappiness. The situation is only too familiar, but it is also one that can never lose its interest, and the author has handled it with such composure, deliberation, and reserve as render it nearly impressive. There is also an element of novelty in the analysis of the husband's first unconscious criticism of the wife's lack of culture, and of her first passionate perception that his refinement is greater than his manfulness. The story rings false at one point. It seems improbable that the wife—or any woman similarly situated—should have proposed to run away with a man whom she was not in love with, and who had given no invitation, who had not even made a profession of love. Still, who can say what a desperate woman will or will not do? And in the main, as has been emphasised, the story bears the imprint of reality.

INTERLUDES. By Maud Oxenden. New York: Edward Arnold. \$1.50.

Eight of the nine stories forming this book are philosophical studies of social life in its most sophisticated aspect. "Her Cousin Ernest" especially deals with a peculiarly complex situation, that of a wife who seeks to justify her own frailty by convicting her husband of infidelity. The justification is only to her own conscience, for the work is entirely introspective, and the world has no suspicion of the relation between Isabel Mitford and her cousin, the Rev Ernest Martin. The story opens . . .

a terrible scene between the guilty pair, on the eve of the death of the husband.

" 'Well,' says the woman, 'whatever his unknown wrongs, we are quits now—he and I. If we meet in another world he can say nothing to me. If I have been disloyal, so has he. Why do you turn away, Ernest? Are you afraid of words, mere words, or does your conscience hurt you? You are a man. Nothing is counted the same in a man. That woman—I would like to kill her; and yet I ought to kiss her hands in gratitude. Think of what she has saved me from—a never-ending remorse! Now, when I go back to him, and speak gently to him, and when he calls me "darling" and strokes my hand, I do not feel like a traitor, because he is deceiving me as I him; and more—I never pretended to care.'

" 'For pity's sake stop!' cried the man. 'It is too awful to hear you. Would I might ask his forgiveness as I ask it of God!'

" 'Which of them will hear you?' she asked with a touch of contempt. 'You ought to have run straight, Ernest; you have not strength enough to be a blackguard, as—I suppose—you are.'

But with the husband's death comes a revelation. The portrait that he has been secretly cherishing, the lock of hair, the bundle of letters, the hidden treasures of which she has caught glimpses, and which have seemed proofs of what she wishes to believe are all her own, are but tenderer testimony to the depth of his love for her.

" 'This is his revenge,' says the woman to the man, 'though he never meant it—*this*. Do you remember what I said to you, that we were quits now, that if we met again in the other world he could never reproach me? I shall not dare to meet him now. . . . He believed in you and me. And here we both are, with that load we can never get rid of, that we must carry to the end of our days; and he knows now—knows how he was mistaken, deceived! He will have plenty to say to us when we meet, but we shall not meet. You may, perhaps, if you do nothing but say your prayers and fast and mortify yourself to your life's end. You were meant to be good, not bad; but I—I will never meet him. I will become worse than I have ever been, commit any crime, lead any vile life that will ensure my going to a cursed future, where he will not be. He has had his revenge!'

Most of the stories harp in like morbid manner on the same string of marital infelicity, and the ninth story, "A Mountain Tragedy," differs from the others only in the humbler environment of the miserable man and more miserable woman whom fate has chained together amid perpetual sorrows.

TALES OF LANGUEDOC. By Samuel Jacques Brun. San Francisco: William Doxey. \$2.00.

In *Tales of Languedoc* certain oddities of style soon call a halt to the reader's attention.

"My aim in working out this English version has been to give the spirit of the *Languedoc*, and to do justice to the original, rather than to reach any standard of scientific or of literary value."

says Mr. Brun's preface. The result lacks homogeneousness, and a ghostly French idiom hovers over the sentences, as, for example, "I knew nothing about the lost keys, it is the landlord who told me of it first." The author is apt to fall into awkward inversions which do not add dramatic force. "Proud and happy the father came," and similar expressions interrupt the general style. There are occasional solecisms, as, "It is needless to describe the reception, or the brave man's joy, nor the grand wedding repast;" "Three tremendous fellows, the sight of which," etc. In his effort to render what he terms the "coarse picturesqueness" of his original Mr. Brun produces oddly incongruous effects: "Whether he was angry with the miller is not certain, but he was awfully agitated."

There are eight of these *Languedoc* tales joined by the slightest of plots. A white-haired grandfather recounts to his home circle his early experiences, when, like other French lads, he finished his education with a trip through France. He is a perfunctory and rather unsubstantial personage whose stories would be just as valuable without him. Children will be delighted with "How Young Anglas became a Marquis," "A Blind Man's Story," "Three Strong Men," and "The Marriage of Monsieur Arcanvel," which are thrilling dramas of heroic action. They relate the most remarkable events with a simple directness which carries conviction, and there is all the fairy-tale charm of helpful birds and beasts endowed with human speech and of impossible achievement. Good fairy-tale orthodoxy prevails, and the brave and chivalrous hero always attains honour, riches, and the hand of a beautiful princess, while the villain's punishment is adequate to the sternest demand for justice. The emotion expressed is of the simplest, most primitive quality, whether comic or tragic.

The rollicking humour, suggestive of that in old moralities, delights in farcical situations, as when Mèsté Règé, imprisoned in a cask, draws a cow's tail through the bung-hole and rides gaily over the country at the heels of the frantic animal. There is the same rough vigour in tragedy, and when wicked Baptiste blinds his brother with a burning stick the narrator spares us none of the cruel detail.

Mr. Brun tells us that these stories, doubtless of common folklore origin, have been handed down in his family from generation to generation, coloured and changed by their successive narrators. There is an interesting mixture of the practical and the romantic in them all. Back of the imaginative delight in the exaggerated and impossible are hard matter-of-fact appreciation of reality, of work, of the value of money, and a delight in physical strength, which indicate the French peasant origin. The scenes are in actual French towns or on the road to them, and the reality of the setting adds vividness to the action.

Mr. Peixotto's dainty pen-and-ink work illustrates the book copiously and appreciatively, although his pictures are not quite clear or quite simple enough to be in perfect harmony with the bald vigour of the tales.

MY BROTHER. By Vincent Brown. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cts.

The name of the author is unfamiliar, and there is no mention on the title-page of any other work, and yet it seems improbable that this can be the writer's first book. It has a certain sureness of touch which may usually be safely ascribed only to experience, and there is also in it a reserve, a feeling that the author is writing well within his strength, which does not belong to the literary tyro, no matter how strong he may be. These features are all the more marked because there is nothing especially novel in the story itself. The brotherhood that offers even life is as old as the story of David and Jonathan, but out of this well-worn material a most readable story has been woven. The man who loves his friend more than his own life is a hunchback called "the Prophet," half in affection and half in mockery, for a mere atom of misshapen

and poverty-stricken humanity seems of little consequence in a great, struggling, selfish world.

"But he held the secret that opened children's hearts. On the grassy, sunlit road outside the gate of the rhododendron path, a group of little ones were lying down watching something intently. Paul moved up to them cautiously, and saw that it was a baby toad. 'It's overcome by the sun,' said he, and picking it up put it in the ditch. 'They don't like much sun, the toads,' said Paul. 'The children gathered round him. One wee lassie wormed her hand up his sleeve till it came to his elbow.

"'Letty Tomsett,' said Paul, 'you're spyin' out how bony I've grown.'

"'I feel your funny bone,' said Letty.

"'Well, then, leave it alone,' said Paul. 'You'll want to know next what I've had for my dinner.'

"'What?' said Letty.

"'I dunno if I'll tell you for your inquisitiveness. Oh, my, and here's that impudent Teddy Barton up my other sleeve. I never did see sich children for pullin' a man to pieces. I'm not a Punch and Judy show, like you saw in your Sunday-school treat.'"

And it is this simple-hearted, gentle creature who suffers in another's place for an atrocious crime. Yet the work is so quiet that no violence is done to the probabilities, and the helplessness of the real criminal who would have come to the rescue of Paul if he could have done so takes away all feeling of bitterness. The effect of the story is a deep perception of *Weltschmerz*, and a deeper consciousness of the bond of universal brotherhood. If it be really the first book of the author, the next work done by him can scarcely fail to be well worth looking for.

SOME WHIMS OF FATE. By Mènie Muriel Dowie. New York: John Lane. \$1.00.

The readers of *The Yellow Book* are familiar with the work of this author, and indeed two of the five sketches composing the volume originally appeared in that publication. These are not, however, either the longest or the strongest of the collection. The most ambitious and carefully finished is "The Hint o' Hairst," which was published a year or so ago in *Chambers's Journal*. It is a Scotch story, and there are a good many Scotch stories in these latter days, and the theme, the sacrifice of a nobleman's family to his own vices, has been handled frequently in fiction; yet notwithstanding this double handicap the story is a good one, and makes an impression of freshness and force. ~~The~~

character of Sir John Gordon, whose excesses have impoverished his family, and whose neglect has endangered the very life of the villagers, is drawn with considerable skill, and the motive of the story making his selfishness the medium of his own destruction is wrought out with artistic composure. The title of the work has been well chosen, for not only in this story, but in all of the sketches the author has made some whim of fate the central idea, thus giving an harmonious effect to the work—an effect rarely produced by so slight a volume of disconnected stories.

THE FINAL WAR. By Louis Tracy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

We don't know when we have been so much diverted as by the perusal of this book of Mr. Tracy's. It is a perfectly unrestrained flight of British imagination, inspired by *The Battle of Dorking*, and as notable in its way as that classic itself. It differs from it in being wholly improbable and in covering a space of some 450 pages. Mr. Tracy tells how France and Germany combined against England, how Russia joined the alliance, and how the United States, seeing the Anglo-Saxon supremacy of the world seriously threatened, cast in her lot with England, on the basis of a speech delivered in Congress by the Hon. Jeremiah P. Sloker, of Wilmington, Pa., that city having presumably been temporarily removed from Delaware. There are stirring and humorous incidents galore—the defeat of the Continental fleets by the English, the destruction of a Russian squadron by the American Admiral Manan (to be read *Mahan*), the landing of 200,000 American troops on the coast of Germany, where, under "General Smithson," and with the British troops commanded by the Duke of Connaught, they annihilate the German army of Prince Albrecht; the French defeat at Yvetot—the general rout of everybody, in fact, as soon as the Britons and Americans get after them. The Kaiser, at whom many shafts of wit are directed by Mr. Tracy, is reduced to subjection, the Romanoff dynasty is deposed, and finally England and the United States triumphantly assume the control of the world and agree to prevent any further wars. The Queen invests with the Garter not

only the President and Vice-President, but the official whom Mr. Tracy calls "the Secretary of State for War." It is a grand and glorious military and political jamboree with a love-story incidentally running through it; and we cordially recommend it to those of our readers who like works of imagination not unmixed with considerable humour, both intentional and unintentional.

VAUDER'S UNDERSTUDY. By James Knapp Reeve. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cents.

When the intention of originality is so obvious as it is in this work it seems to deserve recognition. When one does a commonplace thing in a strenuous way the looker-on is for the moment impressed with a sense of the unusual. Such is the effect of this work, yet it is really the familiar old thesis of platonic love, and there is nothing novel in the fact that the man and the woman enter intentionally upon the rôle, although the author apparently thinks the idea new. In reality, the only unusual feature of the situation is that they succeed in doing what they set out to do; for love, platonic or otherwise, is not usually supposed to come by invitation or the contrary. These two, however, gradually learn to care enough for each other to experience the delightful misery that masquerades under the name of platonic affection, that problem of novelists and poets and philosophers from time immemorial. And they do experience it, with a fervour, not to say fury, so that the story, notwithstanding its old age and long service in life and in fiction, is far from being dull.

THE SEALSKIN CLOAK. By Rolf Boldrewood. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Here is a story all of the olden time; it looks like a survival of the past; its date should be about 1830. A kind lady lends a shivering companion a seal-skin cloak in a railway train just before a terrible accident. The woman in the cloak is killed and buried; the benevolent one, after a severe and prolonged illness, recovers. But when circumstances permit her to return to her home her husband has married again—for the sake of his children of course. Sorrow has set its mark on Marguerite, and when she becomes her own chil-

dren's governess and the cherished friend of the family no one recognises her. She has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing herself still lamented, and in beautiful rhetoric. But the second wife has as much to bear in being thus addressed: "Mariana, best of created women, does not this vex your gentle heart? I am ever grateful, God knows! for your sublime tenderness, but I cannot refrain. I shall not long survive this divided life," etc. But he does survive, the second wife very conveniently dying of consumption. Both Gordon and his now recovered wife are slaves to propriety, and do not dare to tell the truth about the whole story; so Marguerite pretends to be Hugh Gordon's third wife, instead of his first, and they emigrate to the colonies, lest any one should find out their romantic history. The story is set to the tune of prunes and prisms; it is quite as solemn as it is improbable. Mr. Boldrewood used to write adventure tales. Has he exhausted his material? Let him gather more, for in the domestic vein he is sadly wearisome and rather absurd, besides being largely reminiscent of a plot that is obviously borrowed from *East Lynne*.

A GUEST AT THE LUDLOW. By Bill Nye. Indianapolis and Kansas City: Bowen-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

There is something peculiarly sympathetic in the design of the cover of Mr. Nye's posthumous book, something very suggestive of the jester in cap and bells offering the laurel wreath. The figure might, it is true, have more fittingly held out a big bunch of homely, wholesome immortelles, for that would have seemed more truly representative of the memory this good man has left with the world. There will probably be found in all the immense mass of his work little if anything great enough to live; and yet, on the other hand, there is nothing that were better forgotten. For it is hardly saying too much to say that no writer, no matter how seriously he may have considered his obligation to humanity, has ever been truer to the highest ideals, to all that is sweetest, deepest, and best in life and in mankind than this jester always was in his merriest moments. Of this particular volume, which comes after the kind voice is silent, there is,

of course, nothing new to say, since it is in the author's characteristic vein and wanders as far afield as his thoughts were wont to wander. The volume contains twenty-eight sketches, and its scope extends from "A Guest at the Ludlow" to "A Mediæval Discoverer," and from "The Hateful Hen" to "The Dubious Future." The work was prepared for publication several months before the author's death, and bears no evidence of failing powers. The introduction, which has been engraved from the manuscript, reads:

"Go, little booklet, go,
Bearing an honoured name,
Till everywhere that you have went,
They're glad that you have came."

A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST, AND OTHER STORIES. By Alice Spinner. New York: Edward Arnold. \$1.50.

We cannot find sufficient reason for the publication of these stories, as they are not of the sort to make a professional reputation. The author's art is very crude and her creative power slight. When she trusts to her imagination to take her beyond the line of literal experience she is entirely nonplussed. We have only to mention the story of the two New England spinsters travelling in Europe, and the story of Mr. Silas Rock, the American plutocrat, and his wife, to know that the author's acquaintance with her subject and her imagination reach no farther than her somewhat superficial reading has taken her. The dialect of these stories, based solely on the use of "guess" and "reckon" at intervals of about ten words each, is something no New Englander ever encountered.

Still, the volume has redeeming traits. The author knows the West Indies at first hand, and such a sketch as she has given us of the half-breed Margaret—drawn straight from life and without addition or extenuation—is good reading. Her first story, too, "A Reluctant Evangelist," has a strong subject treated not without sympathy and a certain sincere power. We can say of the stories as a whole that their sentiment is unforced and wholesome.

RODNEY STONE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

This must rank among the first four or five of Mr. Doyle's books. Perhaps

only *Micah Clarke* and *Sherlock Holmes* surpass it. There is a certainty and a power in his dealing with English history to which he never attains when he seeks his theme abroad. *Rodney Stone* is a tale of the early part of this century, and will probably have a sequel, as the hero at the end is only at the outset of his career, going off with Nelson to Trafalgar. Nelson is hardly needed for this story, but he gives the colour of the period, and we forgive any irrelevance if he is the link between this tale and the next. It is the Prize Ring, not the Navy, that is the inspirer of the book. The Ring is supposed just now to be very wholesome. At least an admiration for its past is held to check decadence. So be it. The fighting scenes are vigorous enough to please such as are interested in the Fancy; though we think greater dignity would have been given to the sport had Mr. Doyle allowed Jim to take part in the famous encounter with Wilson. No, the blacksmith's nephew had been discovered to be the heir to a peerage, and the noble father refused his consent. But for the sake of the Ring, Mr. Doyle should have forced him. We confess to admiring in ignorance the fighting scenes. We feel ourselves on safer ground in applauding the writer's charitable and intelligent belief, often and diversely expressed in the course of the story, that, beneath the foolish foppery, and idleness, and frivolous eccentricities of the bucks of the day, lay the capability of something solid and noble and valiant.

WYMPS, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.

By Evelyn Sharp. With Coloured Illustrations and a Cover by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. New York: John Lane. \$1.75.

Wymps and its companions are very witty stories, but they have not the uncomfortable, puzzling wit that sets grown-up people laughing, and leaves children frowning and disappointed. Their wit is genuine, direct, enjoyable, but wit all the same, not mere crude farcical fun. The author has an excellent style for this kind of thing. She comes to the point rapidly and with effect, and her invention never gives out. "Wymps" itself, and "In Toyland" have filled us with the highest admiration. Mrs. Dearmer's pictures

are such as children would make for themselves if they could. There is never any doubt about them. They are admirably drawn, and in colour they have that frank gorgeousness, without which the wholesome youthful eye is never quite satisfied. A word should be said for the excellence of the colour-printing.

AN UNCROWNED KING: A Romance of High Politics. By Sydney C. Grier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Successful as Mr. Grier's previous works of fiction have been, we should imagine that his present venture would find even a wider popularity. An English nobleman is invited to the throne of "Thracia," an invitation which eventually he accepts. How he makes his way to the country that has adopted him, how he falls in love on the way, how his worldly-wise brother attempts and fails to manage him, how he loses his kingdom but wins his bride, is all told in so graphic, vigorous, and entertaining a style that few readers will pause till they reach the end. There is a judicious mixture of love-making and politics and plotting, of dark schemers and lovable lovers, a little fighting, and some excellent talk. A distant flavour of *The Prisoner of Zenda* hangs round the book, but Mr. Grier's characters and plot and method are all thoroughly original. Any one who wishes to enjoy a novel of first-rate quality, brilliant and rapid as a drama, should read *An Uncrowned King*.

THE SCRAPE THAT JACK BUILT. By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Unless a juvenile book be a work of genius, like, for example, *The Jungle Stories*, the grown-up reviewer is scarcely entitled to express an opinion of it, since it cannot be expected to appeal to any other than the audience to which it is addressed. So that it is hard to know what to say of such a story as *The Scrape that Jack Built*. To the mature mind it seems rather a commonplace scrape—much of the kind that most mischievous boys build. Yet it is described in a spirited way, and there may be boys—and girls as well—who will follow with breathless interest the solution of the mystery of the ghost.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD. By John Fulton. New York: The Macmillan Company for the Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

The death of a college president is nearly always followed, as a matter of course, by the publication of a memorial volume in some form or other, though usually written from a strictly personal and local point of view, and therefore interesting chiefly to the immediate friends of the institution and of the man. The present work differs from the typical academic memoir in two important respects. In the first place, Dr. Fulton has made his book not merely the story of an individual career, but a picture of educational and even national conditions; and in the second place, so far as the book is a biography, it is a biography written not from the standpoint of the perfunctory eulogist, but with the discrimination and impartial judgment that one finds in historical portraiture. The result of these two departures from tradition is eminently satisfactory, giving us a useful contribution to American educational history, and at the same time a true and interesting picture of one who well deserves consideration. Under the former head we have some very curious glimpses of Southern life in the Gulf States, of society in a Southern university town before the war, and of the peculiar difficulties besetting a Northern man who made his home in a Southern community in the days when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was being written, and when the premonitory thunder of the Battle of Armageddon was beginning to reverberate. Under the second head we have a very frank disclosure of Dr. Barnard as he actually was, of his weaknesses as well as of his strength. Few writers of a memorial volume would have had the courage to give in detail the curious account of how, in 1860, in answer to specific charges of "unfriendliness to Southern institutions," Dr. Barnard appeared before the University Trustees at Oxford, Miss., and made a positive statement ending with these words, "I am a slaveholder, and, if I know myself, I am 'sound on the slavery question';" and how, nevertheless, in 1863, having

then come North, he published a letter to President Lincoln denouncing slavery as barbarous, loathsome, unjust, "cursed of Christian men, and hated of God." Few biographers, we say, would have been so frank; yet in his frankness Dr. Fulton is fully justified, for this episode is remarkably characteristic and typical. Dr. Barnard, was not, we think, fundamentally insincere; but he had a certain mercurial instability of motive that too often produced the effect of insincerity. Impetuous, impulsive, always attracted by a new idea, and always extreme in its pursuit, he displayed a curious facility for ignoring the past and for spurning consistency, so that he could at times with difficulty be held even to his own written undertakings. Yet it may be questioned whether this eagerness for change and this extreme openness to new influences were not, after all, the very means by which he was enabled to give so strong an impulse to the development of the university idea after his connection with Columbia College began, in 1864. That institution, then in the day of small things, had been for so many decades financially crippled and hampered in its work, the necessity for careful economy and frugality had so long been present before every mind, that when conditions changed and its annual revenues swelled to magnificent proportions, its Trustees were unable all at once to accept the new view of their functions which this change entailed. They were still, as before, cautious, timid, and averse to the assumption of great responsibilities; and had a more conservative type of President succeeded Dr. King, Columbia to-day might still have been passing through the modified gymnasial stage of development. But with Dr. Barnard conservatism was temperamentally impossible. His eager imagination rushed at once to splendid possibilities, and he saw in mind already the great metropolitan university of to-day. The history of his administration is a history of one unending effort for the realisation of an ideal; and probably no other man could have done more to bring this end to pass. Many of his schemes were in detail impracticable, some of them

were even absurd ; but his ambition was a noble one, and his conception of Columbia's duty was eminently sound. When he at last retired, in 1887, his work was finished, and the object sought by him so ardently was won. His retirement, indeed, at the time when it occurred was no less fortunate for the college than had been his assumption of the presidency in 1863 ; for of all men he was the most unfitted to carry out the innumerable and minute details involved in the transformation of a great college into a great university. A man of excessive and unreasonable prejudices, often arrogant in manner and always intolerant of opposition, inaccessible except to those who happened to enjoy his personal favour, indifferent to details and despising small things, viewing the student body as something wholly remote from his personal sympathies ; and, moreover, being afflicted with a physical infirmity that made intercourse with him both difficult and uncertain, he lacked absolutely the judicial temperament and the tact that are indispensable to a great administrator. Had he undertaken the task of directing Columbia's evolution into a university, he would have failed, with discredit to himself and disaster to the institution. That task was, indeed, extremely difficult—how difficult only those who stood nearest to it will ever know. To give symmetry and coherence to so unwieldy a congeries of schools and faculties, to introduce system where chaos had ruled before, to co-ordinate and correlate, to abolish incongruity, to plan a simple yet elastic form of government, to reconcile so many conflicting interests and allay so many traditional prejudices, and at the same time to accomplish this so smoothly and so judiciously as not merely to avoid perceptible friction, but to secure the cordial co-operation of all—surely this has been one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of university organisation. Dr. Barnard, however, did his part, and on the whole he did it well ; and it is, indeed, high praise of him to say that his labours made possible the work of his successor.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL ; OR, THE HUMOURISTS. By Washington Irving. Two volumes. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.

The Surrey Edition of this delightful

work is indeed the most sumptuous presentation of *Bracebridge Hall* ever issued. If "Geoffrey Crayon" had foreseen this day he might have been less timid with the "worthy reader," and addressed him with the proper pride born of such splendour of book-making. Now that Washington Irving is accepted as a classic in his own country and out of it, and is universally and perennially read, he must needs be clothed with fine raiment and embellished with ornamental borders for the ready indulgence of those who buy for the glitter and the gloss, but rarely read for the sake of the intrinsic beauty of the work. For those who like their standard authors in fine editions, there could be no more beautiful edition of Irving's works than has been for some years annually produced by the Messrs. Putnam. The present edition sustains the æsthetic taste shown in the presentation of the previous volumes. The coloured borders on every page enclosing the text, printed from new plates, are from designs by Margaret Armstrong, and the photogravure illustrations—there are about thirty of them—are the work of well-known pictorial artists. It ranks among the few very handsome gift-books of the season.

A CHILD-WORLD. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis : The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

"The Child-world—long and long since lost to view—

A Fairy Paradise !—

How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes

With treasures of surprise !"

This is the note that is struck by the poet at the outset in his new book of verse, and it is sustained with variations all through the continuous narrative of child and old-home life—laughter and tears, humour and pathos alternating in dialect and serious verse. The "affluent hours" of childhood are made to yield their old enchantments through the mellowed affections and fond imagination of the poet. Tales of the olden times linger lovingly on the lips of the narrators, memories of the long days, with their long thoughts and bright fancies, blossom with romance in the scenes and characters recalled by the poet's magical wand. It is *The Old Homestead* played over again in verse,

issuing from the poet's heart and singing itself into the hearts of the common people. For these poems are for the people. Mr. Riley is a people's poet, thoroughly democratic in his sympathies, simple in his tastes, blowing his clear, liquid notes on a single pipe; but ah! how sensitively the fingers play over it, how the song rises like a fountain jet of joy and falls in a glorious rainbow spray, or wanders down the dark valley, weeping among the willows and grating against the reeds. The heartsome flavour of nature permeates and sweetens the onomatopoeic lines. Listen to this, for instance:

"The liquid, dripping songs of orchard-birds—
The wee bass of the bees,—
With lucent deeps of silence afterward;
The gay, clandestine whisperings of the breeze
And glad leaves of the trees."

Long after we have forgotten the drollery and fun and quaint pictures in the Hoosier dialect, the lyric note will haunt us, the homely sentiment will remind us, and the memory of our childhood will spring up again when we think of Mr. Riley's *A Child-World*.

"O Child-world: after this world—just as when
I found you first sufficed
My soulmost need—if I found you again,
With all my childish dream so realised,
I should not be surprised."

CONSTANTINOPLE. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Maria H. Lansdale. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. \$5.00.

VENICE: HER HISTORY, ART, INDUSTRIES, AND MODERN LIFE. By Charles Yriarte. Translated from the French by F. J. Sitwell. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. \$3.00.

A book on Constantinople or Venice lends itself readily to illustration, and in presenting the above two standard works to the public the publishers have made ample and artistic use of their resources. Both books are held in high estimation, and need no recommendation from the reader's point of view. It remains to be said that the fifty full-page photogravure illustrations contributed to each work have been skilfully transferred from choice photographs, procured from reliable leading photographers in Constantinople and Venice. These illustrations have for their subjects the varying types of character

and the various sites and scenes of historic and actual interest to be found there. A map is added to the *Constantinople*, and each work is carefully indexed. Binding, typography, and illustrations are excellent, and deserve to win for these exquisite holiday books the admiration they seek.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Collected and edited by Jennie Thorn Clarke, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

"So far as the writer knows," says Mr. Harris in the short introduction, "this volume is the first of American anthologies devoted wholly to verses produced by Southern writers. There have been collections of the war poetry of the South, and there are others that deal with all forms of Southern literary talent; but the following pages are given over entirely to selections from the writings of those who have made contributions to American verse."

This book presents a very fair collection of poems, which, with a few exceptions, do not reach high lyrical expression. It must be remembered that they are the utterance of a people bred in leisure and pleasure, in a climate that engenders fancy and sentiment rather than ruggedness, strength, or asceticism. A few verses from a poem, by Samuel Henry Dickson, will explain the environment:

"I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak-tree,—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

"The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

* * * * *

"There the humming-bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

"There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will."

This type of American, who revels in all the delights of the senses, is entirely opposed to the point of view of the

New England Puritan, who has mastered the country and dominated American letters. While he built his schools and developed a national education and a national literature, the Southerner preferred the education of the Old World for his sons, and usually sent them to Oxford or Cambridge. His library was always stocked with English classics, and he ignored the works of his Northern brothers. The most noticeable features of the collection as a whole are the feeling for rhythm and the musical sound of words; the suggestions of flowers and perfumes; the intense sentiment; and the fiery, earnest patriotism.

Edgar Allan Poe is represented by "The Bells," "The Raven," "Israfel," "The Haunted Palace," and "Annabel Lee;" Sidney Lanier by "The Marshes of Glynn," "Acknowledgment," "The Mocking-Bird," and the beautiful "Song of the Chattahoochee;" Henry Timrod by "Spring," "The Cotton Boll," "Hark to the Shouting Wind;" and there are also poems by Maurice Thompson, Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Burns Wilson, John B. Tabb, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Samuel Minturn Peck, Paul H. Hayne, and James Lane Allen. The women include: Sarah M. B. Piatt, Mary Ashley Townsend, Margaret J. Preston, and Lizette W. Reese.

"The Back-Log," by Innes Randolph, gives a vivid picture of Christmas Eve and its customs at Thornton Hall, with its roaring fires, good cheer, and merry-making; "Uncle Gabe's White Folks," by Thomas Nelson Page, is a fine story of the loyalty and affection of the old slave for his people; and there is a highly humorous account of the Origin of the Banjo, by Irwin Russell, misprinted as the "Origin of the Fiddle." The verse is not recent; but to the Southerner especially it will be cordially welcomed, for it contains many poems only to be found in buried periodicals. As a rule, the highest note is reached in the patriotic hymns. Beginning with "The Star-Spangled Banner," written on Maryland soil, and "Maryland, my Maryland," always sung to the old German folk-song of "Tannenbaum," we find the particular battle-lyrics of the South, such as "Dixie." "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night," and "The Sword of Lee" and "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. Of

the latter it is only just to say that, read without prejudice, it is one of the most dignified, solemn, and admirable of patriotic songs.

"Marion, the Swamp Fox," by a half forgotten novelist, William Gilmore Simms, is a stirring ballad, which, although somewhat old-fashioned in flavour, justifies rereading, as will be seen by the first verse:

"We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men."

While not pretending to rank with the best anthologies of verse, this book of Southern songs is an interesting addition to American literature.

A BOOK OF SCOUNDRELS. By Charles Whibley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Every sane person prefers an honest scoundrel to a hypocritical saint, and every one who has had the proper literary nurture delights in turning occasionally from the dull present to the past for a bit of roystering adventure. Centuries of Puritan sway can never crush the bold Cavalier spirit that runs like a scarlet thread through the English race. There is a bracing atmosphere about this book, which treats of the golden age of the highway; it stirs the blood to read of reckless "highwaymen who could rob like gentlemen" and go to Tyburn like heroes.

This combination of gentleman-adventurer, dandy, hero, and robber of coaches on the highway has been preserved by Austin Dobson in his vigorous and dramatic ballad of "Beau Brocade." Of this type Captain Hind stands first.

"In bravery, as in gallantry, he knew no rival, and he plundered with so elegant a style, that only a churlish victim could resent the extortion. He would as soon have turned his back upon an enemy as demand a purse uncovered. For every man he had a quip, for every woman a compliment; nor did he ever conceal the truth that the means were for him as important as the end. . . . The middle of the seventeenth century was, in truth, the golden age of the Road. Not only were all the highwaymen Cavaliers, but many a Cavalier turned highwayman. Broken at their King's defeat, a hundred captains took pistol and vizard, and

revenged themselves as freebooters upon the King's enemies."

This explains why Hind "never left any man, save a Roundhead, penniless upon the road."

Another chapter is devoted to Moll Cutpurse, the heroine of Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, for she had a "voice that will drown the city." Other papers are devoted to Jonathan Wild and Ralph Briscoe, her contemporaries, equally gifted in the art of lifting purses, and equally familiar with the Bear Garden and the fantastic adventurer of the road. Among the most conspicuous dandies are "Sixteen-String Jack" and "Deacon Brodie," who also furnish themes for discussion. The former took his name from the sixteen gay ribbons which he wore at each knee. Sometimes he appeared in a scarlet coat, a tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings, and lace hat, and for his trial he dressed himself like a light-hearted sportsman in new buckskin breeches, coat and waistcoat of pea-green cloth, and wore a silver cord around his hat. "Deacon Brodie" was even more elegant. He went to trial in a sedan-chair, and stepped jauntily into the presence of the judges in a blue coat, a waistcoat embroidered in gay flowers, satin breeches, white silk stockings, powdered hair, and cocked hat, which attire procured for him the reception due to a man of fashion.

The historical material is drawn from the *Newgate Calendar*; but the essays are written in a virile, brilliant style, with dashing vigour and swing of word and phrase that accord with the subject-matter. Mr. Whibley has a happy manner of balancing the characters by drawing Plutarchian *parallels*, as he terms the short essays placed every now and then between the biographical studies. The other scoundrels include Gilderoy, Jack Shepherd, George Barrington, Charles Peace, "Gentleman Harry," and the French Cartouche, Vaux, and "The Man in the Gray Suit."

While we cannot agree with Mr. Whibley that "the wise man sighs for those fearless days, when the brilliant Macheath rode vizarded down Shooter's Hill, and presently saw his exploits set forth with the proper accompaniment of a renowned and ancient woodcut, upon a penny broadsheet," we do agree with this invective:

"The world, which was the joyous play-

ground of highwaymen and pickpockets, is now the Arcadia of swindlers. The man who once went forth to meet his equal on the road now plunders the defenceless widow or the foolish clergyman from the security of an office. He has changed Black Bess for a brougham, his pistol for a cigar; a sleek chimney-pot sits upon the head which once wore a jaunty hat. three-cornered; spats have replaced the tops of ancient times; and a heavy fur coat advertises at once the wealth and inaction of the modern brigand. . . . He steals without risking his skin or his respectability. He is generally a pillar (or a buttress) of the church, and oftentimes a mayor; with his ill-gotten wealth he promotes charities and endows schools. . . . But how much worse is he than the High-toby-cracks of old! They were as brave as lions; he is a very louse for timidity. His conduct is meaner than the conduct of the most ruffianly burglar that ever worked a centre-bit."

WITH MY NEIGHBOURS. By Margaret E. Sangster. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

There is just a suggestion of William Cobbett in the plainness and honesty of these papers. There is a resolute conviction about them, too, that, though free altogether from his strenuousness and egoism, recalls his "Advice to Young Men." Mrs. Sangster speaks to women, particularly the women of the common people, who do much to make the world what it is. Argument she eschews, and of profound thought there is no evidence in her sayings—mere *obiter dicta* on every-day matters touching every day people. Her sympathy is as broad as the land, but her vision, political economists would say, is narrow. To the suffering she would minister as do those who have learned the methods of first aid to the injured, leaving the patients then in Nature's hands. She would cure the sweat-shop evil by buying only those ready-made articles of clothing that are comparatively dear, ignoring the natural law of trade rather than seeking a way to make it bear less hardly on those whom it oppresses. Her philosophy, such as it is, is negative rather than positive. She exhorts women what not to do more often than what to do. They are to increase their influence for happiness not by being more unselfish, but less unselfish; they are to ameliorate the hardships of life by not washing and mending and sweeping so much, and so conserving their energies for beneficent activity in less arduous fields. How the wives and daughters of small farmers and labourers are to accomplish this, without risk of retaliation from outraged laws of hy-

giene, is not made plain. There is, however, much that is helpful in what Mrs. Sangster says, and where her advice is taken with common sense it may often lead to easier and better living where comfort and contentment are all too scarce. But in days of unrest such as these it is not well to rely too much on that assistant to the wise application of rules of conduct. The essays are republished from religious periodicals.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURIST. By E. H. Lacon Watson. New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.

The Unconscious Humourist is the title which covers the fifteen essays composing this book. Skipping the dissertation on the "Essay," we come to the discussion which gives the book its title. There follows further on "An Examination of the Commonplace." Something said in this essay is apropos of what characterises these lively and readable pages; "the commonplace is with us always," he says, "but it is ever assuming new forms and appearing under a new guise. Unexpectedly we find it waiting in our path, just when we imagined we had shaken off its pursuit." Trite and commonplace as Mr. Watson's themes may be, we always find ourselves following a new train of thought, entering an unaccustomed path, treading familiar walks with fresh gleams of light falling about us. Such a book makes us long in very truth for the return of the essay—once as fashionable and as popular a form of literature as is fiction now.

A BOOK OF OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Edited with an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

As the flower of the field, blooming in wild, riotous luxuriance, is to the garden flower, trimmed and cultivated, so is the old English ballad to the modern ballad, striking and picturesque though it often is. The aim at work in this collection of popular ballads of the days of "Chevy Chase" and "Flodden Field" and "Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale," is primarily to make more familiar these royal weeds of genuine poetry, and to induce a fresh interest and feeling in their essential beauty and sentiment. No attempt has been made to follow a chronological order, or to enforce a

rigid principle of selection in bringing together these songs of the people. They stand not as an anthology, but as a representation of the range, the descriptive felicity, the dramatic power, and true poetic feeling of the once popular ballad, now passed away with the conditions which produced them. Mr. Mabie's introductory paper is an acute and scholarly criticism of the old ballad and the life which gave it birth and vitality. He traces its causes, its growth, the theories of its authorship, and accounts for its popularity, its power, and decadence. Mr. Mabie's essay in itself will give value to this collection, which is further enhanced by the full-page decorative drawings and head and tail pieces by George Wharton Edwards. It is evident that Mr. Edwards has carefully studied his subjects, as his reproductions are full of the sweet ballad grace and legendary charm, and yet breathe the rude vigour and virility of its warring elements. The book-making is excellent, and inside and out is a work of art.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Edited by Augustine Birrell. 6 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.

Mr. Birrell says in his preface that there is "always somebody reading Johnson." And there are always a great many persons reading Boswell. Hereafter Boswell and Johnson may be read in the first ideal edition that has been made of the famous book. "Holy zeal and the most absolute conviction" have driven Mr. Birrell to be a Boswell-Johnson missionary, and no more tactful and persuasive missionary ever embraced a cause. The internal arrangements of the new edition are in the best hands of all, while of the externals we can say that they extend far beyond the merely satisfactory. The volumes are light to hold and charming to look at; in short, marvels of good taste, good type, and good sense.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. With portraits. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3 50.

Mr. Birrell is also the editor of the new two-volumed Browning. It is a handsome edition, and the second volume will make it a complete one. A chronological order has been adhered to, save where this would interfere with

some of the poet's own rearrangements. There are a few notes: those for "The Ring and the Book" are by Mr. F. G. Kenyon. The edition, however, aims chiefly at providing a good and complete text in a convenient dress, and does not profess to include a Browning commentary. It is difficult to find any fault with the form in which it has been sent out.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Herbert S. Stone and Company, of Chicago, publish a collection of good stories from the *Chap-Book*, with a very attractive cover in boards and the title *Chap-Book Stories*. Among the authors represented are Katharine Bates, Maria Louise Pool, Clinton Ross, Octave Thanet, and Grace Ellery Channing. The book is exceedingly good reading. (Price, \$1.25.)—Miss Edith M. Thomas's latest volume of verse is entitled *A Winter Swallow* after the first poem in it, which is based upon the very touching story of Chelonis and Cleombrotus. A distinctly classical flavour is perceptible throughout the entire volume. We could wish, however, that Miss Thomas would not make her Greeks speak of "Venus Victrix," and that while keeping to Poseidon and Iliou and Athena, she would abstain from thrusting in the bastard Latin form "Ulysses." But the verse is graceful and tender, like everything that she writes. (Scribners. \$1.50.)—Miss Alice Morse Earle has written an interesting little book on *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days*, in which the bilboes, the ducking-stool, the pillory, the stocks, branks, gags, and other devices for restraining and discouraging evil-doers form the subject of separate chapters. The illustrations in seventeenth-century style are supplied by Mr. Frank Hazenplug. In noticing the book, we should like to ask Miss Earle what she means by "demeaning punishments." (Herbert S. Stone and Company. \$1.50.)—The Messrs. Scribner send us what is probably the *édition définitive* of the poems of the late H. C. Bunner, containing also short introductory note by Professor Brander Matthews. (Price, \$1.75.)

During the Presidential campaign now happily ended, we received about

two tons of pamphlets relating to the issues then before the people. We never mustered up the courage to print any notices of them, because THE BOOKMAN is not in politics, and we didn't want to get into trouble. Stirring over the pile the other day, however, we turned up one small pamphlet whose cover gave us much delight. It bears upon its lilac face, in enormous black letters, the following: STOP THIEVES!!! AMERICA NO BUCKET-SHOP! We have not looked inside, and we haven't the faintest idea whether it was written to advocate the claims of Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, or those estimable gentlemen, whose names we cannot at the present time remember, who headed the tickets of the Prohibitionists, the Socialists, and the Labour Party. This does not matter now; but the cover remains an abiding joy, and is well worth the modest sum of five cents, which is its price. (Cincinnati: the Robert Clarke Company.)

The latest volumes in the Illustrated Standard Novels Series, by the Macmillan Company, are Captain Marryat's *The King's Own*, which is exquisitely illustrated by F. H. Townsend, and *The Phantom Ship*, illustrated in an equally spirited fashion by H. R. Millar. Mr. David Hannay writes a graceful introduction to both books. (Price, each, \$1.50.) *Beatrix* and *The Peasantry*, by Balzac, are also added by the same Company to the Dent edition of the great French writer's work, which is being ably edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. There are three etched drawings in each volume. (Price, each, \$1.50.) This firm has also issued another volume, making the fifth, of their fine edition of Björnstjerne's works. *The Bridal March* and *One Day* are included in this volume. (Price, \$1.25.)

A fragment by Robert Louis Stevenson, called *A Mountain Town in France*, with five illustrations from drawings by the author, has been published by John Lane. Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and the price is \$1.50 net. The December BOOKMAN contained a lengthy extract from this bit of Stevensoniana, and also reproduced one of the illustrations. It is very tastefully bound and printed.—*Nine Love Songs and a Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, which we announced recently, has now been published, and will not fail to

find its way to the music-room for lack of beauty and attractiveness in its arrangement and style.

Mr. William Winter's *Gray Days and Gold*, which has appeared in several forms since its original publication in 1892, is honoured once more with a new dress, this time with one befitting the season. Bound in a substantial yet ornate cover, with gilt edges, illustrated with photogravures and with text cuts, and printed in clear, bold type, it is likely to take a new lease of life, starting as an attraction during the holidays. (Price, \$2.50.) The Macmillan Company also publish a selection from Rudyard Kipling's short stories, which they have called *Soldiers' Stories*, made attractive by a number of illustrations. (Price, \$1.50.) The new book in the English Classics Series, bound in black and gold with full gilt edges (\$2.00), which the Macmillans issue annually, contains Sheridan's *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal*. The charming pen-and-ink illustrations are by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., makes an excellent advocate, as might be expected, for his author in the Introduction. Three beautiful books, viewed from the artistic side, for boys and girls come to us from the same company—namely, *Songs for Little People*, by Norman Gale (\$2.00); *The Book of Wonder Voyages*, edited by Joseph Jacobs (\$1.50), and *Tales from Hans Andersen* (\$1.00), all illustrated by the New Artist. A few months ago we took pleasure in introducing the first volume of a new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and in speaking warmly in its praise. We have now the second volume before us (\$2.00). The edition is to be completed in seven volumes, and is being issued in this country by the Macmillan Company.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have re-issued the once immensely popular books of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham in a new illustrated edition. There is still, we believe, considerable demand for *The Throne of David*, *The Pillar of Fire*, and

The Prince of the House of David, and the present edition will doubtless find a ready reception from many readers. (Price, \$2.00 per volume.) The same firm publishes another volume, *Juana*, in their Balzac library. This leaves only one volume now to complete the edition. (Price, \$1.50.)—*Heroes and Hero-Worship*, by Thomas Carlyle, is the third volume in the Nineteenth Century Classics edited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an introduction, and there is a fine photogravure portrait of Carlyle, from Millais's unfinished picture painted in 1877.—Five volumes have now been issued of Mark Twain's works by the Messrs. Harper in their new and illustrated edition. The latest volume contains *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, *Tom Sawyer Detective*, etc. (Price, \$1.75.)—*Alone in China, and Other Stories*, by Julian Ralph, has afforded Mr. C. D. Weldon a wealth of illustration; indeed, the illustrator and writer are equally in evidence, a page of illustration being sandwiched between almost every two pages of text. What with Julian Ralph's graphic powers of narration and Mr. Weldon's ready brush, they make a very picturesque book between them. Harper and Brothers. (Price, \$2.00.)—*The Village of Youth* is the title of a book of charming fairy tales, by Bessie Hatton, which will delight young and old. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by the F. A. Stokes Company. (Price, \$1.50.) Mr. Quiller-Couch's narration of *Fairy Tales Far and Near*, published by the same firm, we announced some time ago. It is a seasonable book, and as for the author's part, the magic of his imagination lies upon every page. (Price, \$1.50.)—Messrs. Silver, Burdette and Company publish *The Masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Milton*, its chief attraction being found in the fine process pictures representing the art of Michael Angelo. (Price, \$1.50.)



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

We publish in this department so many criticisms of ourselves that one might suppose our readers generally to be in a perpetual state of revolt against us. But, happily, such is not the case. We receive far more letters of commendation than of censure, and some of them are so very prettily turned and so delightfully cordial that we should like to print them did not our inconvenient but quite invincible modesty prevent. Even our most inveterate critics generally wind up their censures with an emollient word of praise, and this is why we come to these periodic contests with so much good humour, regarding them as amicable little bouts with the best of good friends, and feeling perfectly willing to take as well as to give our share of all the blows that are going. With these remarks, by way of preliminary, we go down once more into the arena and prepare again to mingle in the fray.

I.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, of Gramercy Square in this city, who must read *THE BOOKMAN* with truly supernatural minuteness, and who is in consequence one of the most ingeniously ubiquitous of our challengers, carcoles into the lists this month with some very pointed questions. He likewise devotes several pages to a general review of our editorial work. This criticism we have perused with a good deal of attention, as giving the verdict of a clever and cultivated observer; but we are not egotistical enough to suppose that it would equally interest our readers. His specific criticisms, however, we gladly print in the order in which he sets them down, and we answer them as best we may. Here they are:

1. Are you not afraid that your comments on that new English Grammar will warrant the authors in believing that you think they are unkind enough to be right, because (as to that Anglo-Saxon verb) the more they are right the more 'tis a libel?

No, we are not in the least bit afraid of any such result; though it may be that our remarks on the subject of Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell's Gram-

mar were not sufficiently elaborated to be wholly clear. To tell the truth, we are so weary of battling against the barbarous misuse of the passive voice that we always cut our criticisms of it down to the smallest possible space. However, just to oblige Mr. Sage, we will hark back to the subject again and try to be more explicit. Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell gave the illustrative sentence, "She is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy," as though it were identical in principle with such a loathsome sentence as "He was given a dinner." We said by way of commentary that it was superficially clever of the authors to make one of the apparent objects of the verb an infinitive clause rather than a noun, and that they had probably picked out the verb "to teach," because its Anglo-Saxon ancestor governed two accusatives. What we did not say, but what we might have said, was that if they were going to be so very Anglo-Saxon they should have remembered that the Anglo-Saxon infinitive is not the accusative case of the verbal noun at all, but the dative; that in consequence the apparent double accusative in the active form of the sentence disappears; and that with it the bottom drops out of their whole argument. We trust that Mr. Sage sees the point.

2. What Briton on your staff is authorised to write "There *has* been a number?"

No Briton, but a very good American. As the word "number" is a noun in the singular, we say "There has been a number" just as we should say "There has been an army." This instruction seems a little elementary for a person so advanced as Mr. Sage. Of course it would not be incorrect to use the plural form of the verb if one chose to let his mind dwell upon the multiplicity of the constituent parts rather than upon the unity of the collocation. Probably in this matter our mind works differently from Mr. Sage's, but as it's all the mind we have, we're obliged to worry along with it the best way we can.

3. Why do you call the use of "except the owners were known" a slip when the con-

tional use of "except" is old enough for respect?

See the answer to No. 6.

4. Why do you let Claudius Clear say in your presence "the most likely to survive of *any new book*?"

Because we are not responsible for Claudius Clear, and when we quote an author we believe in setting down his exact words and not rewriting them to suit our own grammatical views.

5. Which of your theosophical grammarians re-incarnated *is* to *ought to be* by a change of mood?

This criticism is technically correct so far as the verbal form goes, though in sense "ought to be" is potential and not indicative. We were carelessly wrong in the letter and right in the spirit. Suppose we call this a draw.

6. Don't you see that "*an hotel*" is not fairly condemned as h-dropping unless you condemn "*an historical illustration*" and the like?

Mr. Sage is not alone in raising this point against us. We have received a whole sheaf of letters on the subject. One of them is from a lady in Sierra Madre, Cal., who writes a most beautiful English hand, and who signs herself "An Ardent Admirer of THE BOOKMAN." She quotes our sentences on Mr. Henry James and "an hotel," and unkindly says that we shall never be considered scholarly while we allow pseudo-critical remarks like that to appear in our pages. Then she quotes a rule of English grammar to the effect that "before all words beginning with *h*, not accented on the first syllable, *an* shall be used," and hence she concludes her letter with a comfortable if cruel sensation of having put us to complete confusion.

Now we are sorry to bother those for whom we feel so much esteem, but we really must ask them to go back to the November BOOKMAN, and read our sentences on Mr. Henry James in the light of their context, so as to inform themselves more exactly as to the point that we were making. We had made the remark that American writers who live long in England usually show the effect of their constant association with Englishmen by introducing into their books locutions that are essentially English and not American. In illustration of this we cited Mr. Harold Frederic's use of "except" in the sense of "unless," and Mr. James's use of "an

hotel" for "a hotel." We did not find any fault with these usages; we expressed no opinion on the subject at all; but we merely stated, what is the truth, that they are English and not American. As a matter of fact, while Americans generally say "a hotel," we much prefer "an hotel," both because of the rule cited by our Sierra Madre correspondent, and because, *hôtel* being a French word, the initial *h* is silent. Therefore it may be cheerfully conceded that Mr. James, though not speaking like an American, is right. And so are we.

A propos of h-dropping, another correspondent, Mr. J. E. Howell, of Newark, N. J., calls our attention to the amusing fact that the Englishman who writes the preface to the edition of *Macbeth* in the Temple Shakespeare apparently spells as he evidently pronounces, in writing the name of the great Shakespearean scholar as "Alliwell Phillipps"

II.

Since we notified our contributors, actual and intending, that we should not return rejected manuscripts, even though postage stamps should be enclosed, we have received many letters of protest, some of them very indignant in their tone; and some of the newspapers have commented on the same thing with more or less acerbity. It is evidently thought to be a novel and unheard-of thing, and indicative of great arrogance on our part. But as a matter of fact, there is plenty of precedent for it. The rule has always been in force with the English *Bookman*, the wording of whose notice we copied, and some of the great London reviews make the same announcement every week, notably the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. And, indeed, we think that there is no hardship involved in this. Most manuscripts that we receive are typewritten, as all of them ought to be; and it is easy enough for the author when getting them typed to have several carbon copies made. So we must hold by our rule in the interest of our own convenience, for surely even an editor is entitled to look after his comfort, once in a while.

III.

A Philadelphian puts two questions to us, which we print herewith.

1. I should like to know why THE BOOKMAN writes "honour," "colour," "neighbour," etc. I do it myself, but I should like to know *your* reasons.

We have two reasons, a superficial one and a philosophical one. The superficial reason is that we think the spelling adopted by us is more elegant than the current American one. The philosophical reason we shall not give here, because we are going to publish a paper presently expressing at length our views on the general subject of spelling. If our correspondent will keep his eye on the future numbers of THE BOOKMAN, he will before very long find the answer fully given.

2. In the November BOOKMAN you say "styluses." Now is "styluses" the proper word for the plural of "stylus"? Do foreign words assume English grammatical forms when they become anglicised? I desire your opinion also in the case of "indices" or "indexes"; "memoranda" or "memorandums."

This is a subject in which no hard-and-fast rule should be laid down, but which should be decided in each case in accordance with usage and common sense. Usage, of course, in the long run establishes the law; but when, as in these specific instances, usage is still unsettled, we think that common sense and special circumstances should govern. As between "memoranda" and "memorandums," there is really nothing to decide, unless it be that "memoranda" is a little more euphonious. For ourselves, we speak of "indexes" to a

book, and of "indices" to character, because usage seems to make a sort of distinction here. As to "styluses," we will pledge ourselves invariably to speak of them as styli if our correspondent on his side will promise always to speak of Barnum's and of Forepaugh's circi.

IV.

A gentleman who says some complimentary things by way of prelude, finds fault with the title-page of our magazine. To describe "A Literary Journal" as "published *monthly*" involves, he thinks, an etymological paradox; and he asks whether one may expect to find in the future an *annual* published *daily*. We think that here is another case for an appeal to usage and common sense. The word "journal" has in general use lost its original meaning, and is now practically equivalent to "periodical." On the other hand, "annual" still keeps its early and special signification, assisted by the fact that the word is in regular use as an adjective, and by the existence of the adverb "annually." Etymology does not greatly affect the popular employment of words. For instance, does our correspondent never speak of "paraphernalia" except when he means a bridal trousseau?

Other criticisms still await an answer; but we have already exceeded our space, and must postpone their consideration until the next time.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Yale University Library reports its total number of volumes as nearly 200,000, which, with about 40,000 volumes in the Society and other auxiliary libraries, makes a total for the University of 240,000 volumes. A recent addition is the gift, by Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, of the classical library of Dr. Ernst Curtius.

The Boston Athenæum, together with associated libraries, has entered upon the compilation of an index of architectural plates contained in art and architectural periodicals and other similar publications of archæology and decoration. If this undertaking can be re-

alised, it will give a handbook of great usefulness to libraries and to art workers.

Mr. Frederick Saunders, who has been for nearly forty years connected with the Astor Library, and has for many years, in the capacity of Librarian, with Mr. Robbins Little, conducted its administration, has resigned. The Trustees of the corporation have accepted his resignation, continuing his salary during life. Mr. Saunders has been widely known as a literary man, and his reminiscences which appear in a preceding article published in this number furnish a lively and entertaining account of some of the literary men and

movements of his earlier days. As he is nearly ninety years old, it cannot be said that he is laying down the active duties of life with unbecoming haste.

The Free Public Library of Newark, N. J., held on November 19th its fourth annual exhibition of art-books. These exhibitions, which many libraries are coming to hold with a good deal of regularity, serve the double purpose of acquainting the public with the art resources of our libraries and of stimulating in turn the libraries to acquire art-books.

The authorities of the Pratt Institute are giving an interesting series of lectures on the art of book-making in connection with the Library School. Among the lecturers thus far have been Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne and Mr. E. W. Hopkins, also of the De Vinne Press, on printing, and Miss Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff on book-binding.

The Cincinnati Public Library in its last report, issued July 1st, 1896, announces itself as the possessor of 189,491 volumes, and states that it has loaned for home and library use 525,672 volumes, or, including periodicals and newspapers, 1,142,373 pieces during the year.

Wise persons have told us that the greatest hindrance to the industrial emancipation of women is the fact that they were women. Miss Theresa H. West, who for many years has been connected with the Milwaukee Public Library, and after various promotions was, in 1892, made Librarian-in-Chief, has resigned her position recently and become the wife of Mr. H. L. Elmen-dorff, formerly Librarian of the Free Public Library in St. Joseph, Mo. This proceeding, following the example of Miss E. B. Coe, formerly Librarian of the New York Free Circulating System, who resigned a year or two ago to become Mrs. Rylands, of this city, may possibly be considered as discouraging by the younger feminine workers in libraries. The fact that the most successful feminine librarians give up their positions without hesitancy to enter into matrimony would seem to imply that success in library work is, after all, not their highest ideal. Mr. P. D. Wright, of St. Joseph, Mo., has been elected Librarian, succeeding to Mr. Elmen-dorff.

Mr. George W. Cole, former Libra-

rian of the Public Library of Jersey City, sailed with his wife for Europe recently. Mr. Cole will spend the winter in the south of France enjoying the leisure which the gods bestow.

One of the latest additions to the list of periodicals devoted to bibliography is *Le Courrier du Livre, Revue Mensuelle de Bibliophilie et de Bibliographie, Publiée par un Groupe de Bibliophiles Canadiens*, at Quebec. This occupies a field hitherto little worked—namely, that of the publications in the French language issued in Canada. If it carries out its purposes, it will be of interest and service to American librarians who know so little of this field of literature.

The Annual Report of the Redwood Library and Athenæum at Newport, R. I., has just been issued. It is numbered the one hundred and sixty-sixth, and states that the Library now contains 42,043 volumes, with additions during the past year of 2129 books.

The world of scientific scholars and librarians is discussing with much interest the doings of the Bibliographical Conference held at London last summer. As is well known, the Royal Society of London has issued, covering a period from the beginning of the century, a catalogue of scientific papers, from the authors' standpoint only. This Conference, called to meet the demand for a subject-index in the same field and to discuss the ways and means to bring this about, accomplished considerable and left much still to be done. Practically it was resolved to carry on this work by international co-operation with the central seat at London and to issue the catalogue in the English language, at first on cards of some form, but later in book-form. As to the classification and arrangement to be adopted, no existing scheme found favour in the eyes of the Conference, but it was wisely determined to consider this matter further. The important details, thus, of form, financial basis, and execution of this endeavour were left to the Committee of the Royal Society.

It is astonishing to reflect how much more advanced in this matter are the students of the exact and descriptive sciences than the men devoted to historical and philological pursuits. The scientists have their laboratories and collections, and books form only one part of their apparatus. The students

of the humanities are almost exclusively confined to records and printed books. Nevertheless, nothing like a general index or catalogue of the innumerable papers issued in any section of these sciences exists. The bibliographer, by means of the Royal Society Catalogue and other helps, can usually identify a paper on a scientific theme, if not issued too recently; but he is absolutely without a clue to most papers on historical and philological topics. One reason for this condition of things lies in the disorganised state of investigators in this field.

Whatever may have been the grounds for criticism of the administration of the Astor or Lenox Libraries in the past, the new administration of the combined libraries seems eager to accomplish all that is possible for readers and investigators. The two library buildings are now fitted with electric light, and are kept open until nine o'clock in the evening. The Trustees and Librarian are most anxious to cooperate with other New York libraries and to organise, as far as possible, the library development in New York City.

The Trustees of the Newark, N. J., Public Library have offered to the New Jersey Historical Society quarters in their new library building, soon to be erected, and the Society is taking steps to accept the offer. It looked until recently as if the Society would decide to go to Princeton and occupy the quarters offered it in the new Princeton University Library.

It appears that THE BOOKMAN, in its November number, undervalued the Princeton Library. It is to cost at least \$600,000 instead of \$500,000, as here stated. At the recent celebration at Princeton an interesting exhibit was made in the old library building, including a block book and many interesting early imprints from the Morgan Collection and from other sources.

The pages of the *Library Journal* and other periodicals devoted to library affairs in the United States are largely taken up with reports of the doings of the numerous library associations, general, State, or municipal. Their number and activity, as thus set forth, show most vividly the extent to which library work in this country is becoming organised. A late number contains intelligence from twenty State associations

and several that are limited to a single city or locality.

The Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission has just issued its sixth report. This shows that all the towns and cities in that State, with the exception of twenty-four, are now provided with free public libraries. At the beginning of the work of this Commission, in 1890, one hundred and five towns were destitute of a public library. It is thus reasonable to agree with the Commission in their expectation that shortly every town in Massachusetts will have its storehouse of books for the people's reading. The Chairman of this Commission, Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, head of the State Library of Massachusetts, has given this work his constant attention from the beginning. The total number of volumes reported in the free public libraries of Massachusetts is 3,139,637, with a total of loans for home use for the year 1895 of 6,267,061. Comparison of these figures with those of 1891-92, four years ago, show an increase in the number of volumes of 380,337, and in circulation of 1,227,432 volumes.

German librarians and collectors are excited over the wholesale swindle which has recently been attempted on them by the offer of several volumes purporting to have been presented by Luther to his friends with autograph inscriptions. Some seventy such books have recently been offered for sale, forty by a single bookseller of high reputation. The suspicion of collectors was aroused, and the autographs laid before experts, who, by comparison, soon discovered the forgery. It appears that during the past twenty-five years only about twenty autographs of Luther have been offered for sale in all Europe. The sudden throwing on the market of seventy in a single year would seem to be overdoing the business of counterfeiting.

The additions to the British Museum during the past year are reported as 234,337 volumes and pamphlets. How large a proportion of this number comprises pamphlets or books of no scientific value received from copyright does not appear, but this class of additions must have been a large part of the whole. It would appear doubtful whether the British Museum is keeping up from year to year with the publica-

tions of value issued in countries other than those under British dominion.

It is interesting to note the change of sentiment expressed at present by American scholars concerning the facilities and resources of the great European libraries and the opinions held some twenty or even ten years ago. At that time the university professor or scholar, returning from Europe, was full of praises of the great advantages offered him abroad, especially in the completeness and wealth of the great libraries of

London, Paris, and Berlin, as contrasted with American libraries. At present, the returning worker admits that he was unable often to find in those libraries important works of recent issue in many fields of modern research, especially in the natural sciences and in economic and sociological topics, and that he is able to procure from a number of American libraries in some, at least, of these subjects more ample and vastly more accessible resources.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES.

A few enthusiastic collectors and book-lovers, of Boston, who associated themselves several years ago under the title of "The Club of Odd Volumes," have recently been publishing some reprints of early American Poetry, of which Vols. III. and IV., each edited, with an introduction, by Mr. James F. Hunnewell, have just been issued.

Volume III contains two very scarce poetical productions of Cotton Mather, both reprinted from the unique copies formerly in the Brinley Library, but now in the Fiske-Harris Collection of American Poetry in Brown University, Providence. Both are elegiac, as was much, if not most of the poetry of the Colonial period. The first is "A Poem Dedicated to the Memory of the Reverend and Excellent Uriah Oakes," printed in Boston in 1682. The other is "An Elegy on the Much-to-be-Deplored Death of that Never-to-be-Forgotten Person, the Reverend Mr. Nathanael Collins," printed in Boston in 1685.

Volume IV. is a reprint of the earliest piece of American Poetry, published with a separate title, "An Elegie upon the Death of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Shepard, late Teacher of the Church at Charlstown, in New England," printed in Cambridge in 1677. Also three Elegies and an Epitaph selected from the Works of Cotton Mather.

The two earlier volumes, which were published last year, included Benjamin Thompson's *New England Crisis*, reprinted from the only known copy in the Boston Athenæum, and the Rev. William Morrell's poem, "Nova Anglia," published in London in 1625, one of the earliest poems relating to the present territory of the United States.

The volumes are reprinted letter for letter with the originals, and the old spelling and the incomprehensible and frequent use of italics, capitals, and black letter is retained. The title-pages are reproduced in facsimile. Only one hundred copies of each volume are printed, of which only thirty copies are offered for sale. Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, 28 High Street, Boston, is chairman of the publication committee.

AMERICAN BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

The second volume of *American Book Prices Current for 1896*, compiled from the auctioneers' catalogues by Mr. Luther S. Livingston, has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The present volume covers the period from September 1st, 1895, to September 1st, 1896, and extends to 500 pages. It records 7411 lots, which is nearly 25 per cent more than was included in the first volume. The arrangement is in a single alphabet, not as in the previous volume, chronologically by sales, and in this way the necessity of constant reference to the index is avoided. The success of the work has shown that there is a demand for such a reference book, and its publication will probably be continued annually.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1896.

Immediately after election, as was expected, a considerable number of buyers, who had been holding off for a settlement of the political situation, came to the city, and throughout the entire month the purchases of stock orders, both by mail and by personal selection, have been the feature of sales. Orders for daily necessities have come along regularly, but have not shown the hoped-for increase. City trade has been rather quiet, so that the month's business has not indicated any marked increase as an immediate result of the election. Nevertheless, everybody has been busy preparing for the holiday trade, publications have been numerous, and the general impression is that December business will be very heavy.

There are no especially new forms or styles of binding; the two-volume twelvemo or octavo illustrated editions are still among the most popular, and we have in this shape new editions of *Cape Cod*, by H. D. Thoreau; *Life of Michael Angelo*, by H. Grimm, and *St. Elmo*, by Augusta J. Evans; while in one volume, handsomely illustrated, are *Meissonier, His Life and Art*, by V. C. O. Gréard; *Gray*

Days and Gold, by William Winter; *Hans Brinker*, by Mary Mapes Dodge; *Rome of Today and Yesterday*, by J. Dennie. and *A Window in Thrums*, by J. M. Barrie.

In juvenile literature there is a great variety from which to select; the new volumes in such series as the *Witch Winnie*, *Blue and Gray*, *Little Prudy's Children*, etc., will be eagerly sought for. *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog*, which was so popular last year, has a successor in *The Golliwog's Bicycle Club*. Also new editions of *Slovenly Peter* and *Some More Nonsense* are of a similar character. The annuals, such as *Chatterbox*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The Round Table*, are ready, and together with *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, by Eldridge S. Brooks, and *Midshipman Farragut*, by James Barnes, form substantial and attractive reading for the boys and girls.

Fiction, however, will take the foremost position, and already *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *Taqisara*, *The Murder of Delicia*, and *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht* have reached a large sale, while among the month's notable publications are *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *Rodney Stone*, by A. Conan Doyle; *In the First Person*, by Maria Louise Pool, and *Clarissa Furiosa*, by W. E. Norris.

Among the season's publications is a number of books of travel, including *The Forgotten Isles*, by Gaston Miller; *Timbuctoo*, *The Mysterious*, by Felix Dubois, and *The Edge of the Orient*, by Robert Howard Russell, all profusely illustrated.

On miscellaneous subjects *The Beginners of a Nation*, by E. Eggleston; *Autobiography of P. G. Hamerton*, and *Without Prejudice*, by I. Zangwill, should be much called for, and *The History of England*, by "Bill Nye;" *Biography of A. G. Gordon*, by E. B. Gordon, and *The Cure of Souls*, by Ian Maclaren, are already in good demand.

A rather unusual number of books on childhood have been issued, and include *Songs of Childhood*, by Eugene Field, and *Songs of Little People*, by Norman Gale, while several others are announced for immediate publication.

The remarkable sales of *King Noanett*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Sowers* and *A Singular Life* still continue, and show no signs of abatement.

The leading books of the month, as nearly as can be judged from the great number now selling, are:

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. \$1.25.

A Singular Life. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. \$2.00.

Taqisara. By F. Marion Crawford, 2 vols. \$2.00.

Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1896.

Business has certainly revived since the election, and is now better than it has been for a long time. The tendency also is, we are glad to note, an upward one, and prospects are bright for the holidays.

Like the poor, the pessimist is always with us, and there are still some to be found who think the times bad, because the increase of business is not more marked than it is. A great deal depends, of course, upon the holiday results, and it is to be hoped that the Christmas trade will be above the average, so as to make up for deficiencies in the early autumn.

November business was decidedly miscellaneous in its character, for toward the end of the month nearly everything moved fast. Country orders were numerous, but were mostly of the smaller kind, and although they figured up well as a whole, taken singly, the amounts were comparatively insignificant. The trade evidently is not in a mind to stock up very much yet.

The month was not quite so prolific in new publications as its predecessor, but still many saleable books were added to this year's list. Those which are making the best beginnings are *Rodney Stone*, by Conan Doyle; *The Seven Seas*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Chapters from a Life*, by Mrs. Phelps-Ward; *The Cure of Souls*, by Ian Maclaren; *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Sister Jane*, by Joel Chandler Harris.

Pictures of People, C. D. Gibson's new book of sketches, is selling very well, and promises to be as much the rage during the holidays as was his first book, published two years ago. These two books and a few others similar in style are about the only "Table" books, as they are termed by the trade, that are selling at all nowadays, the old-fashioned flat books, which were so popular formerly, having nearly disappeared from the bookseller's counter.

Henry Seton Merriman is the latest author to be added to the list of those who, after remaining comparatively obscure for a number of years, have come to the front rank with a bound. His novels had very little call, indeed, until *The Sowers* appeared, and that, after starting off slowly here, is now in great demand. Anything he publishes hereafter will be widely called for.

That the public will read poetry just as eagerly as ever it did is evidenced by the call, last month, for J. W. Riley's new book, and this month for Kipling's *Seven Seas*. The last-named book was the subject of as much (if not more) inquiry before publication than any other book that has appeared this fall.

Juveniles are going very well now, although they were somewhat slow earlier in the season. More care is now given to the illustrating of

young people's books than formerly, and one notable feature this year is the beauty of the pictures. Among those prominent in this respect are *Pierrette*, by Marguerite Bouvet, and the *Century Book for Young Americans*.

Several new books on George Washington have appeared lately, and two or three more are promised. As the magazines are also devoting considerable attention to the "father of his country," it may be that a Washington cult is at hand, to supersede the "Joan of Arc" fad, which is nearly exhausted.

Popular fiction sold well last month, and the record on this class of books is even better than it was a year ago. *Kate Carnegie* was the best-selling book, while *King Noanett* was a good second. Others which went exceptionally well are Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, J. K. Bangs's *House Boat on the Styx*, Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*, and *The Joy of Life*, by Emma Wolf.

The following books led the demand, but there are many others that deserve mention, did space allow it :

- Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.
 A Child-World. By J. W. Riley. \$1.25.
 King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson \$2.00.
 The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.
 Pierrette. By Marguerite Bouvet. \$1.25.
 Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.
 A House Boat on the Styx. By J. K. Bangs. \$1.25.
 Field Flowers. By Eugene Field. \$1.00 net.
 A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25.
 The Joy of Life. By Emma Wolf. \$1.00.
 Artie. By George Ade. \$1.25.
 Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.
 Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.
 The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.
 Taquisara. By Marion Crawford, 2 vols. \$2.00.
 The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.
 The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.
 The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, October 26 to November 21, 1896.

On all hands satisfaction is expressed at the general and sustained improvement in trade, the period under consideration comparing favourably with the corresponding time of the previous year. Whether or not bicycling is the bookseller's enemy, it is certain that it cannot have affected him lately, as the state of the roads does not encourage that form of exercise. With the exception of a lull during the week ending on the 14th, the foreign and colonial departments have been busily employed making the final consignments for the Christmas trade.

The number of new books and new editions (the former, of course, largely predominating), published during the last month may be rough-

ly stated as 1000, the largest ever known, and has certainly trebled during the memory of the writer. A large percentage of the books published were 6s. novels.

Since the three-volume novels have disappeared, the issue of new fiction in the 6s. form has been very successful, and continues to be so. An attempt is being made to revive the 3s. 6d. form, but it is doubtful if the large royalties now paid to the leading authors will permit of this being done. The French practice of bringing out novels in paper covers has been tried in some instances, but has not been favourably received.

Notwithstanding the large number of 6s. novels already on sale, there are still many to come for the present season and in the New Year, including a work by Marie Corelli. Continental Fairy Tales are much in favour at the present time, Norway, Finland, and Denmark being noticeable as providing new matter in this direction. Fashion in title-pages points at the moment to what may be called, for want of a better name, the "mediæval descriptive title-page." A glance at *A Gentleman's Gentleman*, for example, will show what is here meant.

The quantity of musical publications now sold (that is, Hymn Tune Books and the like) is very noticeable, pointing to the wonderful spread of musical education during the last twenty or twenty-five years.

The stage is just now a good friend of the bookseller. The great success of *Trilby* may be traced in some degree to its being dramatised, and reversing the order of things, the demand in advance for Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross* is entirely owing to its having been first performed.

Drawing-room *Table Books* are being published in small numbers. Evidently something to be read and enjoyed is preferred to that which can only be looked at.

Coulson Kernahan's *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil* has had a wonderful run, and has caused considerable inquiry for the same author's *God and the Ant*.

New magazines are being brought out as quickly as ever, each one finding a public (remunerative or otherwise) awaiting it. The magazine is a very important item in the book-selling of to-day. The *Woman at Home*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Strand Magazine*, and the newly issued *Temple Magazine* are great favourites, while the *Quiver* and other older established periodicals have renewed their youth, and continue in the front rank.

Blackie's 5s. and 6s. books (especially those by Henty) and F. V. White's 6s. books are the favourites for the boys.

As might have been expected, the motor-car movement has been signalled by the publication of several treatises on the subject, which have been disposed of in good numbers.

With the present brisk trade, it is really a difficult matter to decide on the books to be included in the list appended. The result of the most reliable, and consequently the best information, is given below :

Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
 On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Anna Steel. 6s.

(This is the favourite at the time of writing.)

- Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
 Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
 The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
 Soldier Tales. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
 The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
 The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
 The Herb-Moon. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s.
 Carissima. By Lucas Malet. 6s.
 Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
 Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
 Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.
 The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s.
 Paula. By Victoria Cross. 6s.
 Kitty the Rag. By "Rita." 6s.
 The Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
 The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
 London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
 The Final War. By L. Tracy. 6s.
 What was the Gunpowder Plot? By J. Gerard. 6s.
 History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman. 7s. 6d.
 Robert Browning's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
 The Sign of the Spider. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d.
 The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
 Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.
 The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
 The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By C. Kernahan. 1s.
 God and the Ant. By C. Kernahan. 1s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1 and December 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The First Violin. By Fothergill. \$5.00. (Brentano's.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. A Garrison Tangle. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Stories of Georgia. By Harris. 80 cts. (American Book Co.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Violet. By Magruder. \$1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Country of Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Child-World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. Pierrette. By Bonvet. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Joy of Life. By Wolf. \$1.00. (McClurg & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Taquisara. 2 vols. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Land of the Castanet. By Taylor. \$1.25. (Stone.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. A Child-World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
6. Talks on Writing English. By Bates. \$1.50. (Houghton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. In a Dike Shanty. By Pool. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton.)
4. Juana. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)
5. Mind of the Master. By Watson. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. In the Wake of King James. By O'Grady. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
3. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. \$1.25. (Lippincott.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Madelon. By Wilkins. \$1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Around the Camp Fire. By Roberts. \$1.25. (Briggs.)
- ✓ The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.25. (Unwin.)
6. Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Curé of Souls. By Watson. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Second Century of Charades. By Bellamy. \$1.00. (Houghton.)
6. The Final War. By Tracy. \$1.75. (Putnam.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)

4. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ✓ Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner)

PITTSBURG, PA.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Pictures of People. By Gibson. \$5.00. (Russell & Son.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton)
- ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
5. Field Flowers. By Field. \$1.00.
6. Gibson's Drawings. By Gibson. \$5.00. (Russell.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 6.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.

Two years ago this month, the first number of THE BOOKMAN was given to the public. It made its appearance rather quietly, as became a magazine with only a few score of subscribers. Such friends as it possessed remarked with what we thought to be a great excess of candour, "What! Another magazine?" and some of them cheered us by paraphrasing what Prince Bismarck said to Alexander of Bulgaria—that it would at any rate be to us a pleasant reminiscence to have edited a literary journal. We had some rather strong misgivings of our own, although we kept them to ourselves. Nevertheless, it did not seem quite absolutely hopeless to produce a magazine such as was contemplated by THE BOOKMAN's publishers and editors. There seemed, indeed, to be a place for a periodical that should appeal not merely to professional workers in the field of letters, but to the far greater body of cultivated men and women who enjoy whatever is good in literature, and who take a healthy human interest in all that relates to books and to those who make the books. It was our aim to give to this large class a magazine of independent judgment, not smacking of the literary shop, nor bound to any set or clique, not filled with fads and studied eccentricities, not catering meekly to its advertising columns, not ponderous and pompous over trifles, nor flippant over serious things, but aiming always to conform to the accepted canons of good taste and courtesy and common sense.

⊙

The very hearty welcome which THE BOOKMAN from the very first received was as gratifying as it had been unexpected. The press accorded it most

cordial and appreciative notices ; the public bought it and continued buying it. When, after a few months, its subscribers began to be numbered by the thousand, and when letters of commendation began to come to us from every section of the country, the existence of the magazine appeared to be its own best justification ; and from that day down to this, the number of its readers and subscribers has grown with every week. It has had to make its way against some little opposition. For a while, it was regarded by some persons as the proper thing to speak of it as only a "trade journal," but they long ago got bravely over that. It has once or twice been briskly criticised ; but these attacks were only one more proof of the reality of THE BOOKMAN's influence ; and it has not infrequently received that most impressive kind of flattery which takes the form of imitation. Altogether, its two years have been two years of steady growth, and the magazine this month completes its fourth volume with every indication of permanence and prosperity.

⊙

We have indulged ourselves with this small bit of retrospect, not from any feeling of complacent vanity nor in a spirit of self-gratulation, but merely because the extent of the favour that has been shown us in the past is the measure of our gratitude to those who have so cordially bestowed it. And we believe that our unceasing effort to make THE BOOKMAN every year more worthy of their generosity will be the most sincere and satisfactory acknowledgment of the very heavy obligation that has been imposed upon us.

The first instalment of *In Kedar's Tents*, by Henry Seton Merriman, which was announced to appear in this number, has been necessarily postponed until the March number, which begins a new volume of THE BOOKMAN. We understand that the editors of *McClure's Magazine* have been successful in securing some short stories from Mr. Merriman, to appear in their magazine some time during the year.

The report which was widely circulated last year to the effect that Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was engaged to Mr. George Moore, turns out to have been a myth, which probably arose from the literary collaboration of those two interesting persons. We learn, however, on excellent authority, that Mrs. Craigie is actually engaged, and will before long be married to Mr. Walter Spindler, who is somewhat her junior, and who is the owner of a fine estate in the Isle of Wight, England.

The elevation to the peerage of Sir Joseph Lister, in recognition of his services to medical science in the discovery of antiseptic methods in surgery, is interesting as breaking through a long-standing tradition, which made a baronetcy the highest rank in England attainable by a "medical man." The saying has been current for nearly a century that the hand which had once been held out for a fee could never sign the roll of the House of Lords; but looking over the list of recently made peers, it would certainly seem as though the saving of human life might give as good a claim to a coronet as the brewing of beer or the manufacture of oil-cloth.

Mr. Cleveland has signalled the end of his administration by the unhappy linguistic feat of splitting two infinitives in a single sentence. He did it in the following from his Message of December 8th :

"Even though it may be found that Federal authority is not broad enough to fully reach the case, there can be no doubt of the power of the several States to act effectively in the premises, and there should be no reason to doubt their willingness to judiciously exercise such power."

We should like to think that Mr. McKinley will prove to be the advance-agent of stylistic propriety; but he split so

many infinitives himself during the late campaign that we do not venture to expect relief from him; and if poor Mr. Bryan had been elected—well, the Western plains are still strewn with the wreckage of this unfortunate mood amid whose members he thrust the brutal adverb ere dropping it from the tail-end of his car.

Not long ago Mr. Andrew Lang put forth some strictures upon a paper of George Moore, with the result that Mr. Moore, who has evidently learned a thing or two in literary polemics, replied in the following very amusing letter addressed to the editor of the *Saturday Review* :

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

SIR : In this month's *Longmans* Mr. Andrew Lang comments somewhat strangely on my article entitled "Since the Elizabethans," published in *Cosmopolis* for October.

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been hired for me, I noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing. I mentioned the river to my landlady.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing."

"What kind of people come here?" I asked distractedly.

"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir; we had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."

"Oh, really! . . . Does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"

"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."

"Really! Does he catch much?"

"No, sir; he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."

Yours truly,

GEORGE MOORE.

The Judge Publishing Company has in the press a novel founded upon an episode in the life of Yvette Guilbert. It is written by a Frenchman, and has been translated by Mr. Arthur Hornblow. It is profusely illustrated by photographs taken from life, for which Mademoiselle Guilbert recently posed in this city. It will be issued in ornamental paper covers at fifty cents.

Scene in a Curio Shop.

Intending Purchaser (examining a portrait on ivory) : "Who is that, please?"

Saleswoman (surprised and in a patronising tone) : "Why, don't you recognise the face? That's Madame de Staël, the celebrated French professional beauty!"

The *Critic* says that by the time that Mrs. Cleveland's daughters have grown up there will doubtless be an Annex to Princeton University. We advise the secretary of Evelyn College to send Miss Gilder a catalogue.



Max Pemberton has written a new story entitled *Christine of the Hills*, which will be published in the spring by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Pemberton's recent novel, *A Puritan's Wife*, is meeting with deserved success in England, where it is already in its tenth thousand.

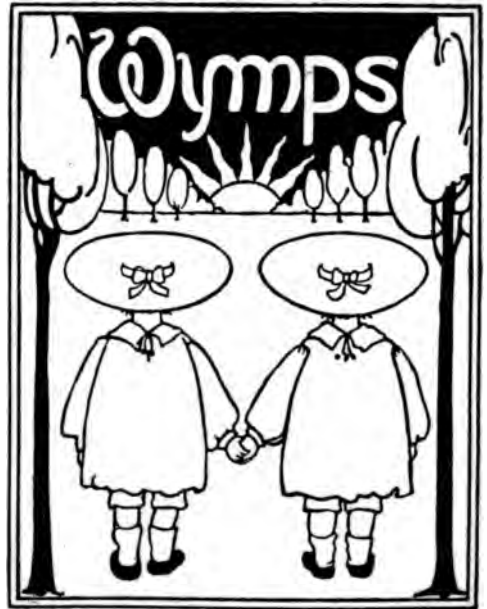


Mr. Rudyard Kipling is said to be meditating the publication in book form of another volume of stories, to be selected from those which have appeared in various periodicals during the last two years.



Madame Adolphe Rogé, better known to magazine readers as Charlotte Fiske Bates, who was lately a visitor in New York, is preparing some reminiscences of the poet Longfellow which promise to be of an intimate and interesting character. For seven years Madame Rogé was associated with the poet in the preparation of *The Seven Voices of Sympathy*, *The Birthday Book* and other works, and she has preserved a number of letters which were written to her by Longfellow during this period. Madame Rogé herself was so long identified with Cambridge, Mass., and the New England writers, that it is with surprise we learn that she is by birth a New Yorker, but she left New York for Cambridge at a very early date. A few years ago she returned to the city to take a position as a teacher of literature, and not long afterward was stricken with the illness which resulted in the unfortunate report of her death. This has caused her considerable annoyance, as the mistake, though at once corrected, has made its way into a dictionary of authors and into the first edition of a popular encyclopædia. Since the death of her husband a few months ago, Madame Rogé has done very little writing, but she is now about to resume her literary and educational work. Among other things, she has a volume of poems almost ready for the press.

One of the most pleasing books of fairy tales published during the holidays, certainly the most picturesque, was Miss Evelyn Sharp's *Wymps* in its bright cover bedizened in red, black, and green. A reproduction of the design is herewith given. Mr. William Watson,



by the way, presented a copy of the book to a little girl with the following lines written on the fly-leaf, which we copy from the *London Academy* :

" Here, in this book, the wise may find
A world exactly to their mind.
From fairy kings to talking fish,
There's everything such persons wish !

" Sweeter little maid than you
Never read a story through.
Through a sweeter little book
Little maid shall never look."



Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems, *The Year of Shame*, will be issued in a few days by Mr. John Lane. In this volume Mr. Watson reprints the sixteen sonnets published last year under the title of *The Purple East*, and adds a number of other poems having reference to public affairs. The book is to have an allegorical frontispiece after G. F. Watts, R.A., and an introduction by the Bishop of Hereford.

Though established in London only four years ago, *The Studio*, "an illustrated magazine of fine and applied art," is well known to all artists, and to all readers interested in art in America. Mr. John Lane has now made arrangements to issue an American edition of this magazine which will be the same as the English edition, but will contain additional matter of special interest to American readers. The strong point of *The Studio* is its illustrations, of which each issue contains a large number. The title of *The International Studio* has been chosen for the American edition, and the first number will be published during February. A most elaborate cover design has been made for it by Mr. Will H. Bradley.



Mrs. Meynell's new volume of essays, *The Children*, which is reviewed in another column, gains an additional interest from being the first book printed by Mr. Will H. Bradley, at the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass. In addition to printing the book Mr. Bradley has designed a cover, end-papers, title-page, initial letters, and other ornaments. We cannot praise too highly Mr. Bradley's designs, which are on a high artistic level, and the volume is one of the best pieces of printing we have seen for a long time. The book gives Mr. Bradley a unique and enviable reputation as a printer.



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll relates the following interesting facts about Longfellow and Lowell, whose homes he visited at Cambridge while in America. "Miss Longfellow, the poet's daughter, still lives in the old wooden house, with its large verandah and spacious rooms, and she has retained the old furniture, which is, much of it, in black carved oak. The poet's books are, many of them, as he left them, and his library abounds in handsome complete editions of famous authors. Many stories are still told of Longfellow's great kindness of heart, of his courtesy, which was never wearied and never broken, of his great patience in receiving strangers and in answering letters. No one could have left a sweeter memory, and on all hands the testimony is that a purer and gentler spirit never breathed. Elmwood, the residence of Lowell, is in some ways sad to look at. It is a fairly large house, surrounded by good grounds, but it has a desolate, half-ruined appearance. It was the home of Lowell's father, a Unitarian minister, and Lowell came back to it in his lonely old age to die. Notwithstanding the brilliance of his career and the frequent gaiety of his spirits, any reader of Lowell's letters and books must see that there was in him a deep vein of melancholy. He had great courage, however, and had the remarkable advantage of unbroken health. Till late in life he hardly knew what illness was; when it came to him in a particularly painful form he would not recognise it, fought gallantly against it, and only yielded at the last. There is no one living now to bear his name, and some shadow of gloom rests upon the fortunes of his house. I asked Professor Norton, who edited his letters, whether there was likely to be any biography. Mr. Norton said that he had been asked to write one, but did not see his way to do it; that if Mr. Henry James would have consented to come home



LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

and write it the friends of Lowell would have been greatly satisfied, but that Mr. James did not seem disposed to do this, and in consequence it was probable that nothing would be done. This seems a great pity, for there is obviously material left for a very interesting and instructive book. Lowell's large and fine library still remains in Elmwood, and the literature of many countries is well represented."



The same cannot be said of the library of Holmes, a large part of which has been given away. When Mr. Barrie published his *Auld Licht Idylls* he sent the first copy to Dr. Holmes, and Judge Holmes says that his father's favourite books in the last days of his life were *A Window in Thrums* and Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.



Salem, Dr. Nicoll thinks, must have been rather a dreary dwelling-place in Hawthorne's boyhood, with its old wooden houses, its chill east winds, and its chiller social atmosphere. "In this quiet town Hawthorne spent the greater part of his boyhood, as well as many years of his later life, and there is a mingled tenderness and rancour in his allusions to it. There can be no ques-

tion at this time of day that Hawthorne is the greatest genius that America has produced, and that his works, along, perhaps, with some of Longfellow's poetry, are the most durable product of the American mind. We saw his birth-place, which the town has a mind to buy. The price put upon it by the owners is at present somewhat prohibitive, amounting to something like fifteen thousand dollars for a very humble dwelling. We saw also the house in which he courted his bride, Sophia Peabody, the daughter of the local dentist. This house, I think, is described by him as Dr. Grimshaw's house. His early attempts to support himself by the pen in Salem were far from fortunate. He says himself that he was for many years the most obscure man of letters in America. At that time he was one of at least some dozen Americans who had taken to the profession of literature, and he seems to have remained at Salem simply because his mother and two sisters were living there. He had attained the mature age of forty-six when he published *The Scarlet Letter*, and with that for the first time he gained the ear of the public. We were interested to see in the Custom House at Salem his official stamp preserved. The building



ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., LOWELL'S HOME.

is altered, but the traditions connected with his occupancy of the office have been jealously guarded, and were most politely explained to us by those now in charge. During his later days in this office Hawthorne fell into deep despondency, and when he gave his *Scarlet Letter* to his publisher, he had little hopes of it, and hardly believed in the praises he received, though when he tried to read it to his wife his voice 'swelled and heaved as if he were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after the storm.' It was at once recognised as the greatest work of imagination ever produced in America, and as also a triumphant achievement in point of style.



"What I found especially interesting was a collection of Hawthorne's early letters in the possession of Mr. Manning, a cousin of Hawthorne's, whom we met in Salem. Particularly interesting were

the numbers of a little magazine which Hawthorne edited and wrote when he was a boy of seventeen. The handwriting is singularly distinct, almost like print, and there is a great deal of quaint humour in many of the paragraphs, especially in the rather satirical criticisms of the sermons the editor heard at church. Some essays show that his sombre thought was native to his genius, and discuss with something of the delicate precision of his later years 'the sad vicissitudes of things.' In this most valuable collection—a collection, by the way, which has not been by any means completely utilised in print, although in *The Youth's Companion* some part of it has been published—there is a letter written from Concord and announcing the death of his first-born, dearly loved, and ill-fated daughter, Una Hawthorne."



Through the kindness of Dr. Emerson and his sister, Miss Emerson, who now occupies her father's house, Dr. Nicoll had the privilege of viewing his home. "No spot in America seemed to me quite so sacred

as that quiet study, from which so many ennobling and purifying impulses and influences went forth into the world. It is just as it used to be through the days of that long and innocent life. There are, as I should have expected, comparatively few books. One side of the room is occupied, but I should think the number of volumes does not exceed at the very most three thousand. Among them there are many works of interest, and many of them bear traces of repeated readings. Emerson was in the habit of writing at the end of his books the numbers of the pages in which he had found something especially interesting. It is clear that he did not read the classics in the original, at least to any extent, although one or two are to be found in his library. I was especially attracted by an early volume of Tennyson (1832), which Emerson bought on visiting Europe in 1833. From the very first he seems to have appreciated



EMERSON'S HOME AT CONCORD.

the greatness of Tennyson. He also had the earliest American edition of Browning, but he would never admit that Browning was a poet—a strange judgment, for in the matter of form the two men nearly resembled each other. There is, as might be expected, a fine collection of first editions of American authors, nearly all presentation copies, including a beautiful set of Hawthorne, but there is no such treasure as that possessed by my friend, Mr. Henry Norman, in his copy of *The Scarlet Letter*, the very first volume of the first edition. No American biography known to me reaches anything like the merit of the *Life of Emerson*, written by Mr. James Elliot Cabot, and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It ought to be printed in a cheaper and more accessible form."

The illustrations of the homes of Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, and of Longfellow's Study printed in these pages are taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, from their Riverside Literature Series.

Mr. John D. Barry, known to readers by his charming little child-story, *The Princess Margarethe*, and his more ambitious story of the stage, *A Daughter of Thespis*, has just published, through Messrs. Stone and Kimball, a novel entitled *Mademoiselle Blanche*, the story of a

French acrobat, which is a daring study of character in realism. The scenes shift from Paris to London, and Mr. Barry resided in both cities for some time studying his subject at first hand. *Mademoiselle Blanche* is rated very highly by several critics who have read the advance sheets of the book, and it is anticipated that it will give Mr. Barry a more prominent place among writers of fiction than he has yet secured.

An article by Mr. Henry James on "George Sand and Alfred de Musset" will be included in the new volume of *The Yellow Book*, to be ready in a few days. One of the most interesting contributions will be a poem by Kenneth Grahame, the author of *The Golden Age*. The other contents include a poem by William Watson, three "Prose Fancies" by Richard Le Gallienne, and stories by Miss Ella D'Arcy and Mr. F. A. Swettenham, the author of *Malay Sketches*. The cover design is by Miss Ethel Reed, who also contributes four pictures. Miss Reed, who has been in Berlin during the past few months, is now in London.

Marie Corelli has a rival among the upper ten in London. A recent visitor to the drawing-rooms of royalty and the English aristocracy tells us that the book which is most frequently met with there is the *Poems* of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The fiftieth anniversary of the memorable marriage between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett was celebrated in the Marylebone Parish Church, London, on Saturday morning, December 12th. The music was elaborate and very fine, but disappointment was felt in the sermon which was preached by Dean Farrar. Those who had not heard him for several years seemed to detect a change both in his style and in his appearance. He was looking pale and languid, as if the air of Canterbury did not suit him so well as Westminster. The Dean described Browning as the manliest of modern poets, and said that the happiness of his married life taught a lesson to a generation in which so many gifted authors sneer at matrimony and paint the gates of Hell with Paradise. In connection with this, the Dean mentioned the late Coventry Patmore, "a true poet, though his range was limited," and praised the "holy pureness and classical simplicity" of *The Angel in the House*. Dean Farrar said that Mr. Browning had told him that the line which expressed his deepest faith was this :

" . . . He at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God."

Our correspondent says that it was amusing to observe a number of ladies who had come to church provided with copies of the works of the Brownings. They kept turning over the leaves as Dean Farrar passed rapidly from one quotation to another, but he was too quick for them, and by the time they had discovered the Portuguese sonnet, from which he quoted ten minutes before, he would be four or five extracts ahead in "The Ring and the Book" or "Ferishtah's Fancies."



Readers of Browning will recall how deep was the interest with which the poet looked on a man who had talked with Shelley.

" And did you once see Shelley plain ?
And did he stop and speak to you ?
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems and new !"

Dean Farrar tells us that Mr. Browning himself once told him how important and interesting he thought it that the young should have, as it were, landmarks in their lives by at least seeing great men who belonged to a popular

generation. "Once," Mr. Browning said to Dean Farrar, "I was walking with my son, who was then a little boy, in the streets of Paris. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait. 'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my little son. The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him, 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Béranger.'"



One of the new family magazines recently started in England—*The Temple Magazine*—has already attained a large popularity, and is not unknown even on this side, although it has been only four months in existence. The contents of the January number are especially rich and interesting. There are stories by Margaret Deland, L. B. Walford, Percy L. Parker, and chapters of a serial story by Silas K. Hocking, besides the Home and Study Fire departments. But what we are especially interested in is the first of a series of articles by the Dean of Canterbury on "Men I have Known : Reminiscences and Appreciations." The first paper contains some new and interesting reminiscences of Lord Tennyson and a number of interesting facsimiles and other illustrations, two of which we have reproduced. We learn from Dean Farrar that the poet believed he had put some of his best poetic work into "The Princess," and that he had often regretted that he did not connect it with some stronger and more serious framework than what he called "A Medley." He says that there is a legend at Cambridge in connection with the prize which Tennyson obtained for his poem on "Timbuctoo" in 1829, to the effect that one of the examiners—Professor Smyth—had written on the outer leaf of this poem "v. q.," which he meant for "very queer;" but the other examiners took it for "v. g.," "very good," and assigned the medal to it. The legend is, the Dean believes, an entire myth, and that Tennyson's prize poem contains some far finer passages than any other poem which has been so rewarded, either at Cambridge or Oxford. It was at this time that Dean Farrar took the liberty of sending a poem in blank

Dear Sir

August 19

I have just received your
 Prize - poem for which I return my
 best thanks I believe. It is true that
 mine was the first written in this
 time & I should the Chancellor's
 medal ^{re-entitled} (I do tho' you assure
 me that ^{it} gave you the deepest
 pleasure) I could wish that it
 had never been written

Believe me, dear Sir

Yours respectfully

A. Tennyson

Aug. 7/72

My dear Mr Ferrar

Let me say once more to you how
 gratefully we shall ever remember all your
 kindness to our Hallam, & how sincerely
 we hope that the good & able school over
 which you preside may yet live on &
 has your noble, an example to be followed
 by all England;

With love &c

With every best wish to yourself & Mrs

Ferrar believe me always yours

A. Tennyson

FAC-SIMILES OF TWO LETTERS FROM LORD TENNYSON TO DEAN FARRAR.

verse on "The Arctic Regions," with which he had obtained the Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge, and received from the poet one of the letters which are herewith reproduced in fac-simile. The other letter was written more than forty years afterward, when the poet's eldest son, the present Lord Tennyson, was at Marlborough College. The second letter is more interesting by reason of the fact that rarely did the poet write his own letters in later years.

⊙

Dean Farrar frequently enjoyed the hospitality of the poet and that of Lady Tennyson at Freshwater. "At first," he says, "he was always shy, but with those who won his confidence this very soon wore off. There was something delightfully simple and straightforward in all he said,

and the brusque frankness of his remarks and questions sometimes made one laugh. His appearance was that with which many photographs have familiarised us. In his large, round, broad-brimmed cloth hat, and his ample cloak, and with his long beard, he used to compare his appearance to that of a monk or a brigand. His conversation, in his brighter and lighter moods, was almost boyish in its vivacity, and at more serious moments was full of wisdom and instructiveness. The first moods were often shown at social meals, and afterward, when it was the custom for all the guests to adjourn at once for dessert into another room,

They promise King' & Arthur's glancing at home

Go, Mergue ' & all hearers were amazed

But on the Ramelli forehead, shame, pride, wealth

Slow the may-white.

He

FAC SIMILE OF LINES FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. OF TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

where the poet used sometimes to brew a bowl of punch with much delight. But, late in the evening, when the ladies had retired, and he was smoking, often till late at night in his study, he was ripe for conversations which were sometimes of absorbing interest, and touched not only

“ ‘ On labour and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land,

for he took the deepest interest in contemporary as in all other history, but also on some of the deepest topics of life, death, and what comes hereafter. Here it might be truly said that the great poet ‘rolled out his mind.’ I enjoyed very greatly the long walks with him over the ‘noble downs’ and through the green fields and shady lanes of Freshwater, and over the wide moor and among the fine views at Aldworth. I shall never forget how one evening we did not get back from our walk till it was nearly dark, and our footsteps disturbed the many birds which sheltered themselves in undisturbed security in the densely flowering shrubs and trees which surrounded the poet’s home. As the birds uttered their various notes he stopped with delight and said, ‘There, that is a blackbird, and that a thrush, and that a robin, and that a blue-tit.’ He thus showed both the keenness of his hearing and his intimately familiar knowledge of ‘the voices of the birds.’ ”

Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, has experienced so much delay and annoyance in the publication of *Tales of Languedoc* and *An Itinerant House*, through outside printing-offices, that he has decided to set up his own plant and start a printing establishment on his own account. He has already about a dozen good books which he is making arrangements to publish during the present year. His latest window display has been an exhibition of “Stanford University and its Work in Literature.”

Miss Beatrice Harraden’s California story entitled “Hilda Strafford,” which appeared serially in *The Cosmopolitan* last summer, is now being translated into Danish, and is to be published in Copenhagen. Miss Harraden, in collaboration with Dr. William A. Edwards, has borne testimony to the charms and benefits of Southern California as a Mecca for in-

valids in a little book entitled *Two Health-Seekers in Southern California*, which is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Messrs. Copeland and Day have a new story by Clive Holland, entitled *A Writer of Fiction*, in the press, which they will publish on February 15th.

Mr. J. M. Barrie reached home in time to attend the meeting in Edinburgh held to promote a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. An account of this meeting appears in our London Letter, and we have before us a report of the speech which Mr. Barrie delivered, and from which we give the following extracts :

“ Nothing would have induced me to face this meeting had the cause been less dear to me, and had I had less love and admiration for Robert Louis Stevenson, who was loved far more than any other writer of his time. You have read in novels that when a man is really in love he hates to have his lady make an idol and worship it ; he wants her to know him as he really is ; he tells her all there is to be told against himself, what his failings are, and says to her that now she cannot love him so much. Then he turns upon her in a passion when she admits that she does not. That is how we regard Louis Stevenson. We know he had his imperfections, but we are all willing to turn ourselves into Alan Brecks and become ‘braw fighters.’ . . .

“ There is only one other novelist of modern times who has called forth such a passion of devotion—a woman, a darker spirit than he, one who died at a very much younger age than he did, the author of *Wuthering Heights*. Every one who has come under the spell of Stevenson or Emily Brontë would fight for them until he dropped. It is no one single class that loves Stevenson. All classes love him. There is that beautiful story of the little native boy at Samoa. When Stevenson went there first he built a small hut, and he afterward went into a larger house. When he went the first night into this house he was feeling very tired and sorrowful that he had not had the forethought to ask his servant to bring coffee and cigarettes, and just as he was thinking this the door opened and the native boy came in with a tray carrying cigarettes and coffee. Mr. Stevenson said to him in the native language, ‘Great is your forethought,’ and the boy bowed and corrected him, saying, ‘Great is the love.’ . . .

“ It has been said that Stevenson cared little about his old university in Edinburgh, but this is not true. The other day I heard of a letter Stevenson wrote to one of his oldest friends. It was written from the South Seas, and he said he was lying in a boat thinking of old days at Edinburgh University, and the dreams he had dreamed in those days, and how little he had

thought at that time that they would be realised. And now that they had been realised, it had occurred to this friend that out of gratitude he might have put at the corner of Lothian Street a tablet in which that little story might be inscribed, so that students who had grown down-hearted might perchance look upon it and be cheered. I do not know whether that tablet will ever be put up, but I dare say that many students will seem to see it there and take courage. Stevenson's appeal was to young men, and by young men I think he will be best known and longest remembered. There is a body of young men who take Stevenson as their model, who look up to him as their example. I mean the younger writers of to-day of all classes, not merely the Romanticists, the Realists, the Idealists, the Pessimists as they are called. These all see with different eyes, but they are all agreed that Stevenson beyond all other writers of his time is the man who showed them how to put their houses in order before they began to write, and in what spirit they should write, and with what aim and with what clean tools, with what necessity of toil. They knew from him that however poor their books might be they were not disgraced if they had done their best, and however popular they might be, if they were not written with some of his aims they were only cumberers of the ground. Stevenson is dead, but he still carries our flag, and because of him the most unworthy among us are a little more worthy, and the meanest of us are a little less mean."

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Mr. Barrie's allusion to Emily Brontë fell quite cold on the great audience assembled to do Stevenson honour. "But I thought it was Charlotte who wrote *Jane Eyre*?" was a question overheard (on the platform, too). "Oh, Emily was Charlotte's *second* name!" was the very satisfactory explanation whispered back to the objector.

⊗

Our contemporary, the *Critic*, contained recently an article by Mr. Locke Richardson, in which, after the manner of his kind, he ingeniously interpreted a difficult passage of Shakespeare. It will be remembered that in the description of Falstaff's death, we have the words "a' babbled of green fields," if we accept Theobald's reading. Mr. Richardson suggests that Falstaff was "mustering his waning powers in an effort to die a fair death after repeating, in broken and half-audible accents, verses learned in childhood:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

"So in 'green fields' we recognise the 'green pastures' of David, and with the recognition comes a strain of pathos in Falstaff's dying hour

which no hand but Shakespeare's could have infused."

Mr. Richardson has been much belauded for his ingenuity, but his suggestion is not new. In the *Library Shakespeare* with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by Samuel Neil, Hon. President of the Edinburgh Shakespeare Society, vol. iii., p. 12 (London: William Mackenzie, 1876), there is the following note:

"This gives a special Shakespearean touch to Falstaff's death. His mind appears to have wandered through the darkness till a little streak of light glimmered out from his memory of his childhood's lessons. Here we are shown the repentant dying man looking of the light of the twenty-third Psalm, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' And the kindly meant comfort given to him as he so 'babbled,' as well as the satisfaction felt in recounting it, is quite characteristic. So the old dame weeps womanly tears for the departed, while even the graceless Pistol sympathising says, 'Go! clear thy crystals.'"

Mr. Neil is one of the most original and learned of living literary students, yet he has received no adequate recognition.

⊗

Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, has surely had his finger on the pulse of the people who frequent our concert-rooms and opera houses. His timely book, *How to Listen to Music*, went through three editions within two weeks, and the demand has been daily increasing. It is likely to enjoy a wide popularity. A review of the book by a musical authority appears on another page.

⊗

A little book of poetry containing some forty-four pages, and bound in a plain sky blue paper cover, called *The Torrent and the Night Before*, has come to our table during the past month. It is printed by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the author, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose address is Gardiner, Me., and is dedicated to "Any man, woman, or critic who will cut the edges of it—I have done the top." "The Torrent" begins,

"I found a torrent falling in a glen
Where the sun's light shone silvered and
leaf split;
The boom, the foam, and the mad flash of it
All made a magic symphony; . . ."

and those who read this and have any liking for poetry will read on to the end. Some of the verses we do not care for, especially the long poem at the

end. There is true fire in his verse, and there are the swing and the singing of wind and wave and the passion of human emotion in his lines; but his limitations are vital. His humour is of a grim sort, and the world is not beautiful to him; but a prison-house. In the night-time there is weeping and sorrow, and joy does not come in the morning. But here and there in a sonnet he lets himself go, and the cry of a yearning spirit enters the lute of Orpheus and sounds a sweet and wondrous note. We quote one sonnet which is free and unstrained and spontaneous in its outburst, flinging itself into form with a natural *abandon* and full-blooded life:

"Oh, for a poet—for a beacon bright,
To rift this changeless glimmer of dead gray:
To spirit back the Muses, long astray,
And flush Parnassus with a newer light;
To put these little sonnet men to flight
Who fashion, in a shrewd mechanic way,
Songs without souls that flicker for a day,
To vanish in irrevocable night.
What does it mean, this barren age of ours?
Here are the men, the women, and the
flowers—
The seasons, and the sunset, as before.
What does it mean? Shall not one bard arise
To wrench one banner from the western skies,
And mark it with his name for evermore?"

One of the newcomers among books of poetry, *Units*, is by Miss Winifred Lucas, and is reviewed on another page. She is a young lady still in her twenties. As in the case of Alice Meynell, a small collection of her poems privately printed several years ago prepared the way for the present book, which introduces her in England and America through the Bodley Head to a larger public.

Opinions will ever be sharply divided on Walt Whitman. In many ways he set himself to repel readers. But there will assuredly be a remnant who will think him a great and original writer, a true poet, and one whose conception of the universe was in the end large, pure, and pitiful. To them the monograph of Mr. John Burroughs, reviewed on another page, will be a welcome book. America in the main condemned him and let him live in obscure poverty, dependent on the admiration and assistance sent him from across the Atlantic, and always accepted with dignity. But he did not die friendless, he did not die wretched, and what is best to remember, he did not die soured, or bitter, or foiled; and those for whom his writings

To Those who've fail'd.

To those whose fail'd in aspirations rest
To unnamed soldiers fall'n in front, on
the lead
To calm devoted engineers - to over-ardent
travelers - to pilots on their ships,
To many a song and picture without
parturition - I'd rear a low'd cover'd
monument
High ^{high} above all the rest - to all cut off
before their time,
Possess'd by some great spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.
Walt Whitman

had a message knew that he had not lived in vain. The notable fact about Whitman is that he was the poet alike of life and death. In his work there is much about life—free, daring, sometimes offensive and shameful, but in the end it was a true view. The peculiarity of his optimism is that it embraced night and death. His pregnant line, "the huge and thoughtful night," has settled for some his claim to be a poet; hardly less suggestive is his saying, "I am he who walks with the tender and growing night." On the beauty, the peace, the coolness, the deliciousness of death, he has lavished his richest treasures of thought and expression. Perhaps the finest of his poems is that beginning, "Come lovely and soothing death." We quote the last two stanzas:

"The night in silence under many
a star,
The ocean shore and the husky
whispering wave whose voice
I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O
vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling
close to thee.

"Over the treetops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the
myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teem-
ing wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee,
O death."

The portrait of Walt Whitman, which is herewith given, is reproduced from the frontispiece photogravure to Mr. Burroughs's study of the poet through the courtesy of the publishers. The lines in fac-simile are from the original manuscript now in the possession of Mr. J. H. Johnston, of this city. Walt Whitman spent the winter of 1876 and 1877 at Mr. Johnston's home in East Tenth Street, and the latter cherishes a tender regard for the poet, who was his friend, and who especially endeared himself to the family by his affection for the children and that which they bore him and often demonstrated in a rough-and-tumble fashion, as children will, when



Walt Whitman

they get hold of a big-hearted fellow who will humour their whims and fancies.

⊙

Mr. Clement K. Shorter writes: "I have received an early copy of Mr. Heinemann's edition of the works of Lord Byron. There are to be four volumes of the letters and memoirs and six volumes of the poems. The first volume, consisting of letters, is beautifully produced, and Mr. W. E. Henley has provided a rich mine of learning for those interested in Byroniana. There are 290 pages of letters in this volume and 180 pages of notes. I only know two cases of annotation to compare with this—Dr. Birbeck Hill's *Hume* and Professor Masson's larger *Milton*." Mr. Shorter is, we may say, the author of the new work on Byron and his friends, which we recently announced as in preparation. Mr. Shorter's achievement in *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle* is a guarantee of his expert qualifications for the execution of this task.



W. D. Howells.

From a photograph by L. Alman and Company, New York.

With the article on Mr. William Dean Howells, in this number, the series of Living Critics, English and American, is concluded. We expect to begin the series of Living Continental Critics next month with a study of the great French critic, M. Brunetière, who is to arrive in this country in March. The above portrait of Mr. Howells is taken from a recent photograph, and has his approval for publication in THE BOOKMAN.

✻

Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose collection of causeries entitled *Without Prejudice*, published by the Century Company, is reviewed on another page, is the son of a

poor Jew, and was born in London one and thirty years ago. In the course of his school life he entered the Jews' Free School, under the veteran Mr. Moses Angel. There he was known as a brilliant pupil, carrying off prizes and scholarships, until he rose to be a teacher in the school. While teaching he studied for his degree, which he obtained at London University, with honours in French, English, and in Mental and Moral Science. Then he became a teacher under the London School Board at Berner Street School, Whitechapel. Mr. Zangwill was only twenty when he gave up teaching, or, as he himself has put it, "exchanged one set of pupils for another." His adolescent literary experiments are perhaps more amusing than instructive to the literary aspirant. At sixteen he wrote a three-act farcical comedy and went in search of the famous comedian J. L. Toole, thinking "to do him a good turn!" He won a prize of twenty-five dollars for a humorous story called "Professor Grimmer." He kept the money for two years, when he spent it in paying half the cost of publishing a Jewish story, which was loudly denounced—and widely bought—by the Jews. It was sold for a penny. Mr. Zangwill has no copy of his first printed book; but while he was writing *The Children of the Ghetto* the manuscript turned up, and he took from it the description of market day in Jewry which appears in that volume.

✻

The first book to which Mr. Zangwill attached his name was *The Bachelors' Club*. The book was secured by the publishers as soon as read, and Mr.

Zangwill declares that he has never published a line anywhere since then that has not been purchased before it was written. Yet he does not seem to think much of what he has attained, which he satirises as "a fame infinitely less widespread than a prize fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to." If some wily editor were to extract from Mr. Zangwill a description of "my first book," it would in all probability be a romance of school life in two volumes, which at the age of ten he wrote in a couple of exercise books. "I shall always remember that story," he says, "because, after making the tour of the class, it was returned to me with thanks, and a new first page, from which all my graces of style had evaporated." The criminal had lost a page, and rewritten it from memory! He pleaded that it was "better written," and that none of the facts had been omitted.



J Zangwill

⊛

In answer to the question, put to him recently by a representative of *The Young Man* (London), "What do you think of the Jew in fiction?" Mr. Zangwill says: "There has been no true picture of the Jew in English literature. The Jew has not been represented in European fiction except by German novelists who dealt with the Ghetto life. Just a few touches in *Daniel Deronda* are accurate. The Jews as a rule have lived a sequestered life. They do not let the Christian into their family secrets. Just as in the East you cannot get into the family life and circle, you cannot get hold of their ideas if you are an outsider. Those Jews who were able to

write were so afraid that they would be known as Jews that they never wrote of their own race. Disraeli does not seem to have known many Jews, he left the Jewish community so early." This opinion obviously ignores the searching picture given by the author of *Dr. Phillips*. Mr. Zangwill himself has done nothing in fiction for some time, but he has an interesting series of stories in view dealing with the old Ghettos of the East, and another long tale; but whether it will finally shape itself into a novel or a play he is not yet quite prepared to say.

⊛

"Lucas Malet's" new novel, which has been in the publishers' hands for some time, is published at last by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, and the

title originally proposed, *The Power of the Dog*, having been taken by another writer, has been changed to *The Carissima*. The book was written while



"LUCAS MALET."

Mrs. Harrison was ill, and was produced with great labour. Her euphonious *nom de guerre* was formed by the conjunction of the surnames of her maternal grandmother and a great-great-aunt. "These two women," she says, "having been exceptionally clever, I thought it was probably from them that the wits of the family came." In *The Wages of Sin* Mrs. Harrison says she depicted present-day life on the North Devon coast, as her father, Charles Kingsley, depicted it, as it was in the historic past. One has little difficulty in recognising Clovelly, where Mrs. Harrison lives, as "Beera Mills;" Hartland Point as "Buckland Head;" and Biddeford as "Yeomouth." By the way, it is time we had a new edition of *The Wages of Sin*, as it has been allowed to go out of print in spite of frequent demands for the book.

⊗

Mrs. Harrison found it necessary while composing her new work to dictate most of it, and in speaking of this she says *that* her father dictated nearly all of

his novels. She is not altogether sure that he would have cared about her working, as he held the old-fashioned and chivalrous notion that women should be treated *en princesse*, should be provided for, worked for, and not permitted to struggle with the world at first hand. Mrs. Harrison has very vivid recollections of her father. "My father was always so kind to us," she says. "I remember even now that when we were quite little we understood that he was writing books in the study and must on no account be disturbed by any noise. We were so fond of him that we made it quite a pleasure to keep quiet when we knew he was at work. I read largely, but in a desultory way; and I did not verify what I read, but simply asked my father questions instead of going to a dictionary or encyclopædia. My father was a fine scholar; he took a Double First at Cambridge; but he was not a pedantic scholar, as was Freeman on the one hand, or Newman on the other. He saw things from the poetic and romantic, rather than the purely scholastic point of view. Then those brilliant Saturday-to-Monday visitors! We children were allowed to go in for dessert, and I can remember now the brilliant talk we heard from such men as Froude, Maurice, and so many other eminent men. Occasionally officers from Aldershot would be among the guests, including heroes of the Crimea and the Mutiny. When I was in India and saw the gates of Delhi, I could vividly recall the account which one of these men gave of its siege at the Eversley dinner-table."

⊗

Mrs. F. A. Steel, whose Indian romance, *On the Face of the Waters*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, has written a new story dealing entirely with the life of the early Hebrides in Scotland. She has accomplished the somewhat difficult task of writing a Scotch story which has very little Scotch in it. It is in striking contrast to her picturesque and thrilling drama of the Indian mutiny, which she believes to be her highest achievement, but the later story will be welcomed by all who appreciated *Red Rowans*.

⊗

The Macmillan Company have just published a remarkable story of the life and exploits of a Yankee sailor, under

the briny title *On Many Seas*. It is remarkable for several reasons, not the least being that it is a true and unvarnished account, and goes to prove the accuracy of the old-time adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." And yet it must be said that while one is reading one is more impressed by its record of adventure than by the fact that it is autobiography, which is a tribute to the writer's art of telling a story. The author, whose portrait is herewith given, is Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen, although his name is given on the title-page as Frederick Benton Williams, and is now an engineer in the city employ. He is a man of sturdy physique, and, as his face shows, of great force of character and tremendous energy. He was born at Lovell, Me., forty-seven years ago, and comes of a good New England stock, the name Hamblen being well known in his native place. He received a fair education before he left home and took to the sea, and all his life he has been a great reader, especially of solid and serious literature—he has little patience, we understand, with love-stories.

⊙

The circumstances under which Mr. Hamblen came to write are interesting, and explain the statement on the title-page, "Edited by his friend, William Stone Booth." Mr. Booth is librarian of the Webster Free Library at the foot of East Seventy-sixth Street, which is a resort for men of the working classes, who find relief from the toil and grime of the day in the quiet precincts of the library. Here Mr. Hamblen was in the habit of coming in the evenings, and being an old sailor and fond of spinning yarns, an intimacy sprang up between him and the librarian which ripened into friendship. Mr. Booth made the remark to him one evening, after listening to some of his stories, "Why don't you write out some of your adventures?" little thinking that the result would take the concrete form it has in the book now before us. Shortly afterward Mr. Hamblen handed Mr. Booth about fifty pages of closely written manuscript on foolscap paper, and written with a pencil. Mr. Booth, upon reading the manuscript, recognised at once the simplicity and charm of the narrative, and urged him to go on. This he did, and

Mr. Booth is anxious to have it understood that the book as it now appears is entirely as it came from the author's hands, and that his task as editor has been confined to cutting out some yarns



Yours Fraternally
H. E. Hamblen

which, however suitable to the leisure of the fore-castle, would have taken up too much space in print. It is, as he says, a plain story of a plain man, told in his own words, but the main thing that concerns us is that he has a story to tell, and we know how "an honest tale speeds best for being plainly told." Nevertheless the thanks of the reader will be due to Mr. Booth for his discovery and for his enterprise and kindness in seeing the work through the press. The publishers are sanguine of its success, and we have no doubt that the interest which the book is sure to arouse will justify them. It may be interesting to know that most of the book was written during Mr. Hamblen's working hours while on night shift after he had looked to the engines. We understand that the editors of *McClure's Magazine* have commissioned him to write some stories for them.



Washington Irving
Sunnyside Dec. 15th 1851

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

I.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

A British matron and her daughter are said to have been seen sixty or seventy years ago in an Italian gallery pausing before a bust of Washington. "Mother, who was Washington?" asked the girl. "Why, my dear, don't you

know?" answered the horrified parent; "he wrote the *Sketch-Book*." Whatever confusion was in her mind, it is true that just as clearly as the general was the Father of his Country in affairs of State, his biographer held the same place in the field of letters. Before him no American, with the exception of the forgotten novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, had made literature a profes-

NOTE.—The above portrait is from a steel engraving of Irving at 67, by Charles Martin, published in the *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sion. Writers there had been by the score, and good writers, as names like those of Franklin and Hamilton cry out; but they were writers after they were something else. It remained for Washington Irving to become the first American man of letters known as such the world over.

A house in William Street, New York, was Irving's birth-place, on April 3d, 1783. The British were soon to evacuate the city, and Washington to take possession of it. Mrs. Irving, a warm-hearted woman of English birth, and an ardent patriot of the new land, said, "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him." The child was still in the care of a Scotch nurse when one day she saw the President, as Washington then was, enter a shop, and after him she went. "Please, your Honour," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." The President laid his hand on the boy's head, and gave him a blessing, which he never forgot.

The family into which Irving was born would be called large to-day, since he was an eighth son, and the youngest of eleven children, all but three of whom grew up. The father was Scotch, of excellent descent, and a Presbyterian of the sterner type. It did not take Irving long to unlearn the lesson of his youth, that everything pleasant was wicked; yet he never replaced it with the converse belief. "O Washington, if you were only good!" his mother exclaimed to him one day. Lacking sympathy with his father's religious views, he yet had goodness enough to betake himself independently to Trinity Church, and to be confirmed in the faith of his mother's earlier days. He possessed, too, enough of another spirit, to slip away, whenever he could afford it, to the forbidden play-house, returning home at nine for family prayers, after which he would go promptly to his room, not to sleep, but to climb out of a window and be back at the theatre in time for the after-piece.



WASHINGTON IRVING AT 22.

From Vanderlyn's portrait. *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The person who objected to the sight of brethren dwelling together in unity, because it was much less entertaining than that of brothers who quarrel, would have been disappointed in the Irving family. As Washington Irving approached manhood, after a desultory schooling, which ended when he was sixteen, his share in literary undertakings with his older brothers was one of the first outward signs of a devoted intimacy which only death could end. One of the older brothers, Peter, a graduate of Columbia College—as Irving would probably have been if he had given promise of any fondness for methodical study—established a newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, and to this the author contributed his first literary productions, a series of letters signed "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were sprightly and clever enough—mainly in their criticism of plays and players—to set people talking, and to win for the boy of nineteen a small fame even outside his native city.

How came he by the power to make himself felt at so early a day? N.



MATILDA HOFFMAN,

TO WHOM IRVING WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

From *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

through his masters at school surely, but by his own way of cultivating a strong native gift. When he was placed in a lawyer's office at sixteen, his reading was far less in law than in letters—for he drank deep of the English classics, even in "office hours"—and his writing was more for the expression of himself than for the wisdom of the profession he never followed. There were rambles afield, moreover, in these days into the Sleepy Hollow region, and farther up the Hudson, and nearer home.



"COCKLOFT HALL" PUNCH-BOWL.

From a photograph of the punch-bowl at Gouverneur Kemble's place, Mount Pleasant, near Newark, N. J., called "Cockloft Hall" in "Salmagundi."

The quick eye and the ready mind got their full share of training from these many days *sine libro*.

It may have been his delicate health that made him but an indifferent student. It was certainly to this and to his brothers' generous care of him that he owed his first trip to Europe, in 1804, for the captain of the ship sailing for Bordeaux ominously remarked, as Irving stepped over the rail, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." On the contrary, he came back vastly stronger early in 1806, and with an horizon widened by the many opportunities of which he had availed himself for seeing stimulating people and things.

The New York to which Irving returned, "the gamesome city of the Manhattoes," as he liked to call it, had grown from the Dutch town of 20,000 inhabitants, in which he was born, to a gay little city of 80,000 souls. The region between Wall Street and the Battery was still the fashionable part of town, and into the life of this little world the clever and handsome youth entered with all spirit. Of law, again, he read enough to be admitted to the bar, but society for a time was the most engrossing interest of his life. One has but to look at Vanderlyn's sketch of him as he appeared in 1805 to understand why a young man who added wit, good feeling, and gallantry to the charm of such a person found all the doors that he had time to enter open to him,

not only in New York, but at Ballston Spa, the summer resort of fashion early in the century, and in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. One is not sorry to find a trace of the dandy in young Irving, or to read in a letter to his brother Peter in England, before this period was passed, "Send me out a handsome coat, but not with a waist as long as a turnspit's." Then besides he would have "a waistcoat or two of fashionable kind, and anything that your fancy may suggest."



FROM A SKETCH OF IRVING AT 25, BY JARVIS.

Now first published through the kindness of Mr. J. K. Paulding. Photographed by Anderström, Bristol, R. I.

There are ample reasons for believing that the young women of his day believed him quite as fascinating a blade as he would have had himself appear.

With the gayer young men of the town, too, he played a spirited part. "The Nine Worthies" and "The Lads of Kilkenny" were the names under which a group of them met and dined and frolicked. Most of these Worthies attained distinction of one sort and another in their later years, and the conscience of the day suffered no great shock from their convivial doings. A story is gaily told of one of them returning alone from a dinner, and falling through a grating in the sidewalk. He could not get out, and feared an ill night

of it; but one by one the rest of the party which he had left fell into the same pit, and there they spent the remainder of the night happily together. On another occasion a policeman thought he had identified one of the Worthies by the hat he wore, and taking him to his lodgings was persuaded with difficulty that the body was that of another member of the company. Their gaiety was not confined to the town, but at a country-place on the Passaic, which figures in *Salmagundi* as Cockloft Hall, they spent many merry days and nights. It would be utterly unfair to leave the impression that Irving and his fellows were a bad lot. They were nothing of the sort; in an age when pleasures of a

certain kind were followed more frankly than in our generation, they were merely like other high-spirited young fellows of their world.

It was characteristic of nearly all the work of Irving's pen that it reflected truthfully some phase of his life; and it is worth remarking that his first work, which is still sometimes read, could never have been but for the somewhat butterfly existence of these early days. In January, 1807, appeared the first number of *Salmagundi*, a periodical conducted by Irving, his older brother William, and James Kirke Paulding, who, besides attaining honour as a writer as time went on, became Secretary of the Navy, and—how many remember it to-day?—provided the world with the rhyme of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." These three young editors began their career with the announcement: "Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence." Their small sheet, with yellow covers, was issued by an eccentric publisher, Longworth, the front of whose house was almost entirely hidden by a huge painting of the crowning of Shakespeare. It appeared every fortnight, maintaining to the end a humorous disregard of profit and the public, and with perfect nonchalance ceased to be after twenty numbers had securely established its success. In later years Irving put a slight value upon his contributions to *Salmagundi*, but in them, as in the work of the other editors, it is impossible to ignore a sprightly cleverness and a reproduction of the colour and foibles of society, so convincingly faithful as to have a positive historic value. It was eminently a New York publication, even to the indulgence of the now time-honoured flings at Philadelphia and its people. One chief interest in Irving's work for it, which is easily picked out, lies in the detection of the first notes in the many keys to which his more practised voice was to be set.

Directly due to his surroundings, also, was Irving's next piece of work, *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York*. He began it with his brother Peter as a satire upon a serious history of New York, which had just been pub-

lished; and when Peter was called abroad Irving had his own will in making it just what it is—a masterpiece in the humour of the day which begot it. There is no need of dwelling upon its qualities, but when we call our own day the day of clever advertising, it is well to remember the heralding of the Knickerbocker history. The grave communications to the *Evening Post*, beginning six weeks before the book appeared, about an old Diedrich Knickerbocker who had strayed from New York without paying for his lodgings, about his having been seen on the way to Albany, and the landlord's final decision to print a manuscript which the old man left behind, and to apply the proceeds to the unpaid bill—all these would be worth transcribing in full were they not included in the later editions of the book. Besides almost leading a city official to offer a reward for the missing Diedrich, they served an excellent purpose in stirring up curiosity, which the book appeased to the satisfaction of all but the representatives of the families which ever since have gone by the name of Knickerbocker. One can see readily now why their ancestral pride must have been touched at first. They could not possibly have foreseen then that banks, clubs, buildings, manufactories, and enterprises of every sort would one day be named for their forefathers because of this very book, and that the young author who had hurt their feelings was the creator of the whole Knickerbocker background before which modern New York is very glad to stand.

While he was at work upon the last part of the Knickerbocker History, the great sorrow of Irving's life befell him. Miss Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was engaged to be married, died after a brief illness. George William Curtis once described Irving's life as "a life without events, or only the events of all our lives, except that it lacks the great event of marriage." The death which caused this lack, though it did not rob him of the courage to finish his humorous production, drove him for a time from all society, and made an impression upon his spirit which his whole subsequent life of activity never quite removed. It is by no means certain that as the years went by he never thought again of marriage for himself. Indeed, one is inclined to believe that



Launcelot Langstaff, esq.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF
"SALMAGUNDI."

From a photograph by L. L. Anderström.

at Dresden, in 1823, if all the circumstances had been propitious, he would have married an English girl with whom and whose family he had formed a tender intimacy. But when he died an old man, a lock to which he himself had always kept the key was found to guard a braid of hair and a beautiful miniature, with a slip of paper marked in his own handwriting, "Matilda Hoffman." No less faithfully had he kept her Bible and Prayer-Book throughout his life. Who shall say that the cherishing of such a memory as this did not find its direct expression in the gentle chivalry with which he bore himself towards all women as a writer and as a man?

Even before Miss Hoffman's death Irving had been in doubts about the career best suited to his talents; and the dejection into which he fell at once did not help his decision. The law held his interest but slightly. The editing of a magazine, which he undertook in Philadelphia, was distasteful to him, both because of his tender heart in criticism and because of the necessity for systematic work. "Ah," he said, once in later life, "don't talk to me of system; I never had any. . . . I have, it is true, my little budgets of notes—some tied one way, some another—and which when I need, I think I come upon in my pigeon-holes by a sort of instinct. That is all there is of it." But though the magazine did not please him, and he

dropped it at the beginning of 1815, it kept his restless feet somewhat in the path of letters.

The War of 1812 had stirred Irving's patriotism, and was responsible for his bearing for a time the title of colonel, as an aid to Governor Tompkins of New York. When the peace was reached Irving, always ready for an expedition, was on the very point of sailing with Decatur to the Algerian coast, but changing his plan almost at the last moment, yet unwilling to give up the journey abroad, he sailed instead for Liverpool to join his brother Peter in the conduct of the English branch of the commercial house on which their fortunes depended. It was seventeen years later, in 1832, that he set foot again on American soil.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez.
Et smokem, foastem, roastem folksez.
Fes. faw, fum. *Pisلمانازور.*
With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted.
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. VIII.] *Saturday, April 18, 1807.*

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee—nor without thee."

"NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has there been known a more backward spring." This is the universal remark among the almanac quidnuncs, and weather wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it at least fifty-five times from old Mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs that foretel every snow, rain, or frost by the shooting of corns, a pain in the bones, or an "ugly stitch in the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices and coquetries as it has done this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries, had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff,

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF "SALMAGUNDI" AS IT ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

Photographed by L. L. Anderström.

I have always had an opinion that
much good might be done by keeping
mankind in good humour with one another.

I may be wrong in my philosophy,
but I shall continue to practise it
until convinced of its fallacy. When
I discover the world to be all that it
has been represented by sneering cynics
and whining poets, I will turn to
and abuse it also; in the mean while
sentimental readers, I hope you will not
think lightly of me, because I
cannot believe this to be so very
bad a world as it is represented.

Yours truly

Geoffrey Crayon.

FAC-SIMILE AUTOGRAPH PAGE FROM THE MS. OF "BRACEBRIDGE HALL."

This autograph with its very characteristic words (referred to on p. 524) from the last page of Irving's Introduction, is unique in that it gives the signature of Geoffrey Crayon in Irving's handwriting.

From *Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors*. Baltimore, Cushings & Bailey, 1864.

One of the stock objections to Irving, urged even by English critics, is that his books are more English than American. As early as in the days of *Salmagundi* he had shown, as he was always to show, how much his habit of mind and expression owed to Addison, Steele, and other models of our common tongue. At heart, moreover, Irving was a Tory, a Conservative. His very nature felt a kinship with whatever was long established and mellowed by centuries of tradition. The facts that he spent much time in the family of a married sister in England, and through his talents and graces soon found himself welcomed to the inner life of many other English houses, must have contributed to his

sympathy with the scenes with which he was to become so familiar. But there is no need of framing a defence for such an attitude. "What, pray, if the hero of Bracebridge Hall be own cousin to Sir Roger de Coverley?" Ik Marvel once asked. "Is that a relationship to be discarded?" Surely not, and no less surely did our country and England, in a time when the press of both lands kept the mutual feeling of animosity at a high tension, owe to Irving a better understanding of each other and a truer recognition of the good to be found on both sides of the water. It was Thackeray who called him "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old." Irving's own explanation of the English interest in him was

this: "I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand instead of on his head; and there was curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilised society."

This curiosity did not exist at once. When he came to England he was comparatively unknown. Scott, to be sure, had read what he called "the most excellently jocose history of New York," and had thoroughly enjoyed it. But Irving had no general fame, and for several years had no opportunity of creating it. The uncongenial business which had brought him to Liverpool took most of his time, and to no avail, for in 1818 the enterprise proved itself



FROM G. S. NEWTON'S PAINTING, "THE DULL LECTURE," FOR WHICH IRVING WROTE SOME VERSES.*

Reproduced from the original in the Lenox Library.

a failure. It was this event which made it a necessity for Irving to look upon literature as a means of support more than of recreation. He ceased to be merely the ornamental member of his family, and as time went on took upon himself the care of those who had cared for him. A more winning picture of brotherly sympathy and a generosity in which largeness and delicacy were combined could hardly be found than that which the correspondence between Irving and his brother Peter, never strong after the Liverpool failure, revealed. Be it said that the success

which Irving was not slow in reaching when once he set about to attain it rendered him abundantly able to do for others besides himself.

It was the *Sketch-Book*, published in parts in America in 1819, when Irving was thirty-six, that told all English-speaking readers of a new writer that must be recognised. The book was vastly successful at home, and when Irving found its portions copied in English prints, he saw the necessity of publishing it in England. Murray, "the prince of publishers," declined at first to take it, employing a formula of considerate rejection which the modern publisher has not learned to improve upon: "Because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging." Accordingly Irving decided to print the book at his own risk in England; but the printer failed soon after the book appeared,

* These are the verses:

"Frostie age, frostie age,
Vain all thy learning;
Drowsie page, drowsie page
Ever more turning.

"Young head no lore will heed,
Young heart's a reckless rover,
Young beauty, while you read,
Sleeping dreams of absent lover."

whereupon Murray was only too glad to take the *Sketch-Book* into his own hands. From this time on he was Irving's English publisher, and so liberal were his dealings throughout their intercourse, that one may well believe with Murray's biographer, that the writer had far more profit from his

tells us all he sees in books like *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller*. He goes to Spain to investigate some special documents concerning Columbus, and the result is not only a body of historical work beyond his own expectations, but the drawing of many small pictures, distinctively Geoffrey Crayon's, like those which figure in *The Alhambra*. It is hard to think of another writer who has put so much of his own personality and daily existence into his books as Irving. One reads his *Life and Letters* only to become better acquainted with the genial, sympathetic, good friend one has come to know in his works. He might have been writing truthfully of himself when he wrote of Goldsmith: "Few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings."

It is in the record of his friendships abroad and at home that one comes, perhaps, most nearly to the man himself. He looked upon the world and people with a smiling face, and so, for the most part, they looked back at him. "Ah, God bless your merry face!" said an Irish beggarwoman to him one day, as he walked along the street enjoying the memory of one of his own jokes, "surely you're not the man will refuse a poor woman a sixpence?" A guinea was the smallest coin he had in his pocket, and he gave it to her.

Much of his philosophy of life is contained in the passage in Irving's handwriting, which the reader can easily make out here for himself. Early in his English life he meets with Scott, who promptly thanks "Tom" Campbell "for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day." Of Scott in return Irving says: "He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being." Again he calls him "a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth. He meets with Moore, and cares so great-



IRVING AT 26.

From Jarvis's portrait. *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

books than the publisher—no common circumstance in those or later days.

It would be tedious to chronicle with precision the completion from time to time of Irving's other books. When the sun has risen above the early morning sky we are content to let it shine away without our close scrutiny. One could not follow Irving's work, however, without noticing how one phase of its early character is continued, how it constantly reflects the circumstances of his life. As a wanderer about England and the Continent, he turns a quick eye upon social life, marks the pathetic and humorous scenes about him, and



SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.

From *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ly for him as even to admire poetry which he had previously condemned—no marvellous change, by the way, when friendship and criticism become intermingled. Nor was he totally blind to the weaknesses of his friends. With the highest regard for the aged Samuel Rogers, he could yet make the shrewd observation in a letter: "I dined *tête-à-tête* with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it rather set my teeth on edge."

With the painters Leslie and Gilbert Stuart Newton it was inevitable that Geoffrey Crayon should have felt a close kinship. On the basis of his intimacy with each, and of the sort of figure painting which occupied all three, it were no unworthy task for the proper person to tell us something of the art which appealed most strongly to the taste of the twenties and thirties, and to speculate on the different employment which the brushes and pen of three such friends would find for themselves at this our end of the century.

One should not bring Irving back from his English friendships without repeating the classic story of the origin of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. If report be true, it was to Irving that Scott owed

his idea of this character. Miss Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, had been one of Miss Hoffman's dearest friends, and was with her to the end of her fatal illness. Irving's account of the beautiful American Jewess, full of devotion to the faith of her fathers, is said to have given Scott the original of the very person that was needed in his tale.

We cannot follow Irving through his busy sojourn in Spain, his service as Secretary of the American Legation in London, his receiving of an honorary degree at Oxford, where the undergraduates, hailing him as Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle, gave him a reception very like that which Dr. Holmes, amid inquiries about the One Hoss Shay, received more than half a century later. It was after all these experiences, in 1832, that he returned to New York, having meanwhile declined official posts at home because of his certainty that the life in Europe would be the best he could live for the exercise and development of his own gifts. Homesick he had often been, and always unfalteringly an American at heart. The town he had left he found grown in seventeen years almost beyond recognition. His countrymen's appreciation of him had grown in equal measure. A great banquet of welcome celebrated

his return. "I am asked how long I mean to remain here," he said at the end of his speech at the dinner. "They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, As long as I live."

Except for his return to Spain as American Minister, from 1842 to 1846, this is what he did, and it appears that he would not have left his home then but for an impelling sense of duty and

the hope for leisure at Madrid to work upon his *Life of Washington*. He had established himself, in 1835, at Wolfert's Roost, an old Dutch house on the Hudson, in the place now known as Irvington, and here, until the end of his life, his affections were centred. An architect extended the cottage, till under its name of "Sunny-

side" it bore the look of an English country-house. Ivy from Melrose Abbey soon covered its walls, and old Dutch weather-cocks, one from the Stadt-house of New Amsterdam, surmounted its roofs. When Philip Hone first saw the house it was a modest affair in comparison with other country-places near it; "only one story high," his Diary tells us; "but the admirers of the gentle Geoffrey think, no doubt, that one *story* of his is worth more than half a dozen of other people's." Like Scott, Irving took the

greatest pleasure in beautifying and enlarging his establishment, though, unlike the master of Abbotsford, he had the wisdom not to spend vast sums in such enterprises before they were earned. Within, the house was brightened by the constant presence of his nieces and his brother Ebenezer, and their loving service each for the other.

The Western travels, of which *A Tour on the Prairies* preserves the record, took

place before the settlement at Sunnyside, but it was not in nature for one who had led Irving's life to retire wholly into rusticity. We find him making frequent visits to New York, for the play, for music, of both of which he was heartily fond. Public appearances he shunned, yet when Dickens came to New York in 1842 Ir-



IRVING AT 52.

From a steel engraving of the Bust by Ball Hughes, in *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ing could not escape presiding at the great dinner in his honour. They had already become friends through correspondence, for Irving's delight in Little Nell had to be expressed in a letter to the author, and Dickens in his enthusiastic response had said: "*Dieudonné Knickerbocker* I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression." The night of the public dinner came, and Irving's dread of the introductory speech kept him murmuring throughout the repast, "I shall certainly break down."

At the proper time he rose to his feet, began bravely, but could utter only a few sentences, and ended by taking refuge in the announcement of the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." The applause was generous, and as Irving took his seat, "There," he said, "I told you I should break down, and I have done it."

Going beyond New York, he was sometimes to be found in Baltimore, Washington, and other places. Another fragment of Philip Hone's Diary, after he had seen Irving at a levee of President Tyler's, where Dickens was also present, shows clearly enough in what esteem his countrymen held him :

"As far as I could judge, Irving outbozzed Boz. He collected a crowd around him; the men pressed on to shake his hand, and the women to touch the hem of his garment. Somebody told me that they saw a woman put on his hat, in order, as she told her companion, to say that she had worn Washington Irving's hat. All this was 'fun to them,' but death to poor Irving, who has no relish for this sort of glorification, and has less tact than any man living to get along with it decently."

It is not the Irving of Washington and Madrid that one likes best to look back upon through his declining years, but the Irving of Sunnyside. Here he was at his best, declaring that no period of his life had been so full of satisfaction to him, working through the mornings, and when his work was done entering with zest into the pleasures of his family and their neighbours. It seems that he was accessible even to bores, and during his last illness, a few months before its end, could not refuse the importunity of an autograph hunter. He was too unwell at the time to write his name, but promised to forward it by mail. The stranger then inquired what the charge would be, saying, "It is a principle with me always to pay for such things." "It is a principle with me," replied Irving, with a sharpness of which we are glad for once to read, "never to take pay!"

The work of his last years, the *Life of Washington*, of which he was unable to correct the final pages of proof, had been suggested to him as early as 1825 by the publisher Constable. From time to time he had had to postpone his work upon it, and the opportunity might never have come if he had carried out a purpose, long cherished, to tell the story of the "Conquest of Mexico."

But in 1838 he found that Prescott was at work upon the same theme, and at no little sacrifice of desire and accomplished work turned the whole subject over to the younger writer.

It was on November 28th, 1859, when Irving was seventy-six years old, that his death came. He had been in poor health for some months, suffering much from sleeplessness and a shortness of breath, but at the last a weakness of the heart brought the sudden end. Lacking to-day a man of letters who holds such a place in the affections of his countrymen as Irving held, it is difficult for us to realise the impression made by his death. It was as if a President or a great soldier had died in these later years. Flags on shipping and buildings in New York flew at half-mast, and the Mayor and Council recognised the event as a public grief. A multitude of people bore witness to their own sense of loss at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The day of the funeral, December 1st, had the fullest beauty and suggestion of Indian summer—"one of his own days," the people said. It is to Longfellow,

"No singer vast of voice; yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song,"

that we instinctively turn for the words :
IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRY-
TOWN.

Here lies the gentle humourist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Since his death there has been time to see Washington Irving and the heritage he left our letters in the perspective of distance. Of the tangible debts we owe him, the "Knickerbocker idea" has been mentioned in its place. Shall we not also render him thanks, with Joseph Jefferson as a fellow-creator, for our national possession of Rip Van Winkle? Mr. Jefferson in his charming autobiography tells us how the play, as we now have it, came into being; and

of course Irving, in his narrative, stands behind it all. How real a creature Rip has become appears in Jefferson's story of the negro waiter at the Catskill Hotel, who pointed him out to an incredulous visitor with "Dat's de man," as the very person who had slept twenty years; how the author and the actor are mingled in the popular imagination we see in the anecdote of Jefferson's introduction to the Rip Van Winkle Club, of Catskill, by its agitated president as "Mr. Washington Irving." To have been responsible primarily both for the Knickerbockers and for Rip Van Winkle constitutes an achievement in American letters which it would be hard to parallel.

Whether a large quantity of his work will go down to later posterity in any living sense, the critic of to-day would assert with less confidence than Irving's contemporaries were wont to feel. The fashions in sentiment, humour, and the telling of fact and fiction change, like clothes, with the years. The works of the pen possessing that broad quality which is above fashions are but few; and even under the great names in letters rigorous selection from a thousand pages sometimes leaves but a few that really live. The critic who would deny that these few pages are not to be found in Irving would himself be hard to find. Exactly which are these pages? Ah, the days of the prophets are past!

But though fashions change in books, in men they are invariable. Whether such a one as Irving had lived before we had a country, or should present himself to a generation yet unborn, he

would still be one of those whom the world must love. He was beyond all things else a gentleman, with the best qualities of that undying race. If it is necessary to enumerate and explain them now, this writing will have been in vain. The poets, after all, are the men who sum up the truth, and these lines from the "Fable for Critics" cannot be repeated too often:

"To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in *all* of Addison, *minus* the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock
 and good will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er as a spell,
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain,
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm, lazy sun loitering down
 through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

We did not select the Father of our Country, but Washington has pleased us well; neither did we choose our first American man of letters, but had this opportunity been granted, we could hardly have done better than to select—"just Irving."

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the second paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "J. Fenimore Cooper." It will appear in the March number.

LOVE'S CUP.

Life's richest cup is Love's to fill.
 Who drinks, if deep the draught shall be,
 Knows all the rapture of the hill,
 Blent with the heart-break of the sea.

Ah, drooping wings that trail the ground,
 Ah, sudden flights to worlds above,
 Ah, thorns, among the roses bound
 About the brows of those who love!

Robert Cameron Rogers.

LIVING CRITICS.

XII.—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Of the eleven writers who have already been considered in this series of appreciations, it may fairly be asserted that each is, above all else, a critic of literature; for whatever else they may have done, it is as literary critics that the reading world insists upon regarding them. One finds it quite impossible, however, to narrow his consideration of the work of Mr. Howells in such a way as this. Mr. Howells, to be sure, as well as they, is a critic of literature in many of its forms, and he is a very searching and suggestive critic, too; but one cannot even touch upon his literary criticism without feeling that it is in reality only a part, and a comparatively unimportant part, of his wider criticism of life; and that the same is true of every other phase of his intellectual activity when regarded separately and alone. Mr. Henry James, no doubt, is also in a way a critic of life; but his little corner of observation is so very little, his lenses are so carefully adjusted to one particular focus, and his instrument is so obviously an opera-glass and not a telescope, as to make his books the impressions of a first-nighter rather than the accurate and cosmic view of a sociological astronomer. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has swept the whole horizon of his time; and it is not, therefore, merely as an essayist or as a novelist or as a poet that we must consider him, but as one who in his criticism and his fiction and his poetry alike has set before himself the task of picturing the life of his own age and of analysing its spirit and its tendencies.

It is, of course, in fiction that his work has been most fully carried out; and, therefore, chiefly from his fiction one obtains the truest insight into all his intellectual processes, and the best examples also of his critical felicities and his fundamental limitations. The circumstance that fiction is his chosen field of effort gives the subject a peculiar interest, because it involves a glance at the question of the American novel—the question whether there has yet been written, or whether there is ever to be

written a kind of fiction that Americans shall recognise as essentially national, not only in its theme and colour, but in its external form and literary technique.

Now, as to the American novel when regarded from one point of view, we cannot help agreeing on the whole with Mr. Rollo Ogden's witty and, in the main, most sensible contentions. It is, indeed, absurd to suppose that, after all the centuries of creation and experiment that lie between Parthenius and Rudyard Kipling, we are going to witness the evolution of some new and striking literary manner, some principle of constructive art that no one has hitherto perceived, some tremendous *epochmachend* discovery that shall do for fiction what steam and electricity have done for mechanics, and that shall subtly harmonise with the material bigness and boisterousness of our native land. This vaguely fascinating dream has not, however, been altogether valueless. It has given the young brood of magazine-writers a theme of perennial interest over which they can moult their literary pin-feathers at twenty dollars a page, and it has provided the American public with a pleasant if evanescent sensation about once in every six months; for at intervals of just about this length the joyous announcement has gone forth that now at last *the American Novel* has been written: and then the literary tom-toms have been violently beaten, and every one in the Literary Shop has whooped it up so long as people could be induced to listen to the row, and until they have gone back again to the reading of English novels that are not constructed on a scientific theory or from patriotic motives, but are simply good, strong specimens of writing that grip the reader's attention and make him willing and even eager to part with his money for more of the same sort.

Therefore, in this sense of the word, we are not looking for an American novel as distinct from an English or a French or a Scandinavian or an Italian or a Græco-Roman novel. We think that the resources of fiction-writing are just as thoroughly well known as they

ever will be, that all the appliances of the art have been discovered and tested long ago; that no amount of taxing thought will add a single item to the technical equipment which is at the service of every writer to-day; and that whenever a really great novel is produced, it is great because of the man behind the book and not because of any fine-spun theory which the book itself exemplifies. A heaven-born artist does not spend the best years of his life in hunting up new colours for his palette. It is only a servant-maid who makes a poor pen an excuse for her bad spelling. And so in fiction-writing, if the *crisis* inflames the writer, it doesn't make the slightest difference whether he is an Idealist or a Romanticist or a Realist or a Naturalist or a Symbolist or a Sensitivist or a happy combination of all six. If he has it in him to write an immortal novel he will write it, and that is all there is to it.

Nevertheless, from another point of view, one may truly speak of the American Novel as a thing apart, because of the great difficulty in the conditions that attend its successful composition. The American Novel, as we understand it, is not to be a novel constructed on hitherto unheard-of lines, or by some new formula thoughtfully evolved by American writers; but a novel that shall give an adequate and accurate delineation of the life that is lived only in this huge, loose-hung, colossus of a country—a kind of life to which the history of the world affords no parallel whatever. When the Englishman or when the Frenchman sits down to write a novel, he has no difficulty in getting his social *mise en scène* to suit him; he need not, in fact, give it any particular thought. The social system that he knows is one whose framework is definite, well ordered, compact, and perfectly intelligible even to the casual foreigner. Everything has its place; everything is regulated and understood; everything, in fact, is obvious and explicable. His background is, in a way, already filled in, and it is only figure-painting that he has to do.

But how strangely different is the case with one who seeks to fix upon his canvas a true impression of American life! A vast kaleidoscopic mass of colour lies before him, shifting and changing with every touch, a society

in a fluid state heterogeneous, anomalous, bizarre, and shot all through with a million quaint incongruities. The boundless wealth and the squalid poverty, the splendour and the crudity, the magnificence and the cheapness, the recklessness and the conservatism, the cynicism and the faith, the intellectual keenness and the unspeakable fatuity, the strong common sense and the foolish gullibility, the defiant arrogance and the patient meekness, the commercial acuteness and the political stupidity—can any one bring out all these wonderful contrasts in the national character and yet preserve the slightest trace of verisimilitude and probability? And the strange medley of humanity—the washerwoman of the diggings blossoming out into the *grande dame* who entertains kings and gives her daughters in marriage to princes, the young girl with "chaste depravity," the emancipated woman, the canal-boy fighting his way to the headship of the nation, the keen-eyed business man who is to-day cornering the market and to-morrow haranguing the Senate and the day after bringing out an edition of a classic, the curious bits of foreign life and custom embedded in the midst of an Anglo-Saxon people, and underneath it all a great compact mass of strong and simple and conservative men and women, bearing up the rest and giving cohesion and stability to the whole structure. Any one can *tell* of all these things; any one can sketch them separately and in detail; but who is able and who will ever be able to give one luminous picture of them as a single entity, each in its true relation to the rest, with a sense of proportion and relativity, and in such a way as to make one see and feel the truth of it all?

No such problem ever before confronted the novelist; yet it is not until this problem has been solved that the American Novel in its largest sense will have an actual existence. To begin with, there is not even such a thing as an American type. There is a New England type, and there is a Southern type, and there is a Far Western type; but even these are not perfectly defined, but shade off into each other with many an imperceptible *nuance*, while between them lie all sorts of individual and quite distinctive groups which an American easily recognises, even though he can-

not so easily describe them. In no country in the world are there so many local points of difference; for not only are a Bostonian and a New Yorker and a Philadelphian and a Chicagoan and a San Franciscan essentially unlike, but there are distinctions quite as clearly though more subtly to be drawn between a Buffalonian and a Syracusan, between a Baltimorean and a Charlestonian, between a Peorian and a Topekan. These people do not even speak an absolutely identical language, but display such dialectic variations as make the difference of habitat immediately perceptible to the ear of a native. It is only the self-satisfied Englishman who ignores all these bewildering complications. He, of course, with the smug complacency of his kind, will talk with half a dozen Americans, read a few American newspapers, and then introduce into his next novel a "heiress" or a "Senator from Michigan" with characteristics evolved from the writer's inner consciousness, and speaking a dialect the like of which was never heard from the mouth of any human being, but that is far more grotesque than if an American novelist should represent an Englishman speaking a blend of Cockney jargon, Dublin Irish, Yorkshire dialect, Welsh patois, and Lowland Scotch. Yet though foreigners do not understand the complicated difficulties that beset the one who tries to limn in a large way the life and attributes of the American people, our own writers are fully aware of them; and hence it is that they have given us, in the main, not the American Novel, but novels written in America, which is a very different thing. It is not likely that any better work will be done than much of that which already reveals some of the strange nooks and corners of American life. No one, for example, could show a subtler knowledge of New England than Miss Wilkins brings to her intensely vital delineations; no one will ever make us feel more intensely the spirit of the Northwest than Mr. Hamlin Garland does; no one will better draw the dull, raw life of the little towns of Central and Western New York than Mr. Harold Frederic; no one will have a fuller understanding of certain phases of existence in the American metropolis than has Mr. Brander Matthews. But who is to come forth

equipped with the knowledge and the insight and the vivid power necessary to draw the picture as a whole, and with a master's touch to fling before us the great national cosmos in its entirety—vital, convincing, real?

But, says some one, there is Mr. Howells; and sure enough, if we grant that Mr. Howells has not succeeded in this task, then so far no one has succeeded. Indeed, we might say *a priori* that Mr. Howells is the one living writer who by the circumstances of training, experience, and exceptional gifts ought to grapple successfully with the difficulties that have proved insurmountable to so many others. Born in one of the Central Western States at a time when these were still in the making, his most impressionable years were spent amid influences that gave him at first-hand an intimate knowledge of American life in its revolutionary stage. In an intensely American community, among those who typified all the primitive American virtues of courage, industry, integrity, and thrift, he looked upon the nation-builders as they did their work, and drank in the subtlest understanding of that stratum of society which is the base of the whole gigantic system. And for his purpose it was lucky that he never had the academic training which, though it sharpens the critical powers, too often narrows the sympathies and deadens the creative faculty. He lived his early years as one of the people, as a printer, as a newspaper reporter, recording continually his impressions, learning the art of writing in a school that teaches clearness, vividness, and compression, and being all the time in touch with the multifarious types that daily flit before the keen eye of the American journalist. In 1860, with his appointment by President Lincoln as Consul to Venice, began the other side of his preliminary training. From the raw and unformed civilisation of the West he passed at once to an environment that was absolutely antithetical, to an atmosphere permeated with memories of old-time magnificence and eloquent of art—an atmosphere instinct with sensuous beauty, in which all sorts of exquisite half tints become perceptible, and in which the mind awakens to subtle meanings and delicate discriminations. This curious change from Columbus to the Cana-lazzo, from the Muskingum to the Malabar

mocco, was of all things the most ideal as a phase in the training of the literary artist. It gave to him a wholly different point of view, a new standard of comparison, a sense of values and of proportion, and enabled him to see more clearly and with a true perspective the other life that he had left behind him. Returning to the United States, his experience was enlarged in still different surroundings when he took the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* and for many years made one of the set which in those days stood for all that was refined and cultivated in American letters. The circle of his experience was completed when he passed from Boston to New York and made his home in the cosmopolitan whirl of the American metropolis.

An experience and training such as this, the like of which is rare, could scarcely fail to give to its possessor a marvellous power, if coupled with the requisite natural gifts. And Mr. Howells has these gifts. A quick eye for what is striking in individuals or in life, a wonderful photographic instinct for detail, a shrewd insight into human motive, a truly American perception of the ludicrous, a natural gift of language, a talent for crystallising in a phrase or an epithet the essential attribute of any subject, a Frenchman's reverence for *le mot juste*—all these superimposed upon an experience so broad as to be national rather than sectional, and with the advantage of an international point of view, may surely warrant us in saying what has just been said: that if Mr. Howells has not written the American novel, then no one else as yet has written it. And, indeed, whether he has written it or not, he has at any rate received a reward commensurate with his native gifts and his exceptional endowment. He is to-day the most eminent of all living American men of letters. As a novelist he is one of the greatest that our country has yet produced. A new book from his pen is always regarded as an important literary event. His name is known and honoured wherever the English language is understood. But has he, as a matter of fact, succeeded at any time in writing the American Novel and not merely clever novels of American life written in America by an American?

It may perhaps at first sight seem fan-

ciful, but there can really be little doubt that the limitations which have prevented Mr. Howells from attaining supreme success as a fiction-writer, and that have made his general theory of criticism and of life inadequate, are to be traced directly to certain circumstances which have already been narrated. The first is his long residence in Boston, and the second is his subsequent identification with New York. Naturally, a thesis such as this requires some specific elucidation and defence.

One of these days a work will, perhaps, be written upon the topographical aspects of literature, and in it at least one long chapter will have to be devoted to the influence of Boston upon American letters. Everybody knows what Boston is—one of the most interesting, and perhaps the most absolutely individual, of American cities. It has a distinctive character and a distinctive pronoun. The character is decidedly pronounced, and the flavour is a little tart, with something of what the Boston dialect would describe as a "tang;" but both are wholesome and, in a way, agreeable. Boston shows us, in fact, almost the sole survival upon American soil of a purely English influence—an influence seen alike in the city's external appearance, in the temperament of its people, and in their intellectual characteristics. Yet this strong suggestion of England never recalls semi-cosmopolitan London with its multitudinous interests and its consciousness of contact with the whole wide world. It is rather a suggestion of Leicester mingled with Leeds and perhaps a dash of Edinburgh—in fact, of a community not directly in touch with anything beyond its own borders, but very self-centred and compact, and taken up wholly with its own concerns. Its colonialism stands out all over it with both the virtues and the defects of its quality. There is all the integrity of purpose, all the anxious uneasiness about "duty," the intense self-respect and self-reliance of the New Englander, the love of truth and justice, the independence and the rectitude; but there can be found also all the intolerance, all the narrowness, all the impenetrable complacency, and all the intellectual myopia of the provincial Englishman.

Charles Reade, in one of his novels,

gives a series of maps to illustrate the point of view of the average English squire. His own county is first depicted in a large, clear map, with its smallest localities carefully noted; a second map shows England as a whole, about half as large; then in a third map, drawn very small, is displayed the rest of the world covering a space of about the size of one's thumbnail. Now this is precisely the way in which a true Bostonian would set forth respectively the town of Boston, the United States as a whole, and the rest of the world, if he were to express his real feelings in terms of comparative cartography; and it simply means that Boston's true affinities are not at all with the great cities of the earth, but with the provincial English towns. It has their atmosphere to perfection; so that although we know, as a matter of fact, that its customs are in reality those of the civilised world at large, one never meets a Boston man without a certain vague, yet irrepressible feeling that he probably dines at five o'clock in the afternoon, and has a sweet champagne served with the fish.

The truest expression of the Boston spirit in literature is undyingly preserved in the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose claim to immortality is to be found above all in this, that he is the quintessence of Boston, which is in itself the quintessence of New England; and both his foreign travel, and his belief in his own cosmopolitanism only serve to give a more striking background to his intense provincialism, and to enhance its piquant flavour. In his verse we find much less to make us think of Hippocrene than of the "kag" of cider. The poetic draught substitutes for the sparkle of the vintage of Champagne the nip of the ginger that gives life to the home-brewed switchel. It is not the poet of tradition who in Holmes appears to be singing to us, but more often the village bard, whose verses appear with beautiful regularity in the left-hand upper corner of the county newspaper, and who has his neat little copy of rhymes for every celebration, from the dinner of the village fire-company to the opening of the ladies' oyster-supper for the benefit of the Orthodox Church. In like manner, when we read certain passages of the *Autocrat*, we can shut our eyes and pass behind the os-

tensible personality of the author to his real prototype—the country smarty whose reputation as a funny fellow draws a group of admiring rustics about him as he sits on a cracker-barrel in the village "store" and emits his jokes, pausing only to refresh himself from a contiguous cheese, and to spit profusely upon the cast-iron stove. It may be frankly conceded that the wit is genuine, though suggesting Italian vinegar rather than Attic salt; but it is intensely local, and its similes and metaphors all smack of the cider-mill, the quilting-bee, the town-meeting, and the "venue."

The influence of long contact with a community whose spirit is such as this must necessarily stimulate self-consciousness and an introspection that may easily become morbid in its intensity. Yet its effects might well be salutary to one whose own temperament lacked repression and subjectivity. Unfortunately, Mr. Howells already possessed these qualities in excess. Just as the late Edward Henry Palmer, though born of English parents and in an English home, was, from the moment of his birth, in every essential respect an Arab, so Mr. Howells, though a native of Ohio and sprung from Welsh stock, has always been essentially a New Englander. The remarkable self-analysis of his early mentality which he has given us in *A Boy's Town* proves this beyond a doubt. It shows him even as a child to have been self-conscious, introspective, abnormally prone to dwell upon his own sensations and emotions, and to exaggerate them out of all proportion to their real importance. This is the true New England temperament, rooted in individualism, pushing self-analysis to the point of torture, regarding details as of infinite significance, teaching that the part is greater than the whole, and robbing its possessor of a sense of true proportion. But to the literary artist, as to the philosopher, the sense of proportion is everything; for it is the one sovereign antidote to provincialism, philistinism, and morbidity. It and a sense of humour are God's greatest gifts to man; and the first of these He seems in His infinite wisdom to have denied to the typical New Englander who, in politics and religion and literature alike, outdoes Protagoras in devotion to the doctrine

that the individual is the measure of all things.

That Mr. Howells, with New England traits already so sharply accentuated, should have been definitely and irrevocably stamped with the New England influence, must therefore be regarded as a distinct misfortune to American literature; for it has narrowed his marvellous gifts of delineation to a single sphere and made him the novelist of a section, when his genius might otherwise have become broadly national. This consideration fully answers the question whether he has written the American Novel; for it shows that he has not; that fate had determined that he should merely write the Novel of New England. This, indeed, he has actually done. He has given us a single novel that is really great, another that is nearly great, and one absolutely perfect story; and each of these is New England to the core.

In *A Modern Instance* one sees what he might have achieved but for the overmastering influence that has fettered and restricted his gifts of portraiture. This book differs essentially from the general run of American novels in its breadth and grasp and colour, and especially in being free from a certain thinness that characterises pretty nearly all the fiction produced in the United States. American novels almost invariably lack body and substance. They have a high, dry, rarefied atmosphere which may be very clear, but which is also very difficult to breathe for any length of time. They may possess more subtlety than one finds in an English novel, but they are afflicted with so advanced an anæmia, that one always turns from them with a sense of relief to the strong, well-nourished work of the Englishman who shows us bone and muscle and flesh and blood in place of mere nerves, with plenty of good port wine and roast beef instead of angel-food and ether. But *A Modern Instance* has body to it, and colour and movement and vitality. Nearly all of its characters are living human beings, and not mere psychological studies. It is for this reason that one can read and re-read the book and find several of its personages dwelling forever after in his memory, as do the men and women whom we have known in life. Bartley Hubbard, for example, is as real as Mr. Howells him-

self; and the proof of it is found in the fact that, in spite of his baseness and cheapness, we cannot refrain from feeling sorry for him and even at times from almost liking him, just as we feel sorry for him and almost like him when we meet him in our daily life. And Marcia and Kinney and Witherby and the old Squire are living beings, too. Mr. Howells has drawn them with more freedom and boldness than he often shows, and has given himself far less concern about accumulating mere details. He has, moreover, in a measure cut loose from his own pet theory of fiction-writing. He has not scrupled to give us some fine dramatic touches after the manner of the Romanticists, and has even led us up to an intensely powerful climax in the scene where the quaintly pathetic figure of Squire Gaylord rises in the Western court-room and pleads for justice and for vengeance in the last words that he ever utters. And this is one of the things that make for genuine realism because such striking scenes as these are not so rare in life as Mr. Howells sometimes appears to think. Altogether, one cannot say too much of *A Modern Instance*. It bears the true stamp of genius, and it will live as long as anything that American literature can show: for in it the writer stands aside and lets the action evolve itself before the reader's eye, and thus comes very near to meriting the tribute which Hawthorne gave to the Cyclopean art of Anthony Trollope when he said that in reading him it seems as though some giant had hewn out a great lump of English soil and set it down before us, with all the human beings on it going about their affairs unconscious of our observation. And this is just what Mr. Howells has done in *A Modern Instance*, only it is out of the soil of New England that he has hewn the lump.

The Rise of Silas Lapham is, as a whole, below the level of *A Modern Instance*, but it is still a masterly and memorable book. The character of Silas Lapham himself is by all odds the most remarkable piece of portraiture that Mr. Howells has ever done, and it is the only one that attains to the proportions of a broadly national type. The self-made man who works his way up the ladder of material prosperity was never more convincingly depicted; and the portrait is one that is true of the native

American everywhere, East as well as West. Rooted in the soil of the farm, this homely figure with its heaviness and gentleness, its simplicity and shrewdness, its rugged honesty and worldly wisdom, its uncouthness and native humour, its quaint conceit and innocent pride tempered always with a hesitating self-depreciation, its eye to the main chance, and its haunting and remorseless conscientiousness—we see them all in this amusing yet profoundly touching creation, which is as vital as anything that human art has ever limned. The opening chapter where Lapham is interviewed by Bartley Hubbard for the *Events*, in the office of the "mineral-paint" manufactory, is a miracle of condensed pictorial power, in which each word goes with swiftness and precision to the mark. When we have finished it, we know the Colonel through and through in every stage of his career, and if the book had ended there, it would still have given to fiction a new and permanent possession.

In *The Lady of the Aroostook* we have the most perfect story that American literature has yet produced. It is the height of literary art, for its finish is as exquisite as its design. One can re-read it a score of times, and always with a fresh enjoyment of its unerring insight and convincing truth, and of the delicate humour that plays along its lines and heightens here and there the scenes of really unstudied emotion that are elsewhere so infrequent in our author's work. But the book is more than a perfect story; it is a concrete illustration of a phase of American civilisation, and one that could not be half so well explained in any other way. It depicts social conditions that to a foreigner are quite inexplicable, yet which an American understands so well, that if he had not learned to know the foreign point of view, as Mr. Howells came to know it, it never would occur to him to set it forth in the form of a story. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has made a very admirable use of some of the English criticism upon this book in showing how certain of the conditions of American life differ *toto celo* from anything that a European can understand. That Lydia Blood, a girl from rural New England, and reared amid surroundings that are homely in the extreme, should have all the delicacy and dignity of a "lady,"

and that she should be considered by the writer and by the personages of the story to be a "lady," was as strange and improbable to the foreign critic, as that on reaching Venice she should at once have taken with entire composure a lady's place in its society.

One dwells with fondness on this charming story, which compresses within a hundred pages so much rare portraiture, so much sympathetic knowledge, and so many delicate literary graces. With the possible exception of Staniford, every single character in the book is drawn to perfection, from Ezra Perkins, who drives the Concord stage at South Bradfield, and Aunt Maria and Captain Jenness, to the curiously cosmopolitan circle of Mrs. Erwin's set at Venice—Miss Landini, who invokes impartially the devil and the Deity in her conversation, Rose-Black, the crawling English artist, Henshaw Erwin with his passion for collecting Americanisms, and Lydia herself, a second Marcia Hubbard but with finer traits. Every one of these is sketched in with a firm hand and the most artistic sense of contrast; and the changes of scene from South Bradfield to the ship, and from the ship to Venice, give a fascinating and varied background for the movement of the story. The last three or four pages would alone be sufficient to make a lasting reputation for their author, so perfect is the finish of the picture where Staniford after marrying Lydia goes with her to visit her old home at South Bradfield in the midst of winter. Mr. Howells has caught the exact feeling of the scene, the people, the atmosphere, and each successive stroke so artfully heightens the effect that in reading one almost cries out with wonder and delight. The prim house walled in by snowbanks, the social evening with the minister and his wife, which Aunt Maria, after passing coffee and sponge-cake, felt to be so brilliant as to be almost wicked, and, above all, the symbolic parlour-lamp of pea-green glass with a large red woollen wick—that parlour-lamp alone is a sufficient claim to immortality, for its glow, somehow or other, makes the whole life and aspect of South Bradfield perceptible at a glance.

The remembrance of this story heightens one's regret that among all the other work that Mr. Howells has given us, nothing else is found quite wor-

thy of being set beside it ; for as time went on, the spell of Boston grew stronger and stronger upon him, and we find less and less of the comparative freedom and spaciousness that appear in the three fine books that we have just enumerated. Individualism marked him for its own. He began to abuse his gift of observation. Instead of going swiftly and unerringly to the very heart of things, he came to regard it as sufficient to accumulate a multiplicity of trivial details and to let a microscopic fidelity take the place of a broader sympathy. The keenness of vision involved in some of his detail is almost startling, but in the end this sort of thing defeats its own purpose, for the reader is so astonished by the photographic accuracy of the observer, that his attention is distracted from the march of events, and he can think only of how very clever Mr. Howells is. In other words, the brilliancy of the novelist casts into a semi-shadow the evolution of the novel, and Mr. Howells is the fatally successful rival of his own creations.

It is precisely in this respect that Thackeray too often suffers in comparison with Dickens ; for although his art is infinitely greater, it is not always the art that conceals itself, but an art that is too consciously exposed to the reader's view. Thus when Dickens takes us with Pecksniff into Mrs. Todgers's immortal lodging-house, we actually go there. We snuff the sickly gushes of soup with our own noses, we see with our own eyes the worn-out floor-cloth and the table with its splashes of gravy, we hear with our own ears the convivial wit of Mr. Jinkins and the other commercial gentlemen, and for the moment Dickens has nothing to do with it at all. But when Thackeray describes the similar *ménage* of the Gann family in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, it is not we who see it for ourselves, but it is Thackeray who is telling us what he has seen. We are kept in a constant state of admiration over the extraordinary accuracy of his vision. He is always present in his own person ; and, just as Mr. George Brandon reported it all to the Viscount Cinquars, so Thackeray reports it to us and in a somewhat similar spirit, with a constant appeal to "the principle in us that sniffs." It is all very brilliant ; but Mr. Howells has himself admitted that it has its defects ;

that it is too sophisticated ; and that if, by comparison, the magic of Dickens be rough magic and wholly elemental, it is at least grandly elemental and deals with larger moods than those that respond merely to tastes and preferences.

So it is that all of Mr. Howells's novels, except the ones already noted as exceptions, are permeated with this suggestion of his own individuality, and with that excessive elaboration which prevents us from seeing the wood by reason of the trees. The writer stands between us and his books. Moreover, though the details of his work may be often remarkably characteristic and typical, their combination is not necessarily either characteristic or typical ; and while his personages may be individually realistic, in combination they are often quite unreal in that they show no life and movement and spontaneity. One is reminded by them of a painting in which every figure is admirably finished, but in which, nevertheless, the effect of the whole is stiff and wooden. Mr. Howells's gallery, in other words, contains an immense array of careful sketches, but only a very few successful pictures. And this is why of his later books even the most conscientious reader retains only a shadowy and confused impression. The titles and scenes and plots (so far as there are any plots discernible) are all blurred and jumbled together ; and just a few strongly drawn individual portraits stand out in a hopeless if splendid isolation. One recalls the striking figure of the embezzler Northwick in *The Quality of Mercy*, wherein one scene is matchless in its psychology ; the gawky youth in *The Minister's Charge* ; Helen Harkness, the intensely Bostonian type of girl in *A Woman's Reason*, who thinks that the "Indian trade" confers an aristocratic *cachet* ; and possibly Clara Kingsbury, though we may express a conscientious doubt whether even in Boston the ladies of the Brahminical set are wont to speak of their "gentleman friends ;" but what befell these persons the present writer, at least, is unable to recall ; and he has found it necessary, at the present time, in every case to search through his collection of Mr. Howells's books in order to be quite certain that he has assigned each character mentioned to its proper source.

The individual note is heard with even

greater clearness in our author's literary criticism, for here it has appeared to him unnecessary to do much more than state his own opinions with a dogmatism which is no less real, because it is so often mingled with felicitous phrases and spiced with bits of epigram. Within the last two or three years, in fact, he has begun to issue books whose very titles—*My Literary Passions* and *Impressions and Experiences*—quite frankly indicate how purely personal to himself his judgments are. In these books we are told not only what opinions he has formed, but the exact circumstances under which he came to form them; who first led him to read this and that; whether he was at home or at his uncle's when he made his first acquaintance with an author; that he was shelling peas when he first heard of *Don Quixote*; that it was his elder brother who introduced him to Captain Marryat; with an infinite deal of similar personal detail continuously presupposing that the reader must regard these incidental facts as of extreme importance. In his latest volume he even devotes some thirty or forty pages to the chronicle of his personal experiences with beggars.

In another writer this would be egoism of a gigantic growth; but in Mr. Howells it is only the individualism of the New Englander expressing itself in terms of literary criticism. Yet to this sort of thing is due a good deal of the exasperation that some of Mr. Howells's opinions have excited; for while they are simply the personal views of an individual, they are sometimes put forth as though they were meant to found a school of criticism and to abolish the canons that have been built upon the intellectual experience of centuries. It is all very well for Mr. Howells, as an individual, to thrust Romanticism into his ash-barrel, as being nothing but a piece of literary junk; but when he sets up as a master of criticism, the matter comes to be of more importance; and one may then quite reasonably question alike his authority and his critical capacity. A critic who prefers Realism to Romanticism is well within his rights; but when he would hoot Romanticism out of existence altogether because it does not happen to appeal to him, then we may properly suspect him of a defective equipment. The curious thing about Mr. Howells is

that he makes his inability to appreciate certain phases of literature an additional claim upon our attention. Thus, in the chronicle of his literary passions, he heads a chapter with the name of Scott, apparently for the sole purpose of telling us, as he does, that though he has read Scott's novels, he did so wholly from a sense of duty, and that little or nothing of them remains with him at the present time. Now when a literary critic comes forward and declares that he has found nothing touching and tender in the character of Jeanie Deans, nothing humorous in the portrayal of Andrew Fairservice, nothing impressively terrible in the story of Ravenswood, nothing breathlessly exciting in the unravelling of Bertram's weird, and nothing that stirs the blood like a trumpet-call in the splendid pictures of chivalry that stud the pages of *Ivanhoe*, and yet in the same breath announces that Mr. J. W. De Forest is one of the greatest of novelists, then we may rightly liken such a critic to a person who assures us of his own ability as a judge of painting, and cites as one of his chief qualifications the fact that he is colour-blind and cannot tell blue from green.

It is obvious that one so sensitive as Mr. Howells to external impressions must be sensibly affected by his environment; and here, we think, is found an explanation of the comparative inferiority of many of his later novels. This brings us to the second part of our original thesis—the effect upon his genius and its expression, of his final removal from Boston to New York. One might argue, adducing the facts already set forth, that this change was precisely the thing needed to counteract the excessive individuality and concentration of his literary methods. But this line of argument leaves out of sight, first, the fact that the change was made only after Mr. Howells's formative period was over, and that hence it occurred too late; and it ignores, in the second place, the peculiar influence which New York exerts upon the typical Bostonian.

It was long ago remarked by some superficial observer that New York is in reality not an American city at all; and the saying has been so constantly repeated by those who ought to have known better, that it has come to be regarded as axiomatic in its truth. But as a matter of fact, nothing could be more

absolutely false ; for, apart from some of its external characteristics, New York is the most truly American city in existence—the only city that has assimilated and moulded into a whole all the attributes of our people, blending them so perfectly as to yield for a result not a Northern or a Southern or an Eastern or a Western product, but one that is simply and typically American. And in doing this it has happily eliminated one quality that is elsewhere the bane of the American temperament—the quality of self-consciousness. For in its own way, the self-consciousness of Chicago, for example, is as marked as the self-consciousness of Boston, only the manifestation of it is different. Boston, being the old maid of American cities, displays the self-consciousness of primness ; while Chicago, the hobbledehoy of American cities, is troubled by the self-consciousness of overgrowth, and, so to speak, is always concerned as to what to do with its feet and hands, and troubled by the uneasy consciousness that its legs are far too long ; while if it wishes to speak impressively, its voice flies off the handle and ends in a falsetto squeak. In either city, the individual is the unit of the whole, and is always sure of his own importance. But New York, whose quality is greatness rather than mere bigness, takes no account of the individual, and the individual knows it. The giant forces that are here at play are too vast for any one to control. They act and react with such a mighty sweep and power, as to dwarf the individual altogether, who resembles a tiny bird that has built its nest in the beam of some colossal engine. It knows the movements of the great machine, it does not dread it, and it even comes to love it for its tremendous energy ; but it would no more think of trying to direct or check it than one of us would think of bridling a cyclone or staying the plunge of a waterspout. In the sphere of civics the immensity of this great *Weltstadt* has its disadvantages, but from every other point of view it is wonderful and inspiring. No single influence can affect it. No great university can ever leave it as Harvard has leavened Boston ; no great literary movement can ever make an impression on it ; no wave of religious excitement can ever spread through all its channels ; no political cataclysm can disorder the play of its colossal

forces. Men of commanding influence and national reputation come to New York, and take their places meekly far down the line ; an invading army would be run in by the police. The giant swallows everything, takes everything to itself, and then moves on unconscious of it and unchanged. Nothing can be more inspiring to one who knows it well, and who exults in the largeness and power and magnificence of it all.

But the effect of it upon the Bostonian born is very curious. Catch a typical Bostonian and suddenly transfer him to the heart of Brooklyn, or Philadelphia, or New Orleans, or San Francisco, or even of Chicago, and while he will recognise the unfamiliarity of his new environment, it will not interfere with his enjoyment. He is still an important individual ; he is still some one to be reckoned with ; and those who meet him will appreciate the fact because they, too, are important individuals who count. But plump him down in the middle of New York, and the difference is startling. A great bewilderment comes over him. He feels that he has somehow got out of his own snug little corner into a great whirl that bewilders him and makes him dizzy. He is uneasily conscious that he has been dwarfed to a mere human atom ; his complacency vanishes ; he knows that his importance has shrunk into nothingness, and he doesn't like it. He resembles a small mouse that has crept timidly out into a vast hall, and then, appalled by the unwonted vista, scuds back to its hole with squeaks of genuine dismay.

Mr. Howells has himself expressed this feeling in *Their Wedding Journey*, when Basil March and Isabel, fresh from the city of the triple mountain, stand before Grace Church and gaze up and down Broadway. And he has, in spite of himself, distilled the same feeling into those books of his that, written under the oppression of his new environment, convey something of that oppression to his readers' minds. In *A Harvard of New Fortunes* and *The World of Chance* one finds no more the unforced humour and the cheerful spontaneity of his earlier novels. He has become melancholy, and with the true New England sense of duty, he has begun to feel that he has a "mission."

It was in New York, apparently, that Mr. Howells made the discovery that

while there are in the world people who have plenty of money, there are also people who haven't any at all to speak of; that there are people who are harshly used by their employers, people who are often ill, people who live in squalid tenements—people, in a word, who are unhappy through no fault of their own. To a philosophical observer, these and other facts of the kind discovered by Mr. Howells are hardly so pathetic as the thoroughly *naïf* surprise with which Mr. Howells suddenly became conscious of their existence; and fully as pathetic also is the generous, but quite inartistic impulse that has led him to spoil his novels in order to impart to others some knowledge of his discovery. For as soon as he began to write stories with an obvious *Tendenz*, and permeated with all the uneasiness of the Bostonian who is consciously out of his element, the literary quality of his work deteriorated in a perceptible manner. Who can recall anything of the two books just named except squalor, and unhappiness, and cheap eating-houses, and commonplace characters of all grades of fatuity, and a general feeling that the author evidently thinks the times are out of joint? And so doubtless they are, and always were, for that matter; but Mr. Howells is not going to set them right by publishing vague pictures of Altruria, and asperging all of us with his diluted slops of Socialism. For everything will go on precisely as before; and all that he will have accomplished will be the transformation of a great literary artist into a gloomy and ineffectual Bel-lamy.

But the depression which has grown upon Mr. Howells in the past few years has extended beyond his view of existing social conditions, and has been formulated into a semi-pessimistic theory of life. This phase of his thought finds its fullest expression in his verse, some of which is really remarkable in its condensed expression of a sort of wondering despair, poignant and terrible. No single poem better reveals this state of mind than the following from his *Stops of Various Quills*:

" I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host here since I
came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and
some

That we shall see him elsewhere, and then
know

Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they
say,

Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our
joys

Dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is
gone.

They say we meet him. None knows where
or when.

We know we shall not meet him here again."

And there comes up continually his old lament over the inequality that everywhere marks the lot of man. The sight of poverty makes him shudder, and the sight of riches makes him shudder, too. He draws us a picture of a gay company dancing among scarlet flowers to the sound of music, and then he goes on:

" I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed
the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes
shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore
For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank; and as be-
fore
The revellers above them thronged and
prest."

Mr. Howells has, in fact, learned rather late in life a great fact which men, in general, apprehend after a very few years of observation. He has discovered that justice does not enter into the scheme of our existence here. And this is true. There is faith and there is truth, there is charity, and chastity, and honesty, but in all the world (speaking *more humano*) there is no such thing as justice. And this discovery startles and appalls him, for here again his individualism robs him of a sense of true proportion. It is the old New England trait, and it must be admitted that in religion and philosophy it is almost universal among men, though quite unreasoning and absurd. It is the conviction of the individual that in the great plan of the universe he himself, his feeling, and his fate are of some importance. Doubtless, for instance, if Mr. Howells thinks

that the narrative of his having given half a dollar to a beggar is of sufficient interest to the world at large to be preserved in several pages of printed text, the question of his eternal welfare attains an importance of inconceivable vastness. But all this sort of feeling, so common in popular religious discussion, most curiously fails to recognise the infinite littleness of the individual and of the world itself. There are some who, giving law to the Deity, tell us that the loss of a single soul would be a calamity so appalling as to be quite inconceivable ; but in reality if all the men and women who ever lived upon this earth and who ever will inhabit it were swept into Gehenna at a stroke, what would be the real importance of it among the myriads of vigintillions of greater and more glorious worlds that swarm amid the infinity of space ? Suppose that once upon a time, thousands of years ago, in a far-distant quarter of our globe something once went wrong with a mote in a sunbeam ; this would not be a very vital fact in the history of the world. Yet it would really be relatively of far more importance, in its relation to the whole infinite universe, than would be the annihilation of the mote of a world itself with all the human atoms that breed and die upon it. Why, even in his own country and among his own kind, the individual does not count. Let him be racked with pain or tortured by all the agony that mind and body can endure, and if he will but stand in his doorway he will see the little children laughing in the sunshine and hear the cackle of men and women to whom he is not even so much as a name. Or, like Iván Ilyitch, he may lie hopeless and alone, watching his life ebb hourly away, and no one will really care. His wife, who loves him and whom he loves, will feel no more than a fleeting sorrow ; his child, whom he has watched and cherished from its birth, will never understand his anguish ; and both of them in the end will half resent an affliction that acts as a check upon their harmless pleasures. Nor can the individual cry out against this as a wrong, for God has willed it, and what He wills is right.

The trouble with Mr. Howells is that he is a pessimist who has as yet learned only the alphabet of pessimism. His eyes are opened to the truth, yet he still

hopes on, and hence is torn with endless doubts. In speaking of one author he says :

"While I read him I was in a world where right came out best as I believe it will yet do in this world ; and where merit was crowned with the success which I believe will yet attend it in our daily life, untrammelled by economic circumstances."

But there can really be no permanent halting-place between optimism and pessimism ; and he who, like Mr. Howells, is pessimistic only up to a certain point lives in an inferno of his own creation, for he sees the evil of existence and is yet tormented by a hope that never can be realised. Therefore, if one would be at peace, he should be frankly either a consistent optimist or a profound pessimist ; for it is a mistake to suppose that the pessimist is unhappy. He is not. He is simply one who has no illusions, and who has once for all accepted the inevitable. "He that is down need fear no fall ;" and when we come to recognise the fact that the very worst has happened to us in being born, we can share the cheerfulness of him for whom this life has no surprises. Nor, however dark the world may appear to him, does he wish to leave it. His philosophy is that of the sagacious Greek who taught with great persuasiveness the doctrine that life is no better than death, but when one of his auditors asked him why, if life be no better than death, he did not hasten to leave it, he replied, "Because death is no better than life."

And, in fact, this is somewhat less than the entire truth, for it is always possible that death may be even worse than life. However firmly we may hold to the teachings of religion, we can never escape the feeling that haunted the great Apostle to the Gentiles when he expressed the fear that even after he had done everything he might still perchance become a castaway. One may live up to such light as he possesses, yet he can never quite be sure that his little all will be acceptable, or that when the time arrives for the dissolution of the ties that bind the body and the soul, the sentient part of him may not be doomed to go forth shuddering into infinite loneliness and everlasting gloom.

Hence, the true pessimist is not concerned with little things or with the multifarious evils that he sees about him. He knows that nothing can be done ; that

suffer as he may, he cannot help himself; and that in the universal scheme it really doesn't matter. Therefore his mind is untrammelled by the cares and the anxieties that beset his fellows. If he hopes for nothing, he also fears nothing, and he alone can see the real unimportance of all human cares. Physical pain may torture him, bereavement may wring his heart and force from him a cry of anguish; yet even then he can perceive the underlying humour of it all, the uselessness of complaint when one is spitted on the skewer of destiny like a fly impaled upon a pin. So he schools himself to patience, and strives to acquire, not the sullen apathy of the Stoic, but the splendid ataraxy that Epicurus taught. Imbued with this, and knowing that whatever may befall him there is nothing that can happen otherwise than God has willed it, he meets the events of life with calm composure, looking upon them all with an unruffled front, and with something of the divine serenity that marks the life of the immortal gods.

In this short sketch, then, we have briefly indicated what seem to be the salient points in the work of Mr. Howells—his artistry, his power of delineation, his mastery of detail, and his unerring keenness of observation; and, on the other hand, the limitations that arise from too great subtlety, from lack of objectivity, and from an imperfectly developed philosophy of life. Were it within the scope of this paper to dwell upon his personality, much more might well be said; but it is unnecessary. Every one who knows his work can feel how fine a nature lies behind it, how much love of truth and justice, how much charity, how much devotion to all that is best and noblest; and every one who knows the man himself can tell of his unassuming kindness, of his generosity to young writers who have still their spurs to win, and of all the traits that make his character so winning and so truly typical of the high-minded American gentleman.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TEMPTATION.

I done got u'ligion, honey, an' I's happy ez a king,
Evah thing I see erbout me's jes' lak sunshine in de spring;
An' it seems lak I do' want to do anoder blessid thing
But jes' run an' tell de neighbours, an' to shout an' pray an' sing.

I done shuk my fis' at Satan, an' I's gin de worl' my back;
I do' want no hendrin' causes now a-both'rin' in my track;
Fu' I's on my way to glory, an' I feels too sho' to miss:
W'y, dey ain't no use in sinnin' when u'ligion's sweet ez dis.

Talk erbout a man backslidin' when he's on de gospel way;
No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an' Temptation's los' de day.
Gwine to keep my eyes right straight up, gwine to shet my eahs, an' see
Whut ole projick Mistah Satan's gwine to try to wuk on me.

Listen, whut dat soun' I hyeah dah, 'tain't no one commence to sing,
It's a fiddle; git erway dah! don' you hyeah dat blessid thing?
W'y, dat's sweet ez drippin' honey, 'cause, you knows, I draws de bow,
An' when music's sho' 'nough music, I's de one dat's sho' to know.

W'y, I's done de double shuffle, 'twell a body couldn't res',
Jes' a-hyeahin' Sam de fiddlah play dat chune his level bes';
I could cut a mighty caper, I could gin a mighty fling
Jes' right now, I's mo' dan suttain I could cut de pigeon wing.

Look hyeah, whut's dis I's been sayin'! whut on urf's tuk holt o' me,
Dat ole music come nigh runnin' my u'ligion up a tree!
Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle, don' you try dat trick agin,
Didn't think I could be tempted, but you lak to made me sin!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS.

I.

For more than half a century before and after what has been called the Golden Age of literary Boston, Thomas Oliver Hazard Perry Burnham was one of the most unique figures among the Boston bookselling fraternity. When we speak of old Boston booksellers, we think first of the men who were conspicuously identified, commercially, with the literary development of that brilliant period between the early fifties and the seventies, when the Boston bookshop was the ideal bookman's exchange—of Charles Little, James Brown, and Augustus Flagg; of Ticknor and Fields, and, later, Osgood; of Phillips, Sampson, and William Lee; of Gould and Lincoln, Crosby and Nichols, Alexander Williams, Henry O. Houghton, and others of like stamp whose names come quickly to the memory. But while these were leaders in their several ways and days, the dealers in rare, curious, and odd volumes, mixed with modern, the so-called antiquarian bookshop-keepers—the first of which in this country were established in Boston—were factors of account in the trade of that period, imparting a flavour to the book quarter which gave it a peculiar charm for bookish men; and of this class Perry Burnham was then the foremost, with the largest, most heterogeneous, and most bewildering collection of miscellaneous books of any shop in town.

Although in the course of his long career Mr. Burnham published a number of books, he was essentially a bookseller and trader. He was quick, keen, shrewd, and had a remarkable intuitive knowledge of books. His judgment of the value of rare or old volumes was singularly true. The rapid way in which he would run through a pile of books offered for purchase—turning over a few of them, glancing at their contents, testing their condition—and estimate their worth was often surprising. He knew his great stock, crowding shelves, corners, and nooks of his large shop, intimately. A local writer relates that on one occasion he met there the Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett and a friend, between whom a dispute arose in regard to a certain book supposed to be out of

print. Burnham was on the floor sorting out some new purchases. At length Dr. Gannett appealed to him, and without looking up he remarked, "Gannett, you've got the wrong book. Go up to the third story, turn to your left, and on the third shelf near the end you'll find the book you want." The good Doctor, marvelling much, followed the directions, and soon returned with the coveted book. Burnham had, too, the spirit of a true bibliophile, and would sometimes store exceptionally quaint and rare works in choice corners, not for sale, but for his own eyes and those of his rare book-loving friends alone.

Perry Burnham was a son of a small bookseller, Thomas M. Burnham, the founder of the "Antique Bokestore," which subsequently became the nucleus of his own large business. He was a native of the little town of Essex, in the heart of old Essex County, Mass., and having been born soon after Perry's victory on Lake Erie, which so electrified the country, received his voluminous name in honour of the brave Commodore, of whom his father was an ardent admirer. This name in after years gave rise to some good-humoured paraphrasing in the book trade, as "Alphabet Burnham" and "The Old Honest Publisher Burnham," which he did not appear to mind. He was of a family of eight brothers and sisters, none of whom married. His father opened the "Antique Bokestore" at first in partnership with a brother, between the years 1825 and 1830, after having tried other kinds of shop-keeping in Essex, Ipswich, and a town in Maine, and the furniture business in Boston. This was a little shop on Cornhill for the purchase and sale of second-hand books, and also of various curiosities, shells, Indian relics, coins, and it so continued for several years, the numismatic collection, it is said, being at one time the best in the city. An advertisement of the shop, under date of January 1st, 1830, announces a circulating library, trade in second-hand books and fancy articles, cases of geological and conchological specimens for schools, and supplies of Indian and other curiosities for museums. Perry began business as a peddler of apples



A CORNER IN BURNHAM'S.

and candies from the basket, and as an assistant of his elder brother, Thomas, who had a little book-stall (an offshoot of the family shop on Cornhill), at one end of Faneuil Hall Market, vending books and sailors' songs mainly to mariners. His principal employment while here was selling the songs at the wharves to crews of incoming vessels, or dashing to the Cornhill shop for a book inquired for at the stall, but not in "stock," while the customer waited.

In 1834 or 1835 he entered the Cornhill shop, and although two other brothers, Frederick and Lafayette, were already associated with his father, and his sister, Caroline, had charge of the department of curiosities, he became almost at the outset the moving spirit and leader of the concern. Within a short time the premises were enlarged by the addition of an adjoining shop, and the place was then advertised as "Burnham's Antique, Modern, and Foreign Circulating Library, and College, School, and Library Furnishing Rooms, comprising the greatest Collection in the United States of the scarce, rare, and

valuable Works in all the various Branches of Literature." Barter in fancy articles, shells, minerals, and Indian articles was also advertised, but in minor type, books evidently coming to be the chief staple. At the head of the announcements of this period were first quoted the lines, "Here you may range the world with the magic of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and cheat expectation and solitude of the weary moments," which reappeared regularly in subsequent circulars for years, usually set in a marginal frame, and in time became accepted as a kind of Burnham trade-mark.

About the year 1856, the three brothers succeeded to the business; but shortly after, Theodore dropped out. Three years later, Perry and Lafayette separated, Perry removing to Washington Street, into a large brick building, which he had erected on ground leased for twenty years (now occupied by Estes and Lauriat), while Lafayette retained the old shop. The brothers had prospered, and both had invested their

plus in real estate. What separated them was, perhaps, Lafayette's investment in a costly dwelling on Boylston Street, on the edge of the Back Bay, before the "great filling" which transformed the bay into the present showy



T. O. H. PERRY BURNHAM.

Back Bay quarter of the city—an investment regarded by Perry as extravagant. Their method of dividing the stock of the old store was original. Beginning at the street door, and going in regular order through the ranges of shelves along the walls of the several floors, each took every alternate section from top to bottom, without regard to the value of the books therein contained, and in like manner divided the piles occupying counters, corners, and nooks. Both in their announcements after the separation assumed the title of the Antique Bookstore. Perry announced that "his long experience in business, and his increased facilities, with but slight increase of rent, will enable him to furnish libraries and the public generally with books at the same low prices which have always characterised Burnham's Cheap Store;" and Lafayette, informing the public that "he still occupies the old stand," dropped, like Wegg, into poetry, and produced this classic:

"Ye Antique Boke Store stille flourisheth
As ytte dide in days of yore;
And ye Burnham still catereth
For ye lovers of ancient lore.

"Ye Cornhill ytte is an ancient street,
Like ytt's namesake y^e London hoar;
But ye buildings they are newe and meete
To containe much of learnynge's store.

"Go yffe you seeke for learnynge greate,
Go yffe ye seeke for wealthe a store.
Go to ye Antique Boke Store straight
And turn ye Books o'er and o'er."

Lafayette, however, after a short time closed his shop and removed his stock to his Boylston Street house, and when he died, a few years later, the stock was sold at auction, bringing a large sum. The house went to Perry, and when he finally sold it, after the upbuilding of the Back Bay quarter, he realised a handsome profit, so that what had been his brother's extravagance became his own gain.

At the expiration of his lease on Washington Street, Mr. Burnham moved to the corner of School and Tremont Streets, adjoining the Parker House, where he occupied the street and upper floors of a building which he had previously built over the side garden or yard of a brick dwelling then on this corner, left by his father's will to his sister Caroline for a home. This was a most delightful and fascinating shop, and naturally became more of a haunt and meeting-place of book-lovers and book-makers than the larger and more modern Washington Street store. Whenever Emerson came to Boston he stopped at "Parker's," and it was but a step to the old book-shop—a step which he invariably took. Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes were more or less frequent visitors, and well-known local bookworms were often seen poring over treasures of the place. This property was long coveted by Mr. Parker for the extension of his hostelry, which was absorbing the adjoining spaces, and yet was cramped for room; and his unsuccessful effort for years to acquire it was a long-standing town topic in Boston. Stories, some of them fabulous, were told of larger and larger inducements held out by the hotel-keeper to the bookseller, and of the bookseller's obduracy, but all to the effect that they could not come together. There was a difficulty in the conditions under which the corner house had been left to the sister Caroline, and when this was overcome by clever lawyers, Parker himself held back, being at that time impressed with a feeling that the hotel trade was

at no distant day to take a direction away from his location. When at length, in 1883, the corner was acquired, and the building of the Tremont Street extension of the hotel begun, Parker did not live to see its completion.

Burnham's next and last move was to the basement of the Old South Meeting-house, in the rambling, dimly lighted vaults of which his immense stock of old books and pamphlets, making, as chronicled at the time, "over fifty wagon-loads" (exclusive of large lots removed from his house, then on Beacon Street), was disposed in such orderly array, that almost any desired volume could be brought forth at short notice to gratify the casual inquirer or would-be purchaser. After his death, in November, 1891, his business was disposed of at auction, in accordance with the terms of his will, the successful bidders being three of his long-time employés, Messrs. Dodge, Lichtenstein, and Greenleaf, by the first two of whom it is still carried on.

Perry Burnham was a small, slightly built, wiry, nervous, high-strung man, in manner and speech impressing a stranger as abrupt and brusque; but this was merely the rough husk, hiding the kernel of a kindly and generous nature. Many poor persons received his bounty, and many charitable deeds were done by him in a quiet, almost secret way, or as he termed it, "slyly." He was most generally dressed in a "pepper-and-salt" suit, and wore a tall silk hat, sometimes almost as antique as his shop, often in doors as well as out. He was a constant attendant at book auctions, and in the earlier days of his career it was his custom to pay cash to the auctioneer for each volume or set of volumes as purchased, heaping them up by the side of his chair. He died a millionaire, and by his will left bequests to various charitable and educational institutions, and \$20,000 for a public library in his native town.

The first genuine antiquarian bookseller in Boston—that is, of books devoted almost exclusively to antiquarian literature—and the first in the United States, was Samuel Gardner Drake, who also has the distinction of being among the earliest of American antiquaries. Mr. Drake became a bookseller through his love for antiquarian research rather than as a purely business calling. Be-

fore he opened his shop he had already published, as a private venture, two new editions of Church's *Entertaining History of King Philip's War*, at that time rare, his second edition (1827) being somewhat elaborately edited, and issued



Sam. G. Drake

from stereotype plates, one of the first prints of the stereotype press in Boston. He had first tried his hand for a year or more at the book-auction business, but in this was not successful. His previous occupation had been mostly that of school-teaching, and he had studied medicine for a year in his native town of Pittsfield, N. H.

His bookselling career began in 1830, in a little shop on Cornhill, on the opposite side from Burnham's, to which he was attracted mainly by the cheapness of the rent, for he had slight capital. In his rich private library, which he accumulated in after years, of books chiefly relative to American antiquities, history, and biography, was an antiquated duodecimo with the following memorandum written on the fly-leaf: "Bought in 1828. In 1830 the first Antiquarian Bookstore was established by me in Cornhill, and the letters on my sign were fashioned from those in this book." This sign was for nearly a quarter of a century a familiar object to

those who passed along this short, bow-shaped street. In 1831 he moved to the other side of the way into a larger shop, but one of lower rent, and here he continued for twenty-two years. He maintained a large family during this period, but laid up no wealth; "nor," observes his memoirist, "did that seem an object to one so fond of ancient books and reading." The stock on his shelves was notably strong in Americana, but it included choice foreign publications and rare copies of works out of print. The shop became the resort of such men as Sparks, Hildreth, Prescott, Bancroft, Everett, George S. Hillard, Starr King, Edwin H. Chapin, the editors Joseph T. Buckingham, George Lunt, and Nathan Hale.

Mr. Drake's own historical work was continued without cessation all through his bookselling career, which closed only with his death, in June, 1875, at the age of seventy-seven, and books or pamphlets issued from his pen almost every year. In 1832 he brought out his *Indian Biography*, the next year *The Book of the Indians*, three years later *The Old Indian Chronicle*, and *The Book of the Indians*, with large additions; in 1841, the last mentioned further enlarged; in 1844, *Indian Captivities*. The collection of historical material relating to the Indians which he made in connection with these and other works was said to be unrivalled. Between 1852 and 1856 he published his largest work, *The History*

and *Antiquities of Boston from 1630 to 1770*, issuing it in parts; and a few years before his death he began the preparation of a new volume continuing the history to 1821, the year of Boston's incorporation as a city, but this was not completed. In 1860 his notes on the *Founders of New England* appeared, and in 1869 the *Annals of Witchcraft*. Most of his works are now "scarce." He was a founder of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and was the father of *The Register*, the quarterly publication of this society, serving as its publisher for thirteen years, and its actual editor for nine and a half years, although his name appears as the editor of six volumes only. His valuable library, containing at the time of his death fifteen thousand volumes and thirty thousand pamphlets, including many rare titles, was subsequently sold by auction and scattered. This sale was one of the earliest of the now famous sales of Americana during the last twenty years—the Aspinwall, Brinley, Barlow, Leffingwell—which have given such a distinct value to early American books as merchantable wares.

As an indication of the contracted social spirit of Boston, it may be remarked that Mr. Drake never received, at the hands of his contemporaries, the honorary tributes fairly due to his scholarship and his literary performance.

Edwin M. Bacon.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The silver tendril of the stream
Winds through the cavern of the night,
And, hush, there floats across my dream
A cygnet bathed in pallid light.

The moon's cold eyeball stares not down
Upon the wondrous freight it brings,
Hung round its archéd neck, a crown
Of pearls and silver blazonings.

And while it trails adown the tide,
My senses smothering 'neath the gloom
And silence that gulf all beside,
Hail the white glory of its plume.

Hail the clear starlight of each gem,
Bound in the frost of time's disdain. . . .
A hand grasps at the diadem,
When sudden, all is black again.

Thomas Walsh.

LONDON LETTER.

We have had a good season. There has been no such great boom of any single book as has marked some previous years; but, on the other hand, nearly every book of merit has done well, and the total volume of business has been larger, perhaps, than it has ever been before. In actual sales, I believe that Marie Corelli's *Murder of Delicia*, Ian Maclaren's *Kate Carnegie*, and Rudyard Kipling's *Seven Seas* have taken the lead, but judging by the reception of Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, at the time of publication, I should think it is likely to surpass all the books of 1896 in popularity. It promises to make a very deep impression.

The Robert Louis Stevenson meeting has just been held at Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery presided, and was the orator of the occasion. It does Lord Rosebery great credit that he is willing to go about the country and take the chair at meetings of this kind, and make speeches which must cost him considerable reading and labour. It cannot be said that they are important or remarkable speeches; they are best described by two adjectives of his own, "plump" and "respectable." They are long and solid, and contain a good many facts, and reflect fairly well an average sensible opinion. But there is no depth of insight or striking felicity of phrase to be found in them as a rule, although it must be admitted that in his speeches on Burns Lord Rosebery at some points rose above himself, and said really felicitous things. It is unfortunate that a man meaning so well, with so many gifts and advantages, and after a career of such promise, should apparently end in what is, after all, a decided failure in every field. Lord Rosebery suffers from a singular want of tact. He is one who never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it, and he is strangely unresponsive to the influences of the outer world. Thus he said, in his Edinburgh speech, that nobody would think of a statue to Stevenson, and that it would be well if the Edinburgh statues were possessed by devils and rushed violently into the sea. As a matter of fact, Princes Street is an open-air sculpture gallery, the finest site

for statues to be found anywhere in the world. Some of the monuments in that noble thoroughfare are magnificently successful, particularly the Scott Monument, and many of Stevenson's friends, including the very closest of all, are of opinion that the proper form of memorial would be a statue beside Scott. No doubt when Lord Rosebery realises this he will come round to the general opinion, for it is characteristic of him to hesitate and waver if he has against him the strongest battalions. Mr. Barrie was induced very unwillingly to appear at the meeting, and to his presence is mainly due the large crowd that was attracted. He said that Stevenson had attracted an amount of personal devotion only to be paralleled in the case of a female novelist, Emily Brontë. Mr. Sidney Colvin and Professor Masson also spoke, but the newspapers gave no space to any one except Lord Rosebery, to whom they are much indebted for filling space during the dull season.

A good many memoirs have been published this year, some of them extremely interesting. Notable among them is the collection of Mr. Augustus Hare's memoirs of his life. Three* volumes have appeared, and I believe the other three are due. Mr. Hare has been very candid in his revelations, and has provoked severe criticism, especially from Mrs. Oliphant in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He deals very severely with his relatives—Mrs. Julius Hare, who was the sister of F. D. Maurice, and Georgiana Hare, who was Maurice's second wife. But when all is said and done, it must be allowed that Hare has collected an immense amount of really interesting matter, of good stories, of striking characterisations. He has a gift which is all his own, and which makes people read his books, even when they do not approve of much that he says. Another volume of reminiscences, which has greatly interested the newspaper world, is one by Mr. Charles Cooper, the editor of the *Scotsman*. The *Scotsman* has been conducted with such wonderful energy and business skill that it has killed all its rivals in Edinburgh,

* Two in the American edition.

and now appears as the only morning paper with a circulation co-extensive with Scotland. This achievement, which is a very great one, has not been the work of any single individual, but rather of a band of resolute and able men, who have spared no effort and who have feared no criticism. Mr. Cooper, however, has taken a good part in the work. He is one of the most effective leader-writers who ever handled a pen, if leader-writing is to be judged by its result in the opinion of the readers. He can put a difficult case with matchless lucidity and point. Some things in his book are difficult to understand, in particular his revelations about Mr. Childers. Mr. Childers was a politician to whom Mr. Gladstone repeatedly gave high office, and who when the Home Rule split took place remained with his chief, and was not forgotten in the result. Mr. Cooper took a vehement part against Home Rule, and did as much as any one to bring the people of Scotland round to his view. When the Home Rule Bill was brought into the Cabinet there was general amazement at a full account of it published in the *Scotsman*. Cabinet secrets are very carefully guarded, and of course Mr. Gladstone wished to expound his propositions with his persuasive eloquence to the House of Commons before they were known otherwise. It now turns out that Mr. Childers betrayed his chief, that he gave Mr. Cooper cipher telegrams, and that while publicly advocating Home Rule, he privately expressed to Mr. Cooper his utter detestation of it. This revelation casts an indelible stain on Mr. Childers's memory. But it is very difficult to understand why Mr. Cooper should have betrayed him when it is considered that Mr. Childers gave him this important aid out of friendship. The wonder is all the greater because Mr. Cooper is even punctiliously scrupulous on all these points, and there must be some explanation. The explanation, however, will necessarily be delayed, as Mr. Cooper is at present in Australia. Another book of memoirs, which I have found peculiarly attractive, is that of Mr. P. G. Hamerton. It enhances, if that were possible, one's estimate of Mr. Hamerton's high and noble character, and it shows that his life was far more difficult and troubled than one had sus-

pected. The memoir of Archbishop Magee has also been exceedingly well received. It consists mainly of letters, which are written with incisiveness, but I confess I do not rate the book so highly as many have done.

The death of Mr. Coventry Patmore is the removal of another landmark. Mr. Patmore's early poems, *The Angel in the House* and the like, give a very untrue idea of his character. Though in some respects an amiable man, he was overbearing and tyrannical to a degree, and the condition of happiness in his household was entire submission to the master and head. His first wife, the Angel in the House, Emily Patmore, was by all accounts—and I have known some of her relatives—one of the sweetest of human beings. No doubt her husband loved her, but her married life could not be said to have been happy. Neither were the relations between Patmore and some of his sons all that could be desired. He was three times married, the second time to a lady of fortune; and for many years he worked only when it suited him and produced little; but everything that he did produce is significant, one might almost say distinguished. He was a man of great power, and is sure to be remembered for many years. He was a Roman Catholic, but a Catholic of a very independent type. His greatest friend was Mrs. Meynell, who may be said also to be the greatest friend of George Meredith, and Patmore, usually so sparing in praise, could not find adjectives numerous or impassioned enough to sing the praises of Mrs. Meynell's prose and poetry.

There is much discussion about the new edition of George Meredith's works. A preliminary article appeared in the *Academy* saying that they had practically not been changed. This article was written, I believe, by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, but when the book was examined it turned out that in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* great changes had been made, not at all to the improvement of the book, and this will probably most seriously injure the edition. Students of Meredith will prefer to have him as he was in his golden days, and I am not surprised to hear that an American firm of publishers advertises the unexpurgated edition of his works.

Some interest has been roused by the

novels of Sydney Grier published by Messrs. Blackwood. Sydney Grier is, I believe, Miss Hilda Gregg, a granddaughter of a Bishop of Cork who was long ago a popular preacher in Dublin. She is undoubtedly a clever

writer, and few readers of her books would have imagined that they were written by a woman.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, December 24th, 1896.

PARIS LETTER.

More George Sand and Alfred de Musset! Since my last letter, the *Revue de Paris* has given us three new batches of the great novelist's correspondence, one of which, entirely addressed to Sainte-Beuve, can hardly leave anything to be added in regard to the woman's character. Some letters, especially those concerning Gustave Planche and Prosper Mérimée, are such that everybody wonders how any friend of George Sand ever allowed them to come before the public. In regard, however, to literary excellence, whatever view may be taken of the writer's life, hardly any criticism can be ventured. It is simply sustained eloquence and perfection.

The same thing may be said of the same woman's letters to Alfred de Musset. Here, in addition, we find some curious literary revelations. Who would ever have suspected that some of the most burning sentences in *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour* were really not Musset's own, but had been taken verbatim from George Sand's letters? Certainly no mean compliment paid to Lélia by the *poète des Nuits*!

No one thinks the less of Musset for so using his friend's (?) letters, and no one has accused him of plagiarism. His power as a playwright has just now undergone a test which the boldest had hitherto shrunk from subjecting it to. His somewhat Shakespearian drama of *Lorenzaccio*, performed for the first time by Sarah Bernhardt's company at the Renaissance Théâtre, won a remarkable and instantaneous success. From a literary point of view it has always been considered one of Musset's strongest productions; and its effect on the stage has interested the critics whose prophecies have been rather conflicting.

I hardly know whether it is not blasphemy to mention a play by Sardou after a drama by Musset. Still as I mentioned the play to you last month, I may be permitted to add that it has now

been read to Sarah Bernhardt's company, and that its sufficiently self-explaining title will be *Spiritisme*.

Talking of Sardou brings to my mind a recent and pretty characteristic utterance of the man. He had been approached by some friends of his old father, who is a well-known author of educational books. They wished to have the old man decorated with the Legion of Honour, and, of course, thought that his celebrated son would be only too happy to join in the efforts they were making to that end. It may be stated here that Sardou himself is not only a member of the Legion of Honour, but was a few years ago raised from knighthood to the rank of officer in the Order. Yet he is thinking, it seems, of higher honours still in that direction, and instead of a hearty response to their overtures, his father's friends were met by a "Why, think of it! I am not yet a Commander in the Order!" (*Y pensez-vous? Moi, je ne suis pas encore commandeur!*)

Zola does not trouble himself much about the Legion of Honour, but he has just been the recipient of another kind of distinction, which seems to have given him a great deal of satisfaction. A physician, who is also a man of letters, Dr. Gustave Toulouse, has just begun what he calls *une enquête sur la condition morale du temps présent*, and the first subject examined by him is Émile Zola, to whom he has devoted a whole volume, explaining all the mental as well as the physical habits of the author of *L'Assommoir*. His conclusion is that Zola is *un dégénéré supérieur*. Zola was simply delighted with the doctor's finding. Other writers having expressed some doubts about the seriousness of Dr. Toulouse's undertaking, Zola violently upbraided them a few days ago in the *Figaro*. Evidently to him the doctor's critics are only *des dégénérés inférieurs*. Anyhow, the great ques-¹⁰

now in Parisian literary circles is this, What is Zola so delighted about—simply that he is *un dégénéré*, or that he is *un dégénéré supérieur*? The question is more easily put than answered, and I am satisfied to leave it there.

A recently made award has attracted attention, the Prix Toirac, which goes to Paul Hervieu, whose comedy, *Les Tennailles*, was thus declared the best French comedy performed during the year. *Les jeunes*, as the new writers who ridicule their elders style themselves, will therefore not be able to complain that they are not recognised by the old institutions, the more so that another comedy by Hervieu, *La Loi de l'Homme*, will soon be performed at the Théâtre Français.

Another *jeune*, this one a very young one, has just been the hero of an amusing little incident. His name is Fernand Gregh, and he is the author of a recently published volume of poetry, *La Maison de l'Enfance*, which contains some of the best verses published of late years in France. As the author is hardly twenty years old, it may be the opening of a brilliant literary career. To return to my story. Some time ago Gaston Deschamps, in the *Temps*, quoted an article of Gregh's on Verlaine, and extracted from it a few stanzas which he declared to be among the best Verlaine had ever written. They were not Verlaine's at all, they were Gregh's own, and so Deschamps had to write another article on Gregh himself, and to declare that the stanzas he had admired were none the worse for not being by Verlaine.

Another volume of verse has lately attracted attention, *À l'Amie Perdue*, by Auguste Angellier. Angellier had made himself known about two years ago by an exhaustive and remarkably appreciative work on Robert Burns. Now that

we see the real poet in him we are less surprised at his insight into the nature of the Scotch bard.

You undoubtedly know by this time that Brunetière is to cross the ocean in the spring, in order to deliver at the Johns Hopkins University the Lawrence Turnbull Lectures on poetry. He will be accompanied on his trip not only by Madame Brunetière, but also by Madame Blanc, better known as Thérèse Bentzon. He is full of expectations in regard to his American voyage. He intends to investigate, among other subjects, the intellectual and social condition of American Catholicism, and will prepare himself for his researches in that direction by another trip to Rome. The predominance in his mind, at the present time, of religious over all other preoccupations is clearly visible in his just published introduction to the French translation of A. J. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*.

He also introduces to the public a new collection of letters by Mérimée. Here, again, as in former publications of the same writer's letters, the recipient of the letters belongs to the fair sex, and her name is withheld. So we have now a third *inconnue*. As we say here: "*Quand nous serons à dix nous ferons une croix.*"

Jeanne Hugo is a wife again. You remember that she was divorced from Alphonse Daudet's son, Léon, and that, not very long ago, she was erroneously reported to be engaged to M. Hanotaux. The happy mortal is the son of the late Dr. Charcot. So she will continue to bear an illustrious name. Everybody wishes her well in her new matrimonial venture.

Alfred Manière.

10 RUE DE L'ISLV, PARIS.

ECHO.

O famished Prodigal, in vain—
 Thy portion spent—thou seek'st again
 Thy father's door ;
 His all with latest sigh bequeathed
 To thee the wanderer—he breathed,
 Alas ! no more.

John B. Tubb.

NEW BOOKS.

SLOANE'S "NAPOLEON."*

Professor Sloane's exhaustive life of Napoleon was put to a severe test when it was made to appear in serial form. It is hard to form a correct estimate of a work of this kind when it comes out in monthly instalments, for if the reader is interested, he is tantalised by the postponement, and if he is bored, he is denied the privilege of skipping. Worse than either of these hardships is the fact that by the time the next number appears, he is apt to find that he has clean forgotten what the author has said in the last. Of all subjects, history is the least fitted for serial publication, for continuity is absolutely indispensable, and what comes after is meaningless except in the light of what has gone before. For these reasons the two volumes of Professor Sloane's *Napoleon*, published by the Century Company, are most welcome. It is a pity, however, that the publishers have hampered the would-be reader even now by making these volumes of such weight and size that without a small derrick or some other kind of machinery reading is accompanied with physical pain. It seems as if they had meant the book in either case to escape being read, and to occupy the place of volumes merely to be looked at. In its present form, when the remaining two or three volumes appear, it will be beyond the power of any but athletic enthusiasts to enjoy its contents. To quarrel with the merely mechanical features of the book before speaking of its subject-matter seems rather frivolous, but this must be pardoned one whose knees have tottered under its weight, and who has shattered the articles on a study-table in trying to open it.

In treating of the contents of the work it is our purpose to discuss the author's method of presenting the subject, his literary style and his choice of detail, rather than to attempt an estimate of its value as a contribution to historical science. This is because his aim appears to be primarily the treating of his subject in a popular way, and because he does not

depart in essentials from the views of recent authorities. So far as historical accuracy is concerned, it is not believed that criticism will disclose any very serious lapses. Some objections have been made to the military side of his narrative, and his account of Napoleon's campaigns is not likely to satisfy the specialists. It is meagre and has a perfunctory tone, as if the author found the task somewhat irksome. In some instances, as in the description of the campaign and battle of Marengo, the account is too elliptical to be intelligible. He tells us that such and such a manœuvre was a remarkable proof of Napoleon's genius, and writes in an exclamatory way about the resulting success, but there is nothing in the context to initiate us into the cause of his enthusiasm. We are left wondering, like the little boy in the poem, just why it was a "glorious victory." As a military historian Professor Sloane is not particularly luminous. Fortunately, he seems to know it, and does not long linger over this branch of the subject. Fortunately, too, there is no lack of writings on these matters; and, after all, it is only a limited class of readers that crave the minute details of a campaign.

The author flies in the face of all orthodox historical doctrine in laying claim to impartiality in the treatment of a subject so recent. Bishop Stubbs holds that no period later than the Middle Ages can be handled impartially. Nevertheless, as compared with other works on the same subject, the present book has this merit in a high degree. The author's tone is judicial, and if he has not achieved perfect impartiality it is due to the character of the subject and not to the spirit in which he treats it. He refuses to be dazzled by the great man's deeds. He analyses his motives and never extenuates. The evolution of Napoleon's character is traced in the style of a psychological novelist, exposing the meanness and self-seeking of the long-headed young hero, the wretched shifts of his early days of struggle, and the sublime selfishness of his successful manhood. In this study of Napoleon's character Professor Sloane is at his best. ~~The~~

* Napoleon Bonaparte. A History. By William Milligan Sloane. Vols. I. and II. New York: The Century Co. Sold by subscription.

ture he draws is very impressive. We feel the sense of something superhuman, something "dæmonic," as the author calls it, in the career of this marvellous man. There is something at once inspiring and revolting in it all—inspiring, because the wonderful mental power of Napoleon is more strikingly set forth than by almost any other biographer. This effect is produced not by sky-rockets of rhetoric, which are sent off by some authors with self-conscious complacency as if awaiting the "ahs" of the ecstatic spectators, but by showing in a clear and dispassionate way just what were the obstacles in Napoleon's path and how he surmounted them. We seem to see the how and wherefore of his greatness. The repulsiveness of the picture lies in the author's just but merciless treatment of Napoleon's character. He finds in it no consistency but the consistency of an extraordinarily intelligent selfishness. Yet of immorality in the ordinary sense we have no consciousness. Somehow immorality would almost seem a redeeming trait. We feel that Napoleon was a being wholly devoid of moral feeling; that he was what may be called *unmoral*, a splendid intellectual machine, beneficent beyond all others when the selfish motives happened to lie in the direction of the general good, satanic in its resistless evil when his egoism and the world's happiness were opposed.

In the earlier portion of the work, especially that relating to Napoleon's boyhood and youth, the subject is handled in a graphic and vigorous way. It would be hard to find in the mass of Napoleonic literature anything to equal the account of Napoleon's schooldays, his attempts in literature, his early ambitions, and his career as a young officer of artillery. The following passage is a good specimen of the author's treatment of this period:

"The life of the young officer had thus far been so commonplace as to awaken little expectation for his future. Poor as he was, and careful of his slim resources, he had, like the men of his class, indulged his passion to a certain degree; but he had not been riotous in his living, and he had so far not a debt in the world. What his education and reading were makes clear that he could have known nothing of the scholar's comprehensive thoroughness except the essentials of his profession. But he could master details as no man before or since; he had a vast fund of information, and a his-

toric outline drawn in fair proportions and powerful stroke. His philosophy was meagre, but he knew the principles of Rousseau and Raynal thoroughly. His conception of politics and men was not scientific, but it was clear and practical. The trade of arms had not been to his taste. He heartily disliked routine, and despised the petty duties of his rank. His profession, however, was a means to an end; to any mastery of strategy or tactics or even interest in them he had as yet given no time, but he was absorbed in contemplating and analysing the exploits of the great world conquerors. In particular his mind was dazzled by the splendours of the Orient as the only field on which an Alexander could have displayed himself, and he knew what but a few great minds have grasped, that the interchange of relations between the East and West had been the life of the world. The greatness of England he understood to be largely due to her bestriding the two hemispheres.

"Up to this moment he had been a theorist, and might have wasted his fine powers by further indulging in dazzling generalisations, as so many boys do when not called to test their hypotheses by experience. Henceforward he was removed from this temptation. A plan for an elective council in Corsica to replace that of the nobles, and for a local militia, having been matured, he was a cautious and practical experimenter from the moment he left Auxonne. Thus far he had put into practice none of his fine thoughts, nor the lesson learned in books. The family destitution had made him a solicitor of favours, and, but for the turn in public affairs, he might have continued to be one. His own inclination had made him both a good student and a poor officer; without a field for larger duties he might have remained as he was. In Corsica his line of conduct was not changed abruptly; the possibilities of greater things dawning gradually, the application of great conceptions already formed came with the march of events, not like the sun bursting out from behind a cloud."

It cannot be said that the above-quoted passage is representative of the author's style, which is in fact very unequal. At times he is terse, lucid, and easy, but again he will fall into a cumbrous way of putting things that makes very difficult reading. The former qualities are present more especially in the early part of the work—that embraced in the first volume of the present edition. In the later portions the style is more forced and involved, and one has to re-read many passages before their full import is clear. Possibly in the later parts, which deal with the more serious and complicated matters of history, he is possessed with the ideal of the modern scientific school of American historians—everything for matter and nothing for form. At all events, the work gives a good illustration of the contrast between the two methods of writing history,

some passages having a distinct literary quality, others being crabbed and ultra-German in style. This is a pity, for surely the persistence in the use of clear and vigorous English would not have detracted from the scientific value of what he has written. At his best he is never brilliant, but he has shown that he can make his subject attractive. It is a common complaint among the readers of the biography that the style is dry, and it cannot be said that he has written a book which is likely to hold one's attention continuously without an effort of will. Yet much of the criticism is of a sort that reflects credit on the author, for it proceeds from the disappointed sensation lovers whose palates crave more of the endless tittle-tattle of the memoir-writers, and would have a historian treat his subject in the manner of the newspaper reporter interviewing the distinguished foreign visitor as to the habits of his daily life and personal preferences in the matter of clothes, food, and so forth; or else they long for the usual rhapsodies of hero worship. Neither of these qualities is to be found in Professor Sloane's work. It is not their absence which makes so many of his paragraphs dull reading, but rather his attempts to explain his subject by an elaborate description of contemporary military and political affairs. He does not go far enough into these to satisfy the historical student, and at the same time he goes too far to retain the interest of the general reader. In these parts of his work his treatment results in neither a biography nor a history. Worse than this, these passages are not clear. He lacks the faculty of portraying vividly the character of a period by a few brief touches. These are the main defects of the book. In spite of them it must be admitted by all that it is the best work on Napoleon that has yet appeared in English. That it will be permanently popular is very doubtful, but passages in it will always be read with interest, and it is safe to say that it is the most valuable contribution to Napoleonic literature of recent years.

One word more as to the mechanical features of the book. The illustrations are admirably executed and in many cases well selected, but the choice of purely ideal pictures is of doubtful value, especially when practical illustrative matter, such as political and military

maps, are either lacking, or when present have serious defects. No one but a specialist could trace a campaign on some of his diagrams. In the matter of paper, type, and the other features of the make-up the book is all that could be desired.

F. M. Colby.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.*

Mr. Zangwill tells us, in his prefatory note, that he has omitted from the present volume of his collected *causeries* "those pieces which hang upon other people's books, plays, or pictures." That means we have now to greet the humourist and not the critic. I doubt, indeed, if the present volume could be true to its title if Mr. Zangwill the critic should appear there. It would be a new phenomenon in the experience of art if a creator, however liberal and sympathetic, could write of this extremely serious business of art "without prejudice." That is the one time when he becomes partisan and speaks out his faith roundly. So, generous as we know to be Mr. Zangwill's dealing with other people's books, we are willing to wait for the "possible collection of his critical writings in another volume," to put him down as a man with his preferences.

When once convicted of the charge that he could always see two sides to every argument, Mr. Zangwill is said to have replied, "That is why I am a novelist and not a logician." He might have said, "That is why I am a humourist and not a logician." But in the present volume he is not only the humourist, the man who sees life imaginatively rather than literally; but he is the man who takes the pose of the humourist—that is, who will not be "tied down to one point of view." "Give me an argument, and I'll show you the other side of it," he says in effect, "That will be in the interest of Truth which is always double-faced." As a man "without prejudice," he is bound to see justice done to the opponent. So Mr. Zangwill explains his title, and so his title explains the shock of epithet and paradox in these really disconcerting *caus-*

* Without Prejudice. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

eries, and gives us the secret of his whimsical manner.

"The World is an Earthly Paradox," he says on page 142, "with four cardinal points of mutual contradiction, all equally N., S., E., and W." And proceeding to the progress of Modern Philosophy and Science through paradox, he thus illustrates his subject :

"Darwin, the Barry Pain of Biology, asserted that man rose from the brutes, and that, instead of creatures being adapted to conditions, conditions adapted creatures. Berkeley, the Lewis Carroll of Metaphysics, demonstrated that our bodies are our minds, and Kant, the W. S. Gilbert of Philosophy, showed that space and time live in us."

We recommend this passage to readers who want to study Mr. Zangwill's paradox, both in theory and in practice. We also offer it as a sample of his intellectual furniture—a miscellany which includes almost everything from cosmic theories to the latest street song, and which is usually open in all its departments to the public. But before illustrating its variety further, we will simply say of the paradox, that Mr. Zangwill, the exquisite humourist of *The Children of the Ghetto*, has here almost let it stereotype his humour into the manner of the professional funny man. The paradox requires delicate handling ; otherwise it easily becomes a mere mechanical device for turning out comic copy. But this criticism applies more seriously to the collected *causeries* than to their journalistic publication. One can support a mannerism through ten pages more easily than through nearly three hundred and ninety.

Returning to the contents of the present volume, one is at loss for a description that shall suggest their proper variety. It seems as if Mr. Zangwill had never forgotten anything he ever heard or knew, and that he means to give us the entire benefit of this encyclopædic range. In his opening paper on "A Vision of the Burden of Man," he has made a partial list of the vexed questions which confront the modern man (perhaps six or eight hundred are preserved by him). Here is an illustrative section :

"Music-hall songs. Heredity : are acquired qualities inherited? Is tobacco a mistake? Is drink? Is marriage? Is the high hat? Polygamy; the social evil. Are the planets inhabited? Is the English concert pitch too high? The divided skirt. The antiquity of man."

And on all the questions of the list, thus illustrated, a journalist, says Mr. Zangwill, is supposed to have his definite opinion. I haven't a doubt, from the contents of the present volume, that the author lives up to the requirements of his profession. A journalist is Mr. Zangwill, with a wit so athletic that it leaves the ordinary pedestrian mind out of breath in a single chapter. Mr. George Moore has said of his favourite author, that whatever the artistic objections to this end, Balzac has, more than any other novelist, managed to produce the impression of the enormous variety, complexity, and movement of nineteenth-century civilisation. In the same way Mr. Zangwill, though we want, during the course of his excursions, to tell him to stop a minute in the interests of art and respiration, produces the effect, almost more successfully than the Sunday newspaper, of omnivorous journalism and its content, and the distracting hubbub of the contemporary. The contemporary is his great joke, because, I suspect, he is such a very modern person himself ; and the contemporary theory is the chief of all the jokes in the repertoire of the writer of *Without Prejudice*, because—well, Mr. Zangwill is himself an inveterate theorist and, like Thackeray, has the genius of "self-mockery." Like Cockshot of the essay, "you can propound nothing but he has either a theory about it ready-made, or will have one instantly on the stocks and proceed to lay its timbers and launch it in your presence." I have my private opinion that Mr. Zangwill was once himself, like a good Jew, thoroughly inoculated with Socialism, and this is therefore one of the most constantly recurring of his jokes.

"Yet those who achieve the bare existence, who starve not, neither shiver, have surely enviable compensations. Not theirs the distressful, wearying problems of sociology. Far from feeling any responsibility for their fellow-beings, they do not even fulfil their own personal duty to society—witness the breeding of babies in back streets. They have no sympathy with the troubles of any other class. . . . The state of the rich does not give them sleepless nights—they have no yearnings to reform them or amend their condition. The terrible overcrowding of the upper classes on Belgravian staircases wakes not a pang ; they are untouched by the sufferings of insufficiently clad ladies in draughty stalls and royal ante-chambers ; and the grievances of old army men move them not."

Another of Mr. Zangwill's favourite

okes is journalism and the laws of the literary market. Here are some verses on the Latter-day Poet :

“ Bend, bend the knee, and bow the head
To reverence the great unread,
The great unread and much-reviewed,
Whose lines are treasured like the lewd,
His first editions prizes reckoned,
Because there never was a second.

* * * * *

“ He struggles through oblivion's bogs
To gain a place in—catalogues !
And falls asleep and joins the dust
In simple hope and modest trust
That, though Posterity neglect
His bones, his books it will collect,
And these will grow—O prospect fair !—
From year to year more ' scarce ' and ' rare. ' ”

But what are a few little tracts of quotation against the great area of the present volume? Mr. Zangwill's versatility is the versatility of genius.

There is only one serious objection to such activity as one meets with in the writer of *Without Prejudice* ; and I do not know that it should trouble any one who does not undertake, like the conscientious reviewer, to go through with the book from the beginning to the end at one sitting. But this slow and jaded person does wish that Mr. Zangwill would sit down and rest from the epigram and the paradox now and then. What would not a few moments of sobriety and repose, even of the historical manner, do for the acrobat of wit? “ The books which gain a reputation for brilliance are those which are witty at wide intervals ; the writer who scintillates steadily stands in his own light. ” So we quote Mr. Zangwill against himself. Once, it is true, out of London and in Venice, he grows a bit quiet, and drops into the Thackerayan manner and the accent of the classics ; but not for long. And there is another thing for Mr. Zangwill to remember. A published volume is other reading than magazine columns. It should make pretensions to the permanent and a literary character. And it should not burden posterity with all the odds and ends, all the clap-trap of the journalistic equipment. But Mr. Zangwill cannot, and never could select. Unlike *Sentimental Tommy*, he has not that last gift of the genius and the artist, the gift of omission.

The best appreciation of Mr. Zangwill, the journalist, is, as a fact, based on reminiscence rather than on the pres-

ent collection of his once current *causeries*. There is no more shining example of the vivacious journalist than he—of the man who makes an art of seizing the current fad, the passing discussion, and of dressing it up in the picturesque absurdity of a paradox or an epithet that sticks in the memory. For his subtler qualities of humour, one must go to *The Children of the Ghetto* ; but though the laugh is louder here, the handling more broad, as a rule, the individuality of the writer is still a permanent and delightful fact. It is that which made the *causeries* in their current publication so immensely readable. One may tire of perpetual fireworks on every page ; but think of the entertainment a brief exhibition of them used to afford in the monthly columns of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, when one had been present for several weeks at the jaded, the trite, the colourless symposiums of much critical journalism. Mr. Zangwill's great and tireless curiosity is an immense stimulant to the droning spirit.

Edith Baker Brown.

THE THISTLE EDITION OF MR. BARRIE'S WORKS.*

No author during the last decade has suffered so much at the hands of predatory publishers as Mr. J. M. Barrie. Despite the fact that he counts among his warmest friends and admirers the great American reading public, it is only with his last two books, *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy*, that he has begun to receive any revenue from his books in this country. To be sure, *The Little Minister* was protected by copyright in America, but all that Mr. Barrie has ever received from the United States for this book is the magnificent sum of two hundred and fifty dollars ! So much of his 'prentice work and journalistic writing has been gathered in this country into book form, in which the author never intended it to perpetuate itself, that we are now glad to have a definitive edition of his published work, and to know just what books the author is willing to stand up to. By these eight volumes, then, Mr. Barrie

* The Novels, Tales, and Sketches of J. M. Barrie. Illustrated. Thistle Edition. 8 vols. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$16.00.

must be judged. They represent a body of literature which a young man of thirty-six may well be proud of; and strange to say, the bulk of these volumes is made up of the very stuff that was least expected to win in permanent form. This is better explained by quoting what Mr. Barrie says in his introduction to the first volume, which contains *Auld Licht Idylls*:

"I was leading a lonely life in London," he says, "and not another editor" (Frederick Greenwood had published many of the chapters of *Auld Licht Idylls* in the *St. James's Gazette*) "could I find in the land willing to print the 'Scotch dialect. The magazines, Scotch and English, would have nothing to say to me. I think I tried them all with 'The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell,' but it never found shelter until it got within book covers. In time, however, I found another paper, the *British Weekly*, with an editor as bold as my first (or shall we say he suffered from the same infirmity?). He revived my drooping hopes, and I was again able to turn to the only kind of literary work I now seemed to have much interest in. He let me sign my articles, which was a big step for me, and led to my having requests for work from elsewhere, but always the invitations said, 'Not Scotch; the public will not read dialect.' By that time I had put together from these two sources and from my drawerful of rejected stories *Auld Licht Idylls*, and in its collected form it again went the rounds. I offered it to certain firms as a gift, but they would not have it even at that. And then on a day came actually an offer for it from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. For this, and for many another kindness, I had the editor of the *British Weekly* to thank."

The Scotch stories comprised in the Thistle Edition are *Auld Licht Idylls*; *A Window in Thrums*; *When a Man's Single*; *The Little Minister*; *Sentimental Tommy*, and *Margaret Ogilvy*; the others being *Better Dead*, *An Edinburgh Eleven*, and *My Lady Nicotine*. These are all that Mr. Barrie considers worthy to have included in a final edition of his books, so far as they have already been published.

"Among novelists," Mr. Quiller-Couch has said, "there are some whom we love; others to whom we are accustomed; and others again whom we are constrained to respect for their commercial agility." The last two classes, we should say, compel us to gratitude, but Mr. Barrie, who differs from them in most respects, conciliates our love. To tell a story of Thrums as Marion Crawford would tell it, for instance, little more is needed than a bold heart and a tourist's excursion ticket. To tell it in Mr. Barrie's manner you must be born

and bred there, and, what is more, must have grandparents buried there. Thrums is in his blood, with all its traditions of obscure toil and sombre zeal for religion. What we get in the work of Mr. Barrie is the spiritual counterpart of the man. That pathos which enters so profoundly into it is the rarest of plants; its roots must reach deep in native earth and be nourished there for generations before it will put forth a bud. Any deep utterance that has taken hold of the human mind has, first of all, come from the deep river of human life, fed by many tributaries. It is because Mr. Barrie's work has issued from the depths of that life which has gathered force during the years of religious and intellectual struggle in Scotland, and been touched and ennobled in that process of alchemy which we can only define as genius, that whatever he writes goes deep into the hearts of others and makes its abiding place there. No writer of our century, perhaps, has so fastened on the affections of his readers, with the exception of Thackeray and Stevenson.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Barrie will ever surpass the work he has done in *A Window in Thrums*; this and *Margaret Ogilvy*, his latest book, will go down to posterity together. The secret is not far to seek. In the introduction to *A Window in Thrums* he says that anything in "Jess" that was rare or beautiful she had from his mother. "The imaginary woman came to me as I looked into the eyes of the real one." Again he says: "It is the love of mother and son that has written everything of mine that is of any worth." There is still another fact in connection with this book which will make it precious to those who have known a great sorrow. "The older I grow," says Mr. Barrie, "and the sadder the things I see, the more do I wish my books to be bright and hopeful," and well does he say so, for *A Window in Thrums* is a sadder book to him than it can ever be to any one else. When the *édition de luxe* of *A Window in Thrums*, with etchings by William Hole, R.S.A., was published in 1892, the dedication ran thus: "To the flower of manhood, one in a lovely and mournful story, the late Rev. James Winter, M.A., Free Church Minister of Bower, Caithness, whom two will always see upon the Brae till they also cross it for the last time." The

Rev. James Winter was a highly promising young minister who was thrown from his horse and killed just a few months after he had been ordained to the pastorate at Bower, Caithness. Mr. Barrie's sister was to have been married to Mr. Winter in three weeks had he lived. The following letter, a copy of which I have in my possession, was written by Mr. Barrie, and was read at the funeral services :

" KIRRIEMUIR, May 11, 1892.

" *To the Session and Congregation of the Free Church of Bower :*

" To you, at the grave of him who was in three weeks' time to become her husband, my sister sends her love. She has not physical strength to be with you just now in body, but she is with you in spirit, and God is near her, and she is not afraid. You are her loved ones, for it was you who, under God, called him to Bower, and gave him the manse to which he was about to bring her, and, as he loved you, she loves you. God, who gave His Son for the redemption of the world, has told her that He had need of the disciple's life also, and that he died to bring his people of Bower to God's knees. So God chose His own way, and took her Jim, her dear young minister, and she says, God's will be done ; and she thanks Him for taking away so suddenly only one who was ready to face his Maker without a moment's warning. His great goodness, she says to you, in not taking some one who was unprepared, is her comfort, and should be yours. And she prays that Mr. Winter's six months' ministry among you, and his death among you while doing his duty, has borne and will continue to bear good fruit. And always she will so pray, and she asks you to pray for her. And she says that you are not to grieve for her overmuch, for she is in God's keeping.

" This is a word from her brother, who cannot leave her to come to the funeral of his dearest friend, the purest soul I have ever known. It is a word about her. You have never seen her, but you knew him, and they have always been so alike in the depths of their religious feelings, in their humility, and in many other things you knew about him, and loved him for, that you may always think of them as one. There were four years and a half of their love-story, and it began the hour they first met. It never had a moment's break ; there was always something pathetic about it, for they never parted, and they never wrote but solemnly and tenderly, as if it might be for the last time. The wistfulness of his face, which you must all have noticed, meant early death. They both felt that the one would soon be taken from the other, though he thought that he would be the survivor. Theirs was so pure a love that God was ever part of it. Let all the youth of Bower remember that there is no other love between man and woman save that.

" J. M. BARRIE."

As to *Margaret Ogilvy*, with its profound pathos and sunny humour, our readers will turn with pleasure to what Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has to say of

this great idyll of motherhood in her review of the book in these columns. *Margaret Ogilvy*, as has been said, " is a book which it is almost sacrilegious to criticise. It takes us into a region where there is no longer any relation but the common tie of humanity between author and reader. Yet just because it is so inaccessible to ordinary comment, it is easy to place the volume. It stands unmatched in literature as an idyll of the divinest of human feelings—a mother's love. It pictures one of those rare lives at once so transparent and so deep that they may endure any scrutiny. It lifts the veil from a family interior where faith, purity, and tenderness are native to the daily life, and as it is in the highest range of emotions that the depth and feeling of the soul are best realised, this is Mr. Barrie's finest and noblest book. For thought is before knowledge and love is greater than either, because it is the spirit of both."

Mr. Barrie states that this is the only American edition of his books produced with his sanction, and to this authorisation it need only be added that the publishers have put forth every effort to do homage to the beauty of Mr. Barrie's work by clothing it in a form that is beautiful in its finish and workmanship. In handling the works of authors and arranging them for complete and final publication, the Messrs. Scribner have shown a superior taste in bookmaking, the rapid development of which is readily seen in comparing the Thistle Edition of Stevenson with this edition of Barrie, which, to our thinking, is much better and finer. At least no one can complain now that there is no good uniform edition of Mr. Barrie's books, and that it is with difficulty one can learn how many volumes purporting to be by him are really published by his authority.

James MacArthur.

MARGARET OGILVY.*

BY HER SON, J. M. BARRIE.

Although this book is called by the name of the writer, and that of his mother, it is anonymous in so far that it concerns many mothers and many sons ; it goes into few details, but by a series

* *Margaret Ogilvy. By her Son, J. M. Barrie. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.*

of gentle impressions and shocks of sympathy it produces its effects.

This little book is more like a tune sounding from a long way off, and appealing to our hearts with a sweet ripple of accompanying filial laughter and motherly humour withal.

As one tries to remember the tributary cairns raised by filial pride and tenderness to a parent's memory, it is almost a surprise to find how easily one can count them up. How few there are which have set their mark in our minds. It is not enough even for a mother to lavish affection upon a child in order to make that feeling interesting to others; it requires two for mutual love, and to strike that happy responding chord which mutual love creates. Also, there should be a touch of humour, too, even in the deepest affections, to set other people at their ease; for humour means the admitting of other and wider sympathy. Madame de Sévigné herself, that celebrated mother, is more loved for her own charming sake perhaps than for her devotion to her unrequiting daughter. There was also St. Augustine and his mother, but they seem a little beyond our reach as we look at their picture over the chimney-piece. Carlyle would have been delighted with his mother if he had been a little less prejudiced in her favour; but he was too disproportionate in his feelings for us to be able to sympathise with him quite comfortably.

The small book before us is all the more interesting because of its due proportions and the sweet and convincing relations between the gentle, understanding parent and her gifted son. A state of things not so very rare, though rarely written down. Let us be thankful that simple links forged by life itself are common enough, after all. Death does not darken them, for they shine beyond death, nor does long use weary, for they are ever new, and as much a part of the giver and the taker as the best of their very hearts.

Of the Barrie home itself and the house in the small red city in Scotland very little is told us.

"On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottom chairs," says Mr. Barrie, "and in our little house it was an event. . . . I so often heard the tale afterward, and shared as boy and man in so many similar triumphs that the coming of the chairs seems to be something I

remember as if I had jumped out of bed on that first day and run down to see how they looked."

So he begins his story, and in the same simple fashion it continues to the end. The mother had many children to love her; some of them were older than the son who now writes. There is a touching letter quoted about the death of a little sister, who had been sent away to her grandfather's care.

"The grandfather died," says Mr. Barrie, "exactly a week after writing this letter, but my mother was to live another forty-four years, and joys of a kind never shared in by him were to come to her so abundantly, so long drawn out, that strange as it would have seemed to him to know it, her fuller life had scarce begun; and with the joys were to come their sweet, frightened comrades, pain and grief."

It is not fair to the short book to quote, as one would like to do, page after page, in which the story is told by a sort of heavenly algebra, a few signs doing duty for all the unknown quantities of living, hoping, loving, fearing. It is the quiet housewife, the thoughtful mother, who discerns what is yet unknown in the mind of the growing boy. "The wench I should have been courting now was journalism," he says, "that grisette of literature, who has a smile and a hand for all beginners;" and how charming is the account of the way in which he abandons "leaders" for something more personal to himself and his native land. There is the delightful story of the first success in literature.

"There came to me, as unlooked for as a telegram, the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. A boy who found that a knife had been put into his pocket in the night could not have been more surprised. . . . When I sent off that first sketch I thought I had exhausted the subject, but our editor wrote that he would like something more of the same sort, so I sent him a marriage, and he took it, and then I tried him with a funeral, and he took it, and really it began to look as if we had him."

His mother was alarmed lest the editor should have been mistaken.

"She wanted to know by return of post whether I was paid for these articles as much as I was paid for real articles; when she heard that I was paid better, she laughed again and had them out of the bandbox for re-reading, and it cannot be denied that she thought the London editor a fine fellow but slightly soft. . . . How

well I could hear her saying between the lines :
' But the editor-man will never stand that.' "

Then comes the delightful advice from the mother to her son as to how he was to behave himself in London.

" I went laden with charges, to walk in the middle of the street (they jump out on you as you are turning a corner), never to venture forth after sunset and always to lock up everything (I who could never lock up anything, except my heart in company)."

His mother—who used as a little girl to carry her father's mid-day meal into the fields—loved books and literature as any lady might who had never anything else to think about. Of course she read all that " James " wrote, and " in so far as my articles were concerned, she nearly always laughed in the wrong place," says her son. He describes her long day of toil and thought :

" As daylight goes she follows it with her sewing to the window, and gets another needleful out of it, as one may run after a departed visitor for a last word ; but now the gas is lit, and no longer is it shameful to sit down to literature. If the book be a story by George Eliot or Mrs. Oliphant—her favourites (and mine) among women novelists—or if it be a Carlyle, and we move softly, she will read, entranced, for hours. Her delight in Carlyle was so well known that various good people would send her books that contained a page about him. She could place her finger on any passage wanted on the biography as promptly as though she were looking for some article in her own drawer, and given a date she was often able to tell you what they were doing in Cheyne Row that day. Carlyle, she decided, was not so much an ill man to live with as one who needed a deal of managing, but when I asked if she thought she could have managed him, she only replied with a modest smile that meant, ' Oh no ! ' but had the face of ' Sal, I would have liked to try.' "

" There were times, she held, when Carlyle must have made his wife a glorious woman.

" ' As when ? ' I might enquire.

" ' When she keeled in at his study door and said to herself, " The whole world is ringing with his fame, and he is my man ! " "

" ' And then, ' I might point out, ' he would roar to her to shut the door.' "

" ' Pooh ! ' said my mother, ' a man's roar is neither here nor there.' But her verdict as a whole was, ' I would rather have been his mother than his wife.' "

Nor can we omit to quote the sentence about Gladstone. Gladstone was, and there was an end of it in her practical philosophy. " I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother," she says.

Of the making of books there is no end, and of the reading thereof. There are the dull, the vulgar, the silly books ;

there are the books which, as we have said, have music in them, and sing to us. There are some books, again, which feed the hungry, and some which seem to take one by the hand, at times, and to pull one up out of the slough of despondency. There are also, and this has been proved, the books which are infectious, infectious with morbid fever and impatience, with ugly, selfish fancies, with hatred of order and cleanly ways and decorum. The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now, and comes pouring with the rest along the great stream that carries so many of us along with it, as we cling to our boards and rafts, to our volumes, branded, decorated, and labelled. But who will deny that in the great up-surge of print, among all these repetitions and platitudes and shrieking defiances and voluble repetitions, there are certain voices speaking alone straight from the heart, and reaching to ours ? This one tells of a quality which has been among us all from the beginning of time, and which will not cease while humanity endures. It is the tender force which binds generations together.

So it happens that in this little book of *Margaret Ogilvy* we come upon a most original, humorous elegy of tender sobs and laughter, which I think few among us could listen to unrespondingly. This history of a mother's tender pride in her gifted son, of his love for her, is happily a very old one, but it is so newly and sweetly told that as one reads, it seems almost like a discovery that parents and their children are living round about us loving and trusting in each other still.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

MR. BURROUGHS'S STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN.*

There will stand in the annals of American literature, to some of us, the picture of two men walking back and forth under the night, into the small hours of the morning, earnestly striving with one another. One was the prophet of self-reliance, the other the man he prophesied. It is not without its significance that those who have been too conscientious to appreciate Whitman

* Whitman : A Study. By John Burroughs. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 625-

should have arrayed themselves against the most consummate conscience that modern literature has produced. Coming to us, who belong to the younger generation, with the witness of scorn upon his name, known at first only as an old man dying slowly—divine or unmentionable—in a suburb of Philadelphia, apparently in a kind of literary poorhouse, living on the charity he had defied, it was not until we had emerged from a sedulously guarded ignorance that it came to us that this bluff invalid, lying on a couch in innumerable pictures, this figure with its great benediction of a beard, its sturdy loveliness, was perhaps the most heroic and gentle and immovable figure in American letters.

It is not Mr. Burroughs's fault that the public has not learned to read introductions in the way they are written—afterward, and there is no occasion to hold him responsible for what is the most serious objection to his book, the fact that everybody will read it. Mr. Burroughs comes to his subject with that apprenticeship of living out-of-doors for fifty or sixty years, which is necessary to a larger interpretation of Whitman. Perhaps it is the out-door habit, with its vast way of measuring a book, of keeping it small and sane, but it would be hard to find in recent literary criticism a more masterfully unfinished book than this, or one which, in saying as much as it does, sets itself more beautifully aside. The author of "Wake Robin" has been in a morning mood toward this old world of ours ever since he began to write. There is something afterward in Mr. Burroughs. He never sees for any one. He sends them seeing. The hills and the day and the song and the woods are always—not just beyond—but just this side his words, and beyond them too. It is fitting that he should come to us with one of the world's morning men, in whose baffling personality there is yet to some of us so much more of the night than of the dawn, whose great spirit, still lying across the east, is the symbol of so many doubts and prophecies in American life. While it has been only superficially true that his enemies have been the making of him, perhaps the most impervious proof of the reality of Whitman's influence among men of letters has been the way his figure has contin-

ued to loom in contemporary thought in spite of his friends. He has been the laureate of fools. They have thrown themselves at his feet. He has been canonised in the worst English that ever has been written. He has been decorated with metaphors that had never been seen on sea or land. He has been impressively robed in burlap and wreathed in excelsior, and made one of the mockeries of the world. Men who have been distinguished for their possession of critical judgment have lost their heads as well as their hearts to him. It is only after climbing over a barricade of adjectives that ordinary men have had a chance to get at him at all. It has always been hard to be fair to Aristides because he was called just, a pitiful but indomitable tendency in human nature which the Whitman *littérateur* has overlooked. It may be said that Walt almost never had a friend who did not make it harder for him to be himself, except the safely illiterate ones. Ralph Waldo Emerson was, perhaps, his outlet to the cultivated world, but even Emerson at the turning-point of his career did all he could to persuade him to put up with being a poet instead of a prophet, spent hour after hour in trying to restrain him from that further faithfulness to his vision—the one thing which will be looked upon at last as the most heroic instance of artistic spirit in the history of letters. With the exception of Emerson, consistent enough to wish his friend Godspeed in defying him, though not prophet enough to see why, Mr. Burroughs, with this book of his, will prove to be the most effective friend that Walt Whitman has had.

Not without the failings as well as the advantages of the ego-centric system which he defends in his hero, Mr. Burroughs writes with an outlook wider, both by birth and acquirement, than the other Whitman followers, with some of whom we have had reason to feel that the good gray poet was their sole experience, their whole human race. A recent critic in a sectarian paper has expressed the regret that an author like John Burroughs should see fit to take the time to write an elaborate study of Whitman. He does not suggest what particular bird or beast he would have considered more worthy.

In a world which has never forgiven

any one for defying it except by worshipping him, it would seem to be almost time for a normal, an instructed man to look upon prejudice as the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Entirely aside from what the issue may have been, any man, in any age of this lumbering, foolish old world, who has looked it full in the face on any point whatever and gone mightily on his way, who has set himself against it, who has stood for one divine or devilish moment utterly by himself, is worthy the study of all mankind for centuries, if only as a problem in force with earthquakes and volcanoes and landslides and winds and the mighty growing of the grass.

Mr. Burroughs's masterpiece might have been a river or a robin or a streak of winter sunshine, but a man like this—a world-man, a world-measured man, measured like all other elemental forces by the power of resistance, is a worthy addition to Mr. Burroughs's study of birds. It is worth a nation's while to live and struggle and die to produce a single man who is not afraid of it. If that man be an artist, let us have great expectations of art. There is more moral stimulus in one human being who does the world a world-wide wrong, who defies the whole of it with a mistake, than in a dozen thousand of us who do our pretty right with shaking knees or complacently or in a crowd. Courage may have been the only art that Whitman had, but if we can keep the thought of it a holy relic of what a man can be, let us by all means do it until a man is born to us, if only as a sacred, though highly immoral reminder of the timely query, "Which of us would have dared to do what Whitman did, even if we had believed?"

Selecting for his heroism or effrontery, whichever it may have been, the one axiom of all others permeating theology, art, and literature, and the inmost thought, it remains to be admitted that purely from an artistic point of view Walt Whitman has given to the world an example, the moral and spiritual and æsthetic tone of which can never be estimated in its penetrative effect, until, with the daring of beauty and the passion and the habit of truth, the artists of this modern world have walked like gods, with their brothers or without them, immovably at peace in the centre

of strife, with freedom and gentleness and love singing, like the good gray poet, to the end of their days the world that spurns them. No one has ever more signally illustrated that transfiguration of martyrdom which is coming to be one of the great, slow, culminating processes of our time than this man of the *Leaves of Grass*. Taking the manfullest short-cut to reality that has ever been taken in the realm of letters, his attitude toward the truth he could not otherwise than speak is the first and the mightiest token of that epic of purity and candour, that looking into the soul of life, that gazing into the face of God, which is to be the glory of modern art, which with its huge thankfulness for being alive in a faithful universe, beginning but yesterday to take the crape from death, is moving on to-day to take away the shame from birth.

Mr. Burroughs's book would be vastly more effective as a missionary masterpiece if it could be said that he has carried his catholic comradeship far enough to cover the Whitman negations for us. Whitman was not addicted to lifting his eyes to heaven and crying, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and while in a personal sense it was sufficient to say that Walt's opinion of himself was not at all disagreeable in the man, it is a serious critical blemish in a comprehensive study not to recognise the world-importance that these same faults must take upon themselves in the art and philosophy of the poet. In Mr. Burroughs's work the objections stated are all in the third person. We are left to look forward to that more conclusive estimate of the poet which will be full of the delight, the enthusiasm that Walt had the right to have about himself, will at the same time not fail to emphasise how far short he fell of his own ideal in not knowing that he did. It will miss in Whitman that humbleness before the universe which alone could make him "cosmic," that still sublimer imagination—the human soul walking softly before its Maker under the hush of the stars—vast in its littleness. It will rank him as an artist who never transcended himself, who never looked back upon himself, or down upon himself, who walked a mighty child before the heavens and the earth to the end of his days, who, lacking the humour and the religion that were the awful

beautiful grace of Carlyle, conceived a human race that could boast.

Looking too near for his God, as the world has always looked too far, he stands at once as the rebuke of our human theology and the proof that it is true, the token of our modern time that we shall never have a colossal poet until he comes who shall respect the spirit and the body, who shall cease to criticise creation when he prays, but who in the same song shall bear to the gates of heaven the glory of the Soul, and abase it before its Maker—a humble, guilty thing, with the worship of penitence and the splendour of awe and the epic of Sin, and the infinite silence on its lips. The great poet shall be he who shall convert theology to the world that God has made, whose soul shall be the coming of the world to the truth that theology was for, calling to us, poets and men heroes and children dreamers and doers all alike, out of the Shadow where a Man once died, with a heart for humanity that was great enough to leave a broken song upon the earth—a song which can only be finished as the generations come and pass by those whose voices hesitate, whose lives and dreams are oftentimes silenced as they go through Sorrow as beautiful as Joy.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.*

Some one has wittily said that the book which is easiest to review is that in which the critic differs with the author on every point. If the reverse of this were true, the present reviewer would have a difficult task before him, for Mr. Krehbiel has given us a most useful and timely book, and one which, as no one who frequents our concert-rooms can deny, has long been needed.

It is, indeed, strange that with regard to music, the art of all arts most extensively cultivated and almost universally beloved, there should be such a lack of understanding and of intelligent criticism on the part of the great majority of listeners. That such conditions prevail would be patent to any one who

might attend half a dozen concerts in New York, and converse with those around him. As Mr. Krehbiel says :

“ It is not an exaggeration to say that one might listen for a lifetime to the polite conversation of our drawing-rooms without hearing a symphony talked about in terms indicative of more than the most superficial knowledge of the outward form—that is, the dimensions and apparatus of such a composition ; and you will find that the most common words in the terminology of the art are constantly misapplied.”

How many people, when listening to a great virtuoso, such as Rubinstein or Paderewski, reflect that the artist is scarcely any more on trial than they themselves, and that by their discriminating applause and attention, or lack of these, they are giving the performer a very clear idea of their own musical calibre, insight, and cultivation. The great point is not so much what we think of the artist, as what his opinion is of us.

Mr. Krehbiel modestly remarks that his book is not intended for the musical professor and scholar. Its business is with those who love music, but who have not studied as these are supposed to study. To such it cannot fail to be a great aid and stimulus, and the professional musician will find much in it that is both pertinent and suggestive. The first chapter outlines the purpose and scope of the book, and contains a plain statement of present conditions. Some amusing instances of musical blunders by literary men are cited, such as that in “ Snubbin’ through Jersey,” where Brushes brings out his violoncello and plays “ the symphonies of Beethoven” to entertain his fellow canal-boat passengers, and the report of a St. Louis newspaper, protesting against the heaviness of an orchestra conductor’s programmes, and demanding some of the “ lighter” works of Berlioz and Palestrina ! Some wholesome truths are spoken with regard to the two classes of musical writers, the pedants and the rhapsodists :

“ The pedants are not harmful, because they are not interesting. The harmful men are the foolish rhapsodists who take advantage of the fact that the language of music is indeterminate and evanescent, to talk about the art in such a way as to present themselves as persons of exquisite sensibilities rather than to direct attention to the real nature and beauty of music itself.”

And later :

* How to Listen to Music. By Henry E. Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

"When such writing is popular it is difficult to make men and women believe that they may be just as susceptible to the influence of music as the child Mozart . . . yet listen to it without once feeling the need of taking leave of their senses or wandering away from sanity."

What constitutes Classical music, Absolute music, Programme, Chamber, Romantic music? In the chapter on the content and kinds of music this is discussed and the different characteristics admirably stated. Particularly good is this on Classicism and Romanticism :

"Classical composers are those of the first rank who have developed music to the highest pitch of perfection on its formal side, and, in obedience to generally accepted laws, preferring æsthetic beauty, pure and simple, over emotional content, refusing to sacrifice form to characteristic expression. Romantic composers are those who have sought their ideals in other regions and striven to give expression to them, irrespective of the restrictions and limitations of form and the conventions of law—composers with whom, in brief, content outweighs manner."

This definition is one of the justest and most precise in the whole range of musical literature.

There are chapters on the orchestra, pianoforte recitals, the opera, choirs, and choral music, all suggestive, which for lack of space can only be mentioned. One fact not generally known, related in the chapter on choirs, is of great interest, however. It is that the credit of organising the first amateur mixed choir for the cultivation of artistic choral music belongs to the United States, the Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society having been founded in 1786, five years before the *Singakademie* in Berlin, which has generally been supposed to be the oldest in existence.

The most important truth advanced in the whole book is that of the necessity of a recognition of form in a composition for its proper enjoyment. *Divide et impera* is an old saying, but one as essential in music as in logic; for any real appreciation of the beauty of a composition, which means "recognition of the qualities which put it in the realm of art," is conditional upon intelligent hearing—that is, discrimination and classification. Mr. Krehbiel points out that the fundamental principle of form is repetition of melodies, and he analyses a creole song illustrating how a single feature may serve as a mark of identification, so that if it appear later

it may be instantly recognised and the composer's design rendered clear.

"It is not necessary for a listener to follow all the processes of a composer in order to enjoy his music, but if he cultivates the habit of following the principal themes through a work . . . he will not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but will get a glimpse into the composer's purposes, which will stimulate his imagination and mightily increase his enjoyment."

It is all very well to say with the feigned Faust: "*Grau . . . ist alle Theorie*," but, in simple fact, a little *theorie* of the kind advocated by Mr. Krehbiel in his most admirable and interesting book would prove a golden key to many, and would disclose a world of beauty and enjoyment unknown before.

Ronald M. Grant.

THE CARISSIMA.*

Lucas Malet is one of the few clever novelists of the day who saves her strength; who does not feel it necessary to have an output of several novels yearly, and, in consequence, whose work is mature, complete, and intensely vital. The series of volumes which, at long intervals, she has given to the public are literature in the fullest sense of the word, and they are also vividly alive. We feel the restless time-spirit stirring in them, and realise their wonderful insight into the intimate mental and emotional struggles of a modern soul.

In each novel Lucas Malet appears capable of viewing these struggles from an entirely fresh standpoint. In *Mrs. Lorimer* and *Colonel Enderby's Wife* we had two brilliant and capable novels of social life. They were followed by *A Counsel of Perfection*, a delicate and pathetic description of a shut-in and lonely woman's longing for greater fulness of life, her beautiful self-sacrifice to duty, and the rather half-hearted attempt at her rescue made by Anthony Hammond, the gently cynical lover, who is half-relieved at his own failure. Six years ago this was followed by *The Wages of Sin*, one of the most powerful, virile, and daringly realistic books of our day; dealing boldly, yet with fullest sympathy, with the great problem of the relations of man and woman.

* The Carissima. By Lucas Malet. Chicago
H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

Now we have once more a new book from the same hand, marking another epoch in her development, yet showing the same power of dealing with life as a whole, the good as well as the evil, the pathetic nobility, the humorous, genial kindness, the piteous backslidings, the futile successes, and the triumphant failures of average humanity.

The Carissima is a haunting, grisly story. It brings us face to face with a horrible phantasm which saps the life of a strong man—a wild fancy which seizes on him in the delirium of a tropical fever, and from which (though sane in all else) he can never shake himself free. We feel the strength and the horror of it. We realise it all the more keenly, perhaps, from the relief into which it is thrown by the commonplace, every-day life which stands contrasted with it.

The *dramatis personæ* are assembled in a big Swiss hotel, among the usual mixed crowd of

“Persons who in the security of their moist island homes are well bred and really quite delightful, but become as awkward as chased hens in an hotel. Most English are born with their feet glued to little round green stands, like the ladies and gentlemen of Noah’s Ark. To see them unglued, as in foreign travel, is to see them at a disadvantage.”

The story of this weird obsession is supposed to be told in a half cynical, half sympathetic manner, by the same Anthony Hammond who failed so entirely to rise to an heroic pitch in the former novel where he appeared. His passion for analysis makes him relish the dramatic possibilities of life, while his natural goodness of heart makes him something more than a mere unmoved spectator. He realises the peril of his friend, and his one hope of rescue, in a great and absorbing passion. But will the girl, whom his friend, Constantine Leversedge, loves, prove equal to the emergency?

She is the fascinating daughter, “eminently distinguished for her modernity,” of entirely commonplace parents. She is essentially artificial, a creature of pose, and (in justice it must be owned), never ineffective; though Hammond finds her “never quite in focus.” She is called by the pet name of *la carissima*. Her parents are content to act as her chorus. Her rat-faced, pretentious father, with his ceaseless flow of quota-

tion, is never weary of praising her. Her placid, moon-faced mother, with her secret yearnings for the old days of poverty in the bow-fronted villa at Brixton, blindly worships her. To her lover, she is at times incomprehensible. He asks her for a flower.

“‘You see this bunch of roses,’ she replies; ‘it is very lovely, isn’t it? The scheme of colour is perfect (you feel colour, don’t you, Mr. Hammond?). Do not let Constantine coerce me into marring its perfection. Plead for it. You are a poet. Save it, for is it not a poem?’

“‘Is it?’ Leversedge said. ‘Well, then, give me a verse to stick in my buttonhole.’

“‘Ah,’ she murmurs, ‘a verse! But the context, Constantine; don’t you perceive you would annihilate the context?’

“‘Annihilate the what?’ Leversedge asked in bewilderment. ‘I only want one of your roses.’”

How will such a woman rise to the occasion when brought face to face with the problem of a phantom-ridden, ghost-tormented soul?

The *Carissima* is the apotheosis of artificiality, the ultimate fact of sophistication. Her affectation is so much a part of her that any purely natural impulse seems less real with her than the purely studied effect, just as a wreath of field daisies accentuates a painted face. She is a false note in nature. In art (of the kind which requires special lights and a given point of view) she is supreme. Her effects are calculated to a nicety. They never fail her under imagined conditions, but will they stand the shock of sudden juxtaposition with the horror of primitive force and abysmal possibilities? Will her educated incredulity descend to believe in it? Will the faint feeling for the abnormal, which emerges in the latter stages of culture, quicken in her some real perception of her lover’s woeful need? Under the advice of Hammond Leversedge confides his distress to her. He is full of rapture at her reception of his confession. To Hammond she expresses herself—

“‘It has no terror for me. It supplies the touch of mystery which was lacking. If Constantine knew how to use it, it might be tremendous and splendid. He might dominate society.’”

She is bitterly hurt that Hammond does not appear to understand her point of view; and she cries out that he “cruelly misreads her,” that “it was not of myself I was thinking,” but “solely and exclusively of him.” “He

must either sink under it or find his romance in it."

Can such a woman help a man who has seen "the Thing too Much," and especially in a world which relegates the supernatural to "the at present somewhat over-populated country of Exploded Ideas; or only permits its existence in the form of some derangement of nerve ganglia or of the intestines?" A world in which, to put it concisely, "the pill has superseded the prayer."

Such is the problem which Lucas Malet presents to her readers. To many her riddle may appear insoluble. Perhaps some hint of its solution may be traced in the opening words of the first chapter:

"Few persons (Hammond said) are truthful; yet the complete and experienced liar is rare. A really great lie, whether spoken or acted, is the supreme expression of a nature."

It is a weird and powerful book. The conflicting elements which underlie the prosaic surface of modern existence meet in it with a clash of sentiment. The horrible confronts the grotesque. The mystery and terror of it are untouched by subtlety and sophistication. We feel that simplicity and directness of soul are the only real clues which might unravel its complexity.

Marie Giles.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.*

Hamerton during his lifetime exercised a great influence in his own country, and still more in America. He did not alter people's thoughts, but he set them thinking about thinking, or rather about a thoughtful and profitably ordered life. As an educator of the public taste in art he did a great deal, and mostly in the right direction. As an interpreter to his own country of France, the country of his adoption, his work was important and beneficent. To account for his influence is not quite so simple; for in nothing was he first-rate save in the earnestness of his convictions, in his serious purpose to get as much truth and beauty into his life as he had capacity for, and to give as much out. But his autobiography and the

* Philip Gilbert Hamerton. An Autobiography, 1834-1858. And a Memoir by his Wife, 1858-1894. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$3.00.

memoir by Mrs. Hamerton help toward a further explanation.

He was born as far removed from the kind of things and the influences his soul craved for as was possible; and he fought his way all along the line, through narrowness and false ideals, to what seemed to him a right philosophy of life and art. And indeed it was a fair and wholesome one he reached. Heir to no intellectual or artistic heritage, save his own native abilities, his progress was struggling and self-conscious. He was the better teacher.

His own personal history was seamed with painful incidents, and perhaps the wretched memories of his childhood and his own later suffering are enough to account for the extremely sober tone of the book. There is not a smile anywhere, save in the few bright letters from Stevenson which are given. If the *bonhomie* of the artist, the genial *flânerie* of the camper-out were his, they are carefully excluded from the very serious account of himself in these pages. He was a great worker, and the book speaks only of work. He had struggled himself free from the religious opinions of his surroundings, taking the matter very much to heart at the time. His schools were not of much use to him. His main studies were done outside them, and he became as great a heretic in education as in theology. Determined to be an artist, he sought for training, and what he got was so bad that worse could not be imagined. Ruskin's influence was growing to its height—so far as technique went, an influence incalculably harmful.

"In the course of the year 1853," he writes, "I corresponded with Mr. Ruskin about my studies, and I have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of his advice and the kindness of intention with which it was given; but it tended directly to encourage the idea that art could be learned from nature, and that is an immense mistake. Nature does not teach art, or anything resembling it; she only provides materials. Art is a product of the human mind, the slow growth of centuries. If you reject this, and go to nature, you have to begin all over again, the objection being that one human life is not long enough for that."

But he came slowly to that knowledge. He wasted valuable years, but he struggled into the light at last, became one of the most intelligent and catholic of art critics, a painstaking and most successful populariser of ^{and} ~~artist~~ ^{artist}.

methods and ideals. All the arts he practised he learnt late, save writing, and that is why he was fitter to discourse on them than many to whom their practice was more native. His many ambitions, his abundant curiosity, made his life a very full one, and the entries in his diaries of plans and resolutions are both awe-inspiring to the idlers and pathetic.

"Determined to-day to study the copper Albert Dürer 80 hours, having given 83 to the wood-cuts. . . . I shall also give 40 hours to Kreuzer's violin studies, and have already practised them 24, which leaves 16. I shall now commence a course of poetical reading, beginning with 50 hours of Chaucer, etc."

It sounds pedantic. This, however, is how a teacher learns. It was not that he was lacking in spontaneity, but that he carried the faddy habits of studious youth all his life long, joining them to the anxious ambition of middle age. He preferred chronicling method to sentiment—perhaps he had not much of the latter, for after telling how a young lady rejected his offer of marriage, he says, with cold common sense, "I never could understand why men make themselves wretched after a refusal." If he had felt at all on the occasion he would have felt strongly, for whatever he did he did strenuously, whether it was boat-building, or etching, or reading for *The Intellectual Life*, or writing criticism for the *Saturday Review*, or altering his house, or planning new works that should make plainer to others the things he loved and had found consolation in. It would be an inspiring story, did it not also tell the terrible cost to his nervous system.

The life of this lover of woods, this hater of cities, should have had a less dry and rigid rendering. But there are romantic passages, and one of these describes the coming of his young bride from Paris to the little island of Innis-trynich in Loch Awe, which was to be her home for years. There are glimpses of the many remarkable people with whom Hamerton was in communication, in spite of his hatred of London and other great cities—Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, the painter Leslie, Stevenson, Tennyson, Vierge, Woolner, and others. But Hamerton himself is the interest of the book; and in too few biographies does one find so

impressive a record of work, of conscientious endeavour, and high-minded strife.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL.*

It may be the absence of the obvious that gives to Mr. Le Gallienne's new book a feeling of femininity. It might be the termination of his name, which the Anglo-Saxon imagination finds hard to accept, did not the notable virility of his earlier work, especially the poem to Robert Louis Stevenson and his *Prose Fancies*, cast this suspicion out. But whether intentionally or otherwise, Mr. Le Gallienne has so covered the claws of his satire with softness and fur that the sharp cynical conceit becomes on the surface a thing of poetic beauty.

Its very immorality—if one dare use the term in this connection—seems essentially feminine in being all in the air and all in the abstract, far-off and comparatively harmless, so that the rather startling play about the highest ideals is as heat lightning behind church steeples. Moreover, there is something enchantingly feminine in the inconsequent start of the story as it floats out on gossamer wings and drifts on through beautiful dreams into a poet's ideal of reality. The pilgrimage may be undertaken in jest or in earnest, that's as you like it.

"So," says the Pilgrim, "I, too, with the rest of the world, was following in the wake of the magical music. The lie it was drawing me on by is perhaps Spring's oldest, commonest lie—the lying promise of the Perfect Woman, The Quite Impossible She."

It is thus that the quest begins, and the types of womanhood encountered during the journey represent a subtly severe review of the sex. The first girl whom the Pilgrim meets might seem at a glance to stand for the New Woman, but a closer look shows her to be merely a faithful copy of the antique freshly etched on steel. In fact, the man in this particular instance seems decidedly "newer" than the woman, in so far, at least, as relates to the episode which recalls another "sentimental journey." The newest figure of this feminine processional, and in certain respects the newest in literature, not excepting even *The Woman Who Did*, is the second

* *The Quest of the Golden Girl*. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

woman whom the Pilgrim encounters. For, whereas the luckless maiden was tempted by love as well as misled by false logic, this married woman has deliberately made up her mind to "tempt the illicit rove" without any feeling whatever. There may be some truth in her thesis that much of the unhappiness of marriage arises from too great familiarity, from enforced association, in short, from the lack of personal freedom. A good many husbands and wives have apparently held some such beliefs, and a few have had the courage to exploit them. But the average couple, however irksome the bond, can scarcely yet be prepared for so radical a remedy as this lady and her husband devise and apply. This, briefly stated, is that they shall spend one calendar month of each year out of each other's company, with full and free liberty to spend it where-soever, with whomsoever, and howsoever they please; the parties to the agreement binding themselves to keep it, whether they might, when the time came, wish to do so or not, "believing that so would their love be the more likely to maintain enduring tenderness and unwearied freshness." And yet, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the husband enters upon the experiment, and notwithstanding the redness of the wife's hair, which causes the Pilgrim to exclaim: "How this woman must have suffered!" at the sight of her wedding ring, this premeditated detour into the primrose path results in quite as much wretchedness as any accidental slip. Such, indeed, is the perversity of the feminine nature, that when the Pilgrim meets the wife she has already dismissed her companion and is seeking her husband with tempests of tears. Obviously this is not the Perfect Woman, and the Pilgrim only lingers long enough to rescue the husband from the spell of a siren.

"You must swear the whole thing has been platonic," he urges with worldly wisdom. "It's the only chance for your happiness. Your wife, no doubt, will lure you on to confession by saying she doesn't mind this, that, and the other, so long as you don't keep it from her; and no doubt she will mean it till you have confessed. But, however good their theories, women by nature cannot help confusing body and soul, and what to a man is a mere fancy of the senses, to them is a spiritual tragedy. Promise me to lie stoutly on this point. It is, I repeat, the only chance for your future happiness. As has

been wisely said, a lie in time saves nine, and such a lie as I advise is but one of the higher forms of truth."

It must be conceded that this flash of lightning scorches the sacred spires, and it may be best to explain that the remoteness of the immorality, as stated in the beginning, was considered exclusively from the point of view of the Pilgrim himself. His progress is innocent enough in practice, whatever it may be in theory, and could hardly be more aptly described than as "a soul wandering among mistresses." But unfortunately the satire which should be the saving, as well as the flavouring salt of the story, is too delicate to do its work well. The finding of the Golden Girl is described with such consummate art that it is impossible at a first glance to recognise the hideous truth through the dazzling veil of spurious sentiment. Only by degrees does one see clearly that this woman found in the streets to be exalted above all spotless women is no pitiable Marguerite nor even a repentant Magdalen, but the Scarlet Woman herself.

"I cared not for what mire her feet have trodden. She had carried her face pure as a lily through all the foul and sooty air. There was a pure heart in her voice. Sin is of the soul, and this soul had not sinned. . . . The result was golden, whatever the dark process might be. Was it simply that Elizabeth was one of that rare few who can touch pitch and not be defiled? or was it, I have sometimes wondered, an unconscious and after all a sound casuistry that had saved Elizabeth's soul, an instinctive philosophy that taught her, so to say, to lay a Sigurd's sword between her soul and body?"

This is, of course, only Mr. Le Gallienne's manner of satirising certain branches of so-called "advanced thought," of which the New Virtue is perhaps the most conspicuous illustration. But, unfortunately, he has done it rather too artistically, so that the caricature has all the finish, the fascination, and the importance of a serious painting. The final feeling of the work is the uneasy perception that its charm is more dangerous than it seemed at the outset, and that its mockery does not merely play irreverently round the pinnacles of our loftiest ideals, but menaces the very foundations of all that is safest and sweetest in life.

George Preston.

AN AFRO-AMERICAN POET.*

The first thing that strikes one in turning over the pages of this interesting little volume is the partial inappropriateness of the title; for a fairly large proportion of the poems here collected can by no stretch of the imagination be identified with "lowly life." When we read of "richly curtained" beds, and "kingly" youths, and "my lady's bower," of bold Borderers, and maidens named "Phyllis" and "Ione" (in two syllables according to Mr. Dunbar), and when one finds fully half the pages written in the conventional language of drawing-room poetry, we certainly get no impression of anything more lowly than mediæval castles, or at the very least, of ample English country-houses. Of course, one ought not to lay too much stress upon a mere title, but in this case it accentuates an incongruity which runs all through the book, in placing together in the most jarring and discordant contrast the sterile elegances of exotic verse and the homely truth of American plantation life. To pass, without even the break of a blank page, from stately halls and Border raids, and the solitude of the moonlit glade, slap-bang into the riot of a husking frolic, with Malindy Jane and Ike and Viney "stomping" up and down to the shrieking of a cornstalk fiddle and the clapping and hawhawing of a party of plantation hands, is perhaps intended to be piquant, but is really irritating. It is too much of a shock, and it gives the reader too much of a mental wrench. The lyrics that really belong to lowly life should, in fact, have been grouped in one part of the collection, with the artificial "literary" verses in like manner set off by themselves.

Then we should have had a division that would accord with the two distinct traits of the African—one part illustrat-

ing how really clever and original he can be when he is thoroughly spontaneous and natural; and the other, how comparatively feeble and ineffective he will always show himself when he is merely imitating the Caucasian. Mr. Howells, in his very pleasant and appreciative introduction, seems to have some such distinction as this in his mind, but it has been best expressed by a member of Mr. Dunbar's own race, who nearly twenty years ago pointed out that the African intellect is not necessarily inferior to that of other men's, but that it is essentially distinct; and that the great mistake that is always made in discussing the negro is to regard him as a European in embryo, who must be developed on European lines. As a matter of fact (and Mr. Dunbar's two manners illustrate this), the negro is truly admirable and really to be taken seriously only when he puts his acquired imitative instincts aside and employs his higher and wholly original gifts.

Hence it is that in these poems, while Mr. Dunbar can write very rhythmical and pleasing English, and while only once does he (in "Curtain," p. 93) descend to anything cheap and tasteless, it is, after all, in the verses that deal with negro life alone that his undeniable powers are best exhibited. In "When Malindy Sings," and "Lonesome," and "Keep a Pluggin' Away," "The Delinquent," and "The Party," are to be found all the genial, kindly humour of the African, his love of colour and melody, his simplicity and innocent shrewdness, and now and then a note of pathos that sounds through the fun with a momentary minor. Some of it is the true poetry that is independent of mere form, and that wells up from the unfailing springs of nature and passion and truth.

H. T. Peck.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB, AND OTHER STORIES. By Chester Bailey Fernald. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

A young writer with a new manner as well as new matter is something to

* Lyrics of Lowly Life By Paul Laurence Dunbar. With an Introduction by W. D. Howells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

excite the interest of the reading world, and Mr. Fernald makes both these claims on attention. His particular field is the Chinese quarter in San Francisco—a romantic tract not hitherto exploited even in the San Francisco of Stevenson—and his manner, with its humorous, grotesque twists, is very much his own, even if it does bear some

filial likeness to the early Mr. Kipling. It is hard to say, however, of a collection of stories, which starts out so bravely with "The Cat and the Cherub" and its equally charming sequel, "The Cruel Thousand Years," that it contains both good, bad, and indifferent; yet this is certainly true of the present volume. The good is so very good, not to say delectable. Richard Henry Stoddard has declared of "The Cat and the Cherub" that it is the best work in the short story of the last decade. That is affirming a good deal; but it is at least safe to say that in this effort Mr. Fernald proves himself an almost perfect master of the buoyant art of story-telling. Effort has no place in it; the thing swings. And the Infant Hoo Chee himself, as a character, is a most engaging piece of Infanthom. He does not owe all his charm to his Chinese dress; for had he been quite an ordinary infant in knickerbockers, his flirtation with Miss Oo would have made him immortal. The way he begins to call to Miss Oo over the fence, in little more than a whisper, "Yai-yai!" "Whereupon Miss Oo responded with a giggle in her small voice, 'Yai-yai-yah!' and the Infant could not refrain from calling back in louder tones, 'Yai-yai yah!' which Miss Oo repeated each time louder than the Infant, so that soon the merry contest of their voices had risen to such screams that it reached the ears of Hoo King"—this makes the heart beat! The four remaining Chinese stories, however, strike one as owing their readableness to the new subject, and Mr. Fernald's general knack of holding the interest, rather than to anything particularly fine in their humour. The stories with American subjects are in the main disappointing. "Enter the Earl of Tyne," for instance, is like Mr. Harding Davis, in the tragic monologue, and the girl who, at the great crisis, tells her lover with psychological subtlety that he has "apprehended," but not "comprehended" her, seems to have been inspired by the reading of story-books. The New England stories fail in the same way to produce Mr. James's "illusion of reality"—dialect and character, they are very much "made up;" and as humorous studies, they are hardly more than "funny," though the situation in "The Parlous Wholeness of Ephraim" was happily inspired. In "The Tragedy of

the Comedy" Mr. Fernald really found a good subject, even though he has, perhaps, a trifle overdone it in the treatment; he has managed to seize, in this story, one aspect of the college life for women, much to be regretted yet characteristic, and which no writer of the college story has yet given us.

A PURITAN BOHEMIA. By Margaret Sherwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The title of this admirable little story, told in a concise and effective manner, is not misleading. This Bohemia is not the gay and reckless European art-world, but a Bohemia of the New World, into which the sad, earnest, ascetic quality of the Puritan has entered; and where the author tells us "the only lotus-eating is hard work." The shadows of philanthropy and transcendentalism hover over it, for the characters gravely discuss theories of life, and some of them endeavour to plant their ideals in the slums.

The main theme is a carefully worked out and suggestive study of the earnest women who voluntarily follow an intellectual, artistic, or philanthropic mission—women who are frequently possessed of more ambition than capacity. These always suffer loneliness, and generally end with failure. The question is a vital one; it means much to this age. Once it was the wild son who ran away from home; now it is the daughter who has ideals. The bachelor-girl—whether defined as musician, artist, *littérateur*, journalist or physician—has developed of late years into a type, the "cold-blooded young woman who worships an art-ideal and crushes her heart." There is an excellent description of a group of such characters, who are placed in the Rembrandt Studios. The author says of them:

"The Theosophist was a slim maiden lady who did flowers in water-colour. Hers was the tragedy of not having been called upon to suffer. All the pathos of protracted girlhood was in the air, as of one who has not arrived, yet is not pursued, only waiting. For the owner of No. 2 art meant a faithless husband. She had found consolation in Astrology. There was a Whitmanite, who did huge landscapes. The short-haired girl, who aspired to be an animal sculptor, was a follower of Ibsen. She talked much of the emancipation of woman from domestic life. Sometimes as she ^{wiped} with wet clay, she wiped a tear away from ^{her} cheek with her short coat-sleeve. She ^{was}

thinking of her dead lover. The Baroness was the only inhabitant of this world of definite work and vague spiritual enthusiasm. The Baroness made beautiful embroidery. Helen learned much from these women. There were questions of vast import to discuss: how to make drapery out of fish-nets, how to convert the lower part of a bookcase into a pantry; how to make ball costumes out of Japanese crêpe paper; how to know when Welsh-rabbit was done."

Howard Stanton, the one man in the story, an artist of unselfish nature, carries his ideas of painting into life. He lives in the slums for altruistic reasons, and therefore deserves the measles with which he is afflicted. For years he has loved Anne Bradford, who carries her theories of life into painting. She repulses the devotion of this generous man, for her one aim in life is to express herself. She does not realise how narrow is her point of view, and how her illusions fade day by day. So bitter and sharp of speech is she that we wonder how her lover still imagines she is the one who can illuminate his life. Fortunately he gives up the long courting and consoles himself with one of his pupils. The latter was also drawn into the vortex of art and philanthropy by following mistaken ambitions. Her Puritan conscience is subdued after a time, and a healthy affection for her home leads her away from the world of unhappy women struggling only to discover that "self-expression is of no consequence" to themselves, and that the world usually refuses to accept their opinions of experiences they have not known.

PENHALLOW TALES. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

The first and the longest story of the collection is strong and fresh enough to win acceptance for the mediocre and imperfectly digested sketches which complete the volume. It attracted a good deal of attention when it appeared originally in a magazine, and no one who read it can have forgotten the vivid study of an opium-eater's career. The subject is only too sadly familiar through innumerable portrayals in fact and in fiction, since De Quincey first revealed its full horror; but the theme can never cease to interest, and the author of "Penhallow" has done comparatively new work in dealing with the psychological effect of the drug, and of its influence

over the victim's domestic life. This story gives with ghastly distinctness the minute details of the daily life of a wife and mother who has become secretly addicted to the use of opium. It was shortly after the birth of her second son that the mistress of Penhallow began to alter.

"Some explained it by saying that she was growing like her father. She scolded the servants and was often needlessly severe with the children, and then to atone would be indulgent beyond measure to both. She took offence at mere words with her friends, parted from several on trivial pretence, and seemed, by a certain aggressive bearing, to be constantly on the lookout for some ground of quarrel with all. Her husband grew anxious about her health. Sometimes she would lie awake for several consecutive nights, and then would come a morning when her sleep would be so heavy that it was difficult to arouse her. She was restless too often spending the entire day in wandering from one room to another; again, she would seem possessed by a very demon of work, and the embroidery needle would fly in her hands, or the intricate lace grow beneath her rapid fingers; at other times she would sit for hours with her hands lying idle in her lap and a strange, fixed look in her eyes. There were those who shook their heads, but none liked to voice what was the thought of many. It was worse than either ill-temper or insanity."

The gradual perversion of the woman's whole moral nature finally includes an unnatural hatred of her daughter, and leads on to the culminating tragedy.

MARM LISA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

This new story has the charm of all Mrs. Wiggin's work, with the difference that it seems addressed to a more mature audience. Marm Lisa is only ten, "a little, vacant-eyed, half-foolish, almost inarticulate child," but the psychology of the darkened young soul reached far beyond the limitations of childish comprehension.

"It was a mind sitting in a dim twilight, where everything seems confused. The physical eye appears to see, but the light never quite pierces the dimness nor reflects its beauty there. If the ears hear the song of birds, the cooing of babes, the heart-beats in the organ tone, then the swift little messengers that fly hither and thither in my mind and yours, carrying echoes of sweetness unspeakable, tread more slowly here, and never quite reach the spirit in prison. A spirit in prison, indeed, but with one ray of sunlight shining through the bars—a vision of duty."

It is impossible to conceive of a more exquisitely sympathetic character study than this of a feeble-minded child, whose

affliction is of a kind that usually repels. And in contrast with the pathetic little central figure is that of her mistress, who is portrayed with keen yet not unkind satire.

"She would never have permitted a child to suffer for lack of food or a bed, for she was not at heart an unkind woman. You could see that by looking at her vague, soft brown eyes, eyes that never saw practical duties straight in front of them—liquid, star-gazing eyes that could never be focussed on any near object, such as a twin or a cooking-stove. Individuals never interested her; she cared for nothing but humanity, and humanity writ very large at that, so that once the twins nearly died of scarlatina while she was collecting money for the children of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South. . . . She was never disturbed that the last clue brought her nowhere; she followed the new one as passionately as the old, and told her breathless pupils that their feet must not weary, for they were treading the path of progress; that these apparently fruitless excursions into the domain of knowledge all served as so many mile-stones in their glorious ascent of the mountain of truth."

The rescue of Marm Lisa from the slavery to which this woman's unconscious cruelty had condemned her by another woman of clearer sight and divine compassion makes the story. The infinite patience with which Mistress Mary and her companions lead the clouded intellect toward the faint light which is the utmost it may ever hope to reach is full of the feeling that draws a sob from the heart.

"The angels in heaven never rejoiced more greatly over the one repentant sinner than the tired shepherdesses over their one poor ewe lamb, as she stood there with quivering hands and wet eyes, the first sign of victory written on her inscrutable brow; and within the turbid, clouded brain the memory of a long struggle and a hint at least of the glory she had achieved."

THE STORY OF HANNAH. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Not every author would have thought of having his reader enter the Romilly household through the woodshed, or would have seen the artistic possibilities of compelling that portly and important personage referred to as "The Reader" to stoop at the very beginning of the tale to consider the grave and mysterious problem of the minister's family through the imaginations of two small children holding a conference on the woodpile, or studying their worthy parents where the eaves slanted low in the attic. But why does Mr. Dawson make the serious mistake of becoming a rival

of his reader, of falling in love with his heroine? Of course if an author chooses to take an unworthy advantage of a wistful public in this way, if he chooses to use his confidential and sacred office as an opportunity to woo his heroine himself, we can only observe that he must be willing to pay the penalty, either of a jealous reader—which is bad—or of one who refuses to be jealous—which is worse—or of one who is of so little account that he will tamely follow with a poor, hopeless parrot passion a proud and successful lover to the bitter end.

Mr. Dawson's power for the most part lies in picturing a situation in a few strokes rather than in evolving character through events. The boundary line between the great artist and the small one, the distinction between creating human beings and observing them is strikingly illustrated in the alternate strength and weakness of his work. So long as he uses his imagination as light with which to see what he has experienced, he carries the conviction of an artist, but the moment he uses it as heat—the moment he attempts to fuse experience—actually to create the larger unities of human life, he is stripped of power, and the work of an exceptionally vigorous and delightful observer is unfortunately blurred with the pale images of two appropriate and seemingly lovers who appear and disappear at intervals and flicker through his leaves.

The picture of little Phil is an exquisite bit of work. The old mother reaches the instincts, and the younger one, crazed with grief, going about the streets holding her empty arms as though the dead child were lying there, will not be soon forgotten. The study of the latent poetry in the dreary, prosaic parson is virile and beautiful. Though not infrequently marred by a secret and guilty love of words for themselves, either in the form of a somewhat conscious restraint or a more genial self-indulgence, Mr. Dawson's work has the breath of life in it, and the very obviousness of his faults is a token of the true gifts that lie behind them.

THE LONG WALLS. By Eldridge S. Brooks and John Alden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The "Long Walls," as we learn from the authors of this delightful book, is the

name still given by the Greek peasants to certain famous ruins of ancient Greece, and it was a happy thought to choose the term as a title for the story of an American boy who, in company with an enthusiastic young archæologist, makes excavations in the ruins of Krateaia.

At first sight the reverent reader of classic lore experiences a sense of shock upon hearing school-boy slang in such hallowed precincts as the temple-crowned Acropolis, and he cries out, "Another attempt to vulgarise learning! Is nothing sacred? Is there no escaping the *enfant terrible* even in Athens?" But let the most exclusive disciple of culture read a little further, then a few pages more—behold, the book is finished, and the criticism is forgotten. The lover of the ancients longs to go and dig among the ruins in company with the lively American boy; he glows with excitement upon discovering the inscription which declares the place to be identical with the Krateaia mentioned by Pausanias, and stands at the entrance of the subterranean chamber gazing in wonder on the perfectly preserved, tinted statue of Demeter, the goddess of the temple. But an uneasy suspicion steals over him: why has he never heard of this marvellous discovery? He is interested in archæology; has read of the results of modern excavations, but—! Then comes the earthquake, and his ignorance is explained. The very day after the eyes of modern mortals had feasted themselves upon her chaste, sculptured loveliness the goddess Demeter is buried under tons of earth; the secret chamber is cut off from the approach of men; the vase of golden coin lies shattered, and its treasure mixed with clods and stones. And what of the goddess? Does she still sit there in her wondrous beauty, preserved from harm by some steadfast portion of the chamber roof, or does she lie broken in fragments, awaiting the enthusiasm of the explorer, the patient hand of the restorer? Uncle Ted said that he would go back in the spring and look her up. We hope he will, and wish we could go with him. Every boy who reads *The Long Walls* will surely echo this wish, and what is more, he will turn with new zest to his studies in classic history, literature, and art, for the land of Greece will have taken on for him an interest and a vivid reality

hitherto undreamed of. The boys will join, moreover, with older readers in demanding a record of any further explorations made by Van and his Uncle Ted.

THE WAMPUM BELT. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Wampum Belt is the sixth volume of stories of the creators of American literature, in which Mr. Butterworth has aimed to teach history by fiction founded on notable incidents in the lives of the heroes. The leading incidents of the story are, for the most part, founded on truth or on historic inference or suggestions. History tells us how the wampum belt was delivered by the Lenape Indians on the Delaware, which William Penn at the great treaty made under the elm-tree at Shackamaxon, in 1682, and the belt may still be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society of Philadelphia. The romance of history is woven into these pages, of which *Golden Heart* is the golden thread. The character of *Golden Heart* is, in part, suggested by an ancient queen of Conestoga, whose strange and sibyl-like figure forms one of those mysteries of the forests that one would not have pass away. Mr. Butterworth's dexterity in moulding, and his imaginative handling of historical facts in this book, as in his former stories, are well adapted to throw a lifelike picture of the times of which he writes on the mind of his young readers. One feels that he has read and observed widely, and has not come to his task ill prepared with undigested facts. Indeed, were it not for the limitations of the young reader whom he addresses, we feel that he would be thoroughly equipped to write a history which would interest and instruct older readers.

BIJOU'S COURTSIPS. By "Gyp." English translation by Katherine Berry de Zérega. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

A DEGENERATE. By "Gyp." English translation by Arthur Hornblow. New York: A. E. Cluett & Co.

Gyp is always readable, but she is by no means always equally worthy of being read. When she writes in her earlier manner, with a real insight into character, she is to be taken with a good deal of seriousness; but when, as in most of her later works, she merely

jots down superficial impressions, she can claim nothing at the reviewer's hands. The two books before us are respectively representative of her best and of her worst. In *Bijou's Courtships* she has given us a very convincing study of feminine selfishness and heartlessness which are the more striking in that they are incarnated in the person of a beautiful young girl, who is everybody's favourite, who is always obliging, caressing, and thoughtful for others, yet who destroys the happiness of all about her, and is directly responsible for a domestic tragedy. The delineation of the complex character of Denyse (Bijou) is a masterly piece of work, and has been thought worthy of a special study by M. Faguet in *Cosmopolis*. The translation is fair, but not wholly adequate.

The other volume, *A Degenerate*, calls for no especial comment, for in it is seen the superficial Gyp, who tells a story brightly and hits off her *monde* in a dozen snapshots with great cleverness, but with no trace of genius. The translation is the poorest thing of the kind

that Mr. Hornblow has yet done; for by putting ephemeral American slang into the mouth of his French provincials, he destroys the verisimilitude of the scenes, and makes his pages display at times a vulgarity which is wholly foreign to the original.

THE PRINCESS DÉsirÉE. By Clementina Black. With eight illustrations by John Williamson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

Miss Black has so cleverly caught the manner of Anthony Hope in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and of Stanley Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*, that one's belief in the possibility of literary forgeries is revived. The Princess Desirée has the same self-possessed desirableness as the charming heroines of those other stories, and the hero is the same deeply loving, tenderly protecting, but scarcely aspiring gentleman, ready with his sword and alert with his wits. Miss Black may be congratulated on achieving a distinct success and furnishing a thoroughly enjoyable tale.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE CHILDREN. By Alice Meynell. New York: John Lane. \$1.25.

The main difference between the conditions of the lucky children of to-day and the lucky children of bygone ages is that nowadays they are respected. Their variations from grown folks were always recognised, but as an inferiority, which the serious felt must be trained away as soon as possible, and the frivolous held to be decidedly amusing when not inconvenient. But account for it as you may—by such high-sounding reasons as the spread of democracy, by the growth of a scientific sense that realises the value of every stage of life—the more favoured children to-day possess a right to think, and speak, even sometimes to act, in accordance with the laws of their own development, and are not expected to be merely faulty echoes of persons at another and an alien stage. Children of character, of course, have, for the most, sturdily kept their own savagery, their own ideals, and imaginings at the back of

the artificial life forced on them. Mr. Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age* comes conveniently to the mind, if proof of that were wanted outside our own experience. In Mrs. Meynell we have one of the best exponents of the new idea that, as far as possible, childhood's individuality should be as openly recognised as are the ambitious moods of middle life and the search for repose that commonly marks declining years. She does not speak as an educational theorist, merely as a very close and loving observer, as the parent, in fact, who is also the humourist—Mrs. Meynell's humour is perfectly certain here—with something, too, of the cautious scientist in her attitude. The combination does not tend to gushing idealisation, but, as we have said, to respect, to a recognition of the rights of childhood to be itself, so far as its strong bias toward imitating the business and speech of the grown-up world will allow.

Mrs. Meynell may have written ^{more} brilliant things, but none, to our ^{mind}

so wonderful ; for, indeed, this mixture of cool criticism and real sympathy, this admiration and strict admission of limitations, this tenderness and this sense of comedy, are very wonderful and full of beauty. One chapter only has struck us doubtful in truth — "Real Childhood." At least we feel sure that some of it, that which concerns the readiness of little people to be bored by their elders, is far from being a very common experience. Elders could be very annoying, but they and their properties, partaking of the mystery of the unknown, have depths of interest in them unsuspected by their commonplace selves. Yet everywhere else we are with her, either confirming or waiting confidently for experiences which must confirm.

Her first words are a warning against generalisations—O plodding educationists, hearken !

"To attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed in your pathos, and set freshly free from all the pre-occupations. You cannot anticipate him."

UNITS. By Winifred Lucas. New York : John Lane. \$1.00.

The minor poet is generally treated as if he must belong to an unvarying type of person, as if, in any one age, he could have only one kind of merchandise, which is a mistake ; for he has moods like his betters, and has now one temperament and now another. Only the reviewer knows whether the minor poet is a man or a woman ; for only the reviewer reads minor poetry, though the world reads much feebler stuff with complacency. There is but a distant cousinship between any of the verse-writers whose books we are noticing here ; and the difference lies not merely in what they are able to say, but in what they want to say. This variety does not point to their being all highly original. They are not ; neither are they all agreeable. There is a habit of subtle emotion in Miss Lucas's poems. There is charm and there is distinction. How robust the poetical genius may be that has produced *Units* there is no means of knowing. It is manifested here only by a delicacy of feeling and a fine artistic instinct. As to her matter, she has dawns to describe, the deep, quiet ways of love, the exquisite intimacy of mother and child. "Slide down thy solace, Dawn, like dew" will leave a memory

of itself behind. So will this verse of "The Past," because of a tender music in it—

"I by strange ways am wandering back to thee.

Strange ways; that, wide and far,
Move under skies of dark fidelity
To one withholden star."

But there is a prouder note that sounds now and again. Hear it in "Dispossessed" :

"My joys—turned skyward from their courses
even,

Caught in the wind of love's unearthly
breath—

Rose to the radiant privacy of heaven

From me, uncrowned beneath,

To match their lights with Ariadne's seven."

MUSIC STUDY IN GERMANY. By Amy Fay. New York : The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

These letters, which have gone through several editions, have probably been read by every past student of music. They were written between the years 1869 and 1875, and give a fresh, unconventional picture of student life in Germany. Miss Fay, besides relating her own experience in studying with Tausig, Liszt, and Deppe, tells many lively anecdotes and gives interesting descriptions of the musicians of that day. The sketch of Liszt in Weimar is particularly fine and distinct. "The Lisztianer" has retired to make place for the Leschetisky pupil, but the Vienna studio will never have the atmosphere of the Weimar salon. Liszt will always be the great master.

It seems antiquated to hear Wagner's *Tannhäuser* spoken of as "the music of the future." To the musician of our decade this opera is already old-fashioned. America has passed on to *Tristan* and Siegfried's death. Also Niemann, who Miss Fay thought would not please American audiences, has been here, has conquered, and has gone away. When she wrote it was not deemed likely that he would have the test so soon, as at that time we had no established orchestra.

But the book is pleasant reading—even re-reading. There is an enthusiasm and sympathy in the manner of telling how Tausig "pearled" down the keyboard, how Liszt made his storm effects by double roll of octaves in chromatics, of how Joachim "revealed Beethoven in the flesh" that is refreshing

after the formal observations of the professional critic.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812.
By James Barnes. Illustrated. New York :
Harper & Brothers. \$4 50.

In this beautiful book of 263 pages of text, and containing 21 illustrations in colour by Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, Mr. Barnes has given us a vivid picture of those brilliant achievements with which the American navy first startled the world, and won for the Republic a respect and consideration that had never yet been hers. The book abounds in anecdote, sometimes, perhaps, more easily classified as *ben trovato* than as *vero*, but all of it illustrative of the time and of the men of whom he writes ; and the story of each naval duel is told in a spirited and stirring style. Such a volume as this is one that every American should have by him for his own perusal and for the inspiration of his sons ; for the time may not be so very far away when we shall look once more to our fleets and sailors to maintain the place that was first conquered by prowess on the sea. We commend this book also to those British observers who are just now arguing from the smallness of our navy that Spain will teach us a lesson or two in humility. Americans may await this issue or any other with confident serenity ; for the fleet which is today larger than that which first tamed England's pride will, if called upon, be fully able to pay with interest the debt that has been due from us to Spain ever since the captain of the *Virginus*, with over fifty of his crew, was taken from the protection of the American flag and brutally shot to death by order of a Spanish military governor.

IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER. The First of a Series of Reminiscences. By Felix Moscheles. With 63 Original Drawings by George Du Maurier, Illustrating the Artist's Life in the Fifties. New York : Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

The world was very young when Moscheles and Du Maurier worked at the Atelier Gleyre in Antwerp. Let it be put down to his credit in the domain of letters that the writer of these recollections has known how to put youth into his book. The drawings—little snap-shots, records of the joke of the moment, bright and clever as they are, and, of course, interesting in the his-

tory of Du Maurier as a draughtsman—must not run away with all the praise. It is not little to have made a book out of the recollections of the happiness of two madcap boys, with hardly an adventure between them worth narrating, whose high spirits and wit seem to have had nothing very distinguishing save innocence, and yet to leave a sympathetic reader satisfied and happy. Grace, innocence, irresponsibility, are conveyed to us, and the combination is something far rarer than disquisitions on an artist's professional progress. But on Du Maurier's side, at least, there was reason for anxiety in those madcap days. He thought he was going blind even then. Underneath a drawing of his friend's sister's eyes, he wrote, "Quand je les vois, j'oublie les miens (Reflexion d'un futur aveugle)." But there is no sign of despair ; only very cheerfully he would tell his friend that he was "fearfully depressed." *Tribby* admirers will find the book worth reading for its suggestions about the originals of the characters in the novel, and its account of mesmeric séances. But its best recommendation should be that it is a book made out of nothing at all but the freakish sunshine of youth.

ON THE BROADS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York : The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Pennell must not bear away all the glory of this book, though no one will grudge him his due. Mrs. Dodd, even without his or any other artist's aid, would have carried us along with her on her cruise, and infected us with her delightful good temper, her enthusiastic, watchful appreciation, her beaming enjoyment of all that such a cruise can contain of human and of landscape interest. She entered into the spirit of the thing even before it began ; and that is the test of your perfect enjoyer. She never lost interest or the hope and delight in adventure. She is the American tourist after the most excellent fashion—untiring, intelligent, welcoming men and things in the way to make men and things give out their best ; and her book has the true holiday spirit in it, a diffusive, generous spirit. It takes the form of a discursive story, with friendly characters, and the romance of a talkative and enthusiastic painter and charming young girl, and this ^{and} takes

the impression of the guide-book from her information, which is as good as a guide-book, all the same, to one of the most delightful holiday-grounds in England. If she sets off on another cruise some day, we beg that she will let us again share her holiday fun, and be kindled by her fresh interest in beauty and romance.

THE CHILD WORLD. By Gabriel Setoun. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

Of Mr. Robinson's part in this book it is impossible to speak too highly. His deftness, originality, and his surprisingness, always pleasant in kind, are indescribable in words. Buy the volume and you have a lasting treasure. Silence is best respecting Mr. Setoun's part. Beside the Jane Taylor and Dr. Watts verses of a far-away childhood these seem very insubstantial stuff, and lamentably tame if compared with their model, Stevenson's *Child's Garden*. But Mr. Robinson has not minded. The prosiest phrase has set his fancy soaring. The atmosphere of commonplace in the verse has never hampered him.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have added to their subscription edition of the works of Captain Marryat two more volumes, consisting of *Masterman Ready* and *The Settlers in Canada*. Mr. Johnson, his editor, claims for the volume that it is the most famous and certainly the best of the short series of stories for children which Marryat began comparatively late in life, under the impression that "his former productions, like all novels, had had their day, and for the present at least would sell no more." It is exactly suited for children, abounding in detail, simple in conception, and pathetic without being melancholy. We know that Marryat loved children and understood them, and the children's own vote, which must be final, is almost universal in high praise of *Masterman Ready*. It was Forster who wrote these words of encouragement to the author: "You ought to make a fortune out of these little books. I know no book of its kind so popular as *Masterman Ready*. Children don't read it once, but a dozen times; and

this is the true test." The first edition of *Masterman Ready* was printed in three volumes in 1841. *The Settlers* has also been a favourite, although its conventional didacticism is rather trying in our age. It has the merit, shared with all Marryat's work, of being thoroughly pleasing, healthy, and readable. Twenty volumes of this edition have now appeared, and in less than two months we may expect to have the whole edition (to be complete in twenty-four volumes) in our hands. (Price, \$3.50 per volume.)

The Macmillan Company have brought out a beautiful edition of Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, with a charming introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated with drawings of the places mentioned by Joseph Pennell. The book is beautifully bound with full gilt edges and decorated cover. The numerous illustrations by Mr. Pennell add a new interest to this edition and make it very attractive. (Price, \$2.00.) The same firm has begun the publication in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent of a series called the Temple Classics, edited by Israel Golanetz, M.A. The first two volumes are *The Life of Nelson*, by Robert Southey, and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. The little books are very tastefully and daintily produced. (Price, 50 cents per volume.)—We have received from Messrs. Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago, a new edition of the very popular books of William Mathews, of which some hundreds of thousands must have been sold since they were first published. The titles are *Getting on in the World; Oratory and Orators; Words: Their Use and Abuse; and Hours with Men and Books*. A portrait of Dr. Mathews is given as a frontispiece, and other portraits are added by way of illustration.

A handsome portfolio has been issued by the Berlin Photographic Company of this city, called *The Hermitage*, consisting of eighty-four large photogravures directly reproduced from the original paintings in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. It is one of the finest sets of pictures ever produced, and the portfolio well merits the praise which has been awarded it. A prospectus will be mailed to any person on application.

Midshipman Farragut, by James Barnes, is the story of Farragut's youthful cruises.

ing during the War of 1812; and though cast in the form of a tale of adventure, it is, in its essentials, based upon historical records, and especially upon the memoirs of Commodore David Porter as recorded by his son the Admiral. It is good reading for boys, nor will grown people who take it up and read a few pages be disposed to sniff at it. (Appleton's. Price, \$1.00.)

A recent issue of the International Scientific Series (D. Appleton and Company) is a book which will prove a treas-

ure to music students. In *The Evolution of the Art of Music*, by C. Hubert H. Parry, we have, within the limits of a single volume, a clearer, more comprehensive, and scientific treatment of the development of music than is often found in more elaborate and expensive works on the same subject. Some of the chapter headings are: "Scales," "Folksongs," "Incipient Harmony," "Rise of Secular Music," etc., and at the end is a most interesting chapter on "Modern Phases of Opera."

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York State Library Association and the New York City Library Club held a joint meeting with the Brooklyn Public Library Association at the Art Building in Brooklyn on Thursday, January 14th. An interesting series of papers and discussions was held, followed by a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, and by a public meeting in the evening in the Academy of Music, in the interest of a free public library in Brooklyn.

The Cumulative Index of Periodical Literature, which was carried on for the year 1896 by the Public Library at Cleveland, O., has proved a success, and will be continued and enlarged. Libraries should support this enterprise, and lessen, so far as may be, the burden on the Cleveland Library.

The Century Association of New York City has just issued a catalogue of about four hundred pages of the library of the late John Graham Lorimer, compiled by the librarian, Mr. Senter, and under the direction of Mr. Paul L. Ford, who writes an introduction. This collection was bequeathed to the Century Association by its collector. It seems to be a miscellaneous library of standard literature and some Americana. Just how it will be valuable as a whole to a club does not appear to a casual observer. It would seem that a club library ought to be maintained as a moderate-sized, carefully selected collection of fresh and useful books. It is not right, of course, to look a gift horse in the mouth, but it is often judicious to look very critically at a gift library, especially if it be given under conditions.

The Princeton University Library is early reaping the fruits of the late celebration of its magnificent new Library Building. Mr. J. S. Morgan has presented to the Library his splendid collection of early editions of Vergil, certainly the most complete in the country, and valued at not less than \$50,000. This is likely to be supplemented in the near future by the careful collection of all critical and other matter relating to Vergil, which will make a most interesting body of literature. It appears that Mr. Morgan has been wise enough to realise that a gentleman who is sufficiently wealthy to gather a unique and precious collection in any department ought not to be so poor that he must suffer it to be scattered and lost. The only safe and rational way to insure the preservation of such collections is to incorporate them in our great university and public libraries.

It is pleasant, therefore, to note that the splendid collection on Dante, which has been gathered and presented to Cornell University Library by Professor Willard Fiske, is being constantly supplemented and made more complete by that gentleman's zeal as a collector, and his generosity as a patron of the Library. In the same manner the Avery Architectural Library in Columbia University is receiving constant accessions through Mr. Avery's benefactions.

The Dante collection in Harvard University Library, formed by the union of the collections in Harvard and those of the Dante Society, was for many years the most complete in that field in this country. It is interesting to observe

how easily and how quickly this collection has been outstripped by the Fiske collection at Cornell. It is an instructive example of how American energy, coupled with literary taste and money, is able to achieve results in library development.

Mr. George M. Perry, for some years librarian of the Harlem Public Library, is about to terminate his relation with that institution.

The librarians of some of our libraries have been agreeably surprised at the receipt of the first volume of a supplementary catalogue of the Library of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. Its General Catalogue, completed in 1892, in six large volumes, was so thorough and complete a piece of work, especially in the direction of minute analysis, that it has proved a most useful handbook for librarians. The new Supplementary Catalogue, which will contain the additions since 1882 not included in the first catalogue during the course of publication, bids fair to exceed this in extent. Vol. I. contains only the letters A and B, so that the new Catalogue will probably run up to six or seven volumes. The Library contains now 125,000 volumes. The two catalogues together, when complete, will thus embrace twelve or thirteen large octavo volumes, and will index from 140,000 to 150,000 volumes.

It is, perhaps, ungracious for the libraries which receive this Catalogue and enjoy the benefit of its careful and expensive work, to ask whether such minute analysis of publications and periodicals of a popular as well as of a scientific character is justifiable. Probably we should suppress that question and rejoice in the service which has been done to libraries in general, and not ask whether the money expended in the compilation and the printing of the catalogue would have been more serviceable to the Peabody Institute if expended partly in the purchase of books. No other catalogue of its size in existence can compare with it in detailed completeness in the direction of analysis.

So much effort is made in Germany to sell the libraries of deceased German scholars to America, that it is interesting to learn that two such collections have recently been taken care of in Germany itself. The library of the late Professor Heinrich von Treitschke, the distinguished historian and publicist,

has been bought for the City Library of Leipzig. The library of the late Dr. Rudolph Roth, the Sanscrit scholar, has been secured by the Tübingen University Library.

Much interest has been aroused in the more important American libraries by the receipt of the excellent reproduction of the so called Codex Vaticanus 3773, which has been made at the expense of Count Loubat, of New York and Paris. By his direction copies of this reproduction have been distributed to a number of American libraries and scholars from Columbia University Library.

The system of loans between libraries in Germany has been developed much further than in this country. Statistics for the past year of loans from the Berlin Royal Library to eight of the university libraries show that, on the average, there have been loaned to each more than 500 volumes. Of course, the limited area of Germany makes this much more practicable than it would be in this country. These figures show that the relation of the Royal Library in Berlin to the University libraries is, to some extent, that of a central storehouse, to which they can resort when necessary. In some cases the loans between individual universities amount to a still larger number of volumes.

An excellent collection of books by and about Goethe, numbering 1500 volumes and 1000 pamphlets, has recently been given to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences at Budapest. A catalogue of this collection has just been issued. Goethe forms an interesting and important theme for the collector. The Goethe Library in Columbia University numbers about twelve hundred volumes, and is constantly increasing. A less extensive collection on Goethe is to be found in the Library of the University of Michigan, and a good collection likewise in the Cornell Library. Goethe's place in German literature is so commanding, that the literature about him and his writings is a large and necessary part of any library of German literature and literary criticism.

The gathering of librarians on the Continent of Europe, and the journals devoted to bibliography and to library matters, busy themselves in these months with discussions of the plan of a universal bibliography set forth, a year or two ago, in Brussels. This is a project to

catalogue all printed books and pamphlets and classify the titles on the decimal system. The verdict seems to be, as expressed in the report of a conference held in Florence recently, that this undertaking was opposed by most librarians as unwise and impracticable, though praised by dilettantes in library matters.

The product for the past academic year in Germany of academic dissertations and programmes is given as about thirty-eight hundred pieces.

The good effect of the counsels given by librarians recently summoned to Washington to meet the Congressional Committee on the Library of Congress, appears in part from the fact that the bill reported by the Committee to Congress, in accordance with the suggestions made, doubles the budget of the Library as before proposed, and contemplates an ample staff for the library administration.

The spick and span elegance of the new Library Building as it stands near the venerable Capitol, its rich external adornment and magnificent interior decorations, lead some to contrast with it, unfavourably, the Capitol, and to demand restorations and changes in that grand building. But sober second thought, without disparagement to the new Library Building, should make it evident to those interested that there is nothing in its florid richness which can for a moment compare with the dignity of the Capitol.

The *Revue Internationale des Archives, des Bibliothèques, et des Musées*, which has been published for the last two years by Welter in Paris, announces that it will cease to appear. It probably dies for lack of sufficient interest and support from French libraries. It never succeeded in becoming the organ of the librarians of France, as did the corresponding publications in Germany and America, not to mention England. While two or three periodicals dabble a little in library matters, there is now in France no periodical devoted to the subject. This probably explains the

fact that library development and library economy in France has scarcely kept pace with the advance in other countries.

Readers of *THE BOOKMAN* may be amused to learn that the Public Library in the little town of Aston, England, has decided that it is no longer necessary to black out the betting news from the newspapers received there, a practice which has been in vogue for some years past. It is announced, however, that if betting men again frequent the reading-room, recourse will once more be had to such a process.

A tempest in a teapot has evidently arisen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The present Librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, on his advent to this office in 1882, undertook to incorporate in the old crude classification in use in that library, a more minute decimal classification. These new subdivisions have been applied as far as practicable since that time, to the satisfaction, the Librarian says, of the staff and of readers. Some opposition on the part of university officials has always existed. Recently the Board of Curators, at a meeting, sent the Librarian from the room and afterward recalled him and informed him that they had passed resolutions that the shelf-classification was too minute, that it wasted time and space, and must in consequence be modified. In spite of his representations to the contrary, they persisted in their view, and appointed a committee to carry those resolutions into effect. The Librarian now appeals to his professional colleagues everywhere for the expression of their opinion on the importance of minute classification, etc. The Committee of the Board of Curators of the Bodleian Library, in undertaking to adjust and advise the classification of that great collection, have a task in hand to which the settlement of the Armenian Question, the Silver Question, and most other questions it ever heard of would be simple in comparison.

George H. Baker.



THE BOOK MART.

CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

This is Part I. of a catalogue of books printed in the Dominion of Canada. The compiler states in his preface that "the proposed idea is to continue issuing the parts until (as far as possible) a complete list may be obtained of all the books and pamphlets printed or published in the Dominion, from the first printed book, in 1767, to the end of 1895, and from this date to issue annual lists for each year, beginning with 1896."

Any one who devotes his time or even his leisure for a year or more, and puts the best of his enthusiasm and the best of his life into compiling a bibliography, deserves great credit, for at the best no catalogue or list of books can be free from errors, and the pecuniary profit can rarely be any adequate return for the labor expended. It is unfortunate, however, that a book of this character, for which there is a demand and which does fill a want, should have been put in type and published so hastily.

This Part I. is, apparently, a compilation from catalogues of twenty-three Canadian booksellers and publishers only. The compiler has not, apparently, made use of previously published bibliographies. The volume contains only 1006 titles, and many books, information regarding which would be of the greatest value, and which are most sought for—namely, the earliest Canadian books—are not found here. If the compiler had taken two or three well-known bibliographies, such as Sabin's *Dictionary of Books Relating to America*, or the very carefully prepared *Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne*, by Philéas Gagnon, published in Quebec in 1895, he would have found a very large number of titles which might have been added by the simple labour of copying. These suggested additions will, doubtless, be included in one of the future numbers, but as each number forms a separate alphabet, the fewer numbers that are issued the more useful will be the work.

The list of books fills 104 pages, and is followed by a "Title Index" and a "Chronologic Index." Only a single book printed before 1800 is recorded, that being one printed in 1791, and only 126 books are recorded previous to 1850. Mr. Gagnon's *Essai* records, we should judge (from counting those on a few earlier pages), at least 500 items, perhaps more, printed in Canada before 1850, and some of the rarest and most interesting pieces, for example, the *Primer for the Use of the Mohawk Children*, Montreal, 1781, are not found there.

Mr. Haight has given us also a new classification for sizes of books. He classifies the books by size into 153 divisions, numbered from 1 to 153, for books measuring from $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches to 9×14 inches, and the size of each book in the description is designated by a number. There-

* A Canadian Catalogue of Books. Part I. By W. R. Haight. Toronto: Haight & Co. \$2.50.

fore, a reference to the "Index Table of Sizes" is necessary to determine the size of any item.

While we ourselves are not perfectly satisfied with the nomenclature of the American Library Association, we think it is infinitely better than this new system. We feel positive that the book would have been more useful if the author had adhered to the accepted terms of "12mo," "8vo," etc., even though they are not fixed quantities. Undoubtedly the system adopted by the American Library Association will, in time, come into almost universal use, at least for current books. For old books it is hardly adequate, however, and they, perhaps, would after all be best described by giving *under each item* the exact measurements in inches of an untrimmed leaf wherever it is known. We must note, also, that while Mr. Haight divides the sizes of his books into 153 different classes, he does not tell us anywhere how the measurements were taken; whether they are of untrimmed leaves, or of the copies which happened to be at his hand, perhaps more or less cut down by the binder.

The book, despite its deficiencies, is a desirable addition to American bibliography. The collations, probably, are accurate, although we have not had the material at hand to verify any of them. The published prices are given of current books; at least we take "P. 50.," "P. 75.," "P. 300.," etc., to be the published price, although there is no explanation of these abbreviations. Of many out-of-print books quotations of prices from booksellers' catalogues are inserted.

L. S. L.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1897.

The Christmas season has again come and gone with the customary rush and confusion and the trade has settled down to normal conditions. The regular dealers report only a fair business, while the department stores seem to have been more successful than usual.

The variety of subjects included in the holiday sales has been rather limited, the demand for religious and miscellaneous books having fallen off, leaving the calls almost entirely for current fiction. Sales of sets and volumes in fine bindings have been noticeably light and orders for books of moderate prices were the rule, with the exceptions of juveniles and calendars, which maintained a higher grade than usual.

Pictures of People was undoubtedly the leading book of illustrations, and the publishers were repeatedly out of stock. *In Vanity Fair*, by A. B. Wenzel, was well received, but did not compete with the Gibson book in point of popularity. New illustrated editions of *Cape Cod*, by H. D. Thoreau, and *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske, sold readily, while *Rome of To-day and Yesterday*, by J. Dennie; *Meisso-*

nier: *His Life and His Art*, by V.C.O. Gréard, and *France under Louis XIV.*, by Emile Bourgeois, were also very successful. *'Twixt Cupid and Cræsus*, by Charles P. Didier; *Fables for the Times*, by H. W. Phillips, and *Kemble's Coons*, by E. W. Kemble, were novelties which caught the popular fancy and sold largely.

Fiction, however, easily outstripped every other department of literature, and the Ian Maclaren books, headed by *Kate Carnegie*, sold tremendously. These were followed at a respectful distance by *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie; *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker; *King Noanett*, by F. J. Stimson, and *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In addition, the works of Marie Corelli, Anthony Hope, Stanley J. Weyman, and Harold Frederic were largely used, and the amusing books of John Kendrick Bangs were generously purchased.

On religious subjects the year-books of Phillips Brooks, the Misses Sutphen, and also Ian Maclaren's *The Mind of the Master*, *The Cure of Souls*, and *The Upper Room* found most favour.

Miscellaneous books of note included *Driving for Pleasure*, by Francis T. Underhill; *Myths and Legends of Our World*, by Charles M. Skinner, and *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson.

Juveniles were in good demand, and *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett; *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, by Eldridge S. Brooks; *A Little Girl of Long Ago*, by Eliza Orne White, led the sales, while the works of the following favourites continued to be called for: G. A. Henty, Laura M. Richards, Louisa M. Alcott, and Oliver Optic.

The publications of the month were not numerous, and but few books of importance were brought out. *In Bohemia with Du Maurier*, by Felix Moschelles, and *English Society*, sketched by George Du Maurier, were undoubtedly intended for the holiday trade, but their late appearance prevented their becoming known in time.

A list of the popular books of the month, as indicated by their sales, is as follows:

- Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.
 Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.
 The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.
 Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.
 The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. \$1.25.
 The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.
 The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.
 Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.
 Some Say. By Laura E. Richards. 50 cents.
 A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.
 Pictures of People. By Charles Dana Gibson. \$5.00.
 Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. \$1.50.
 The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. \$1.25.
 The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1896.

The year which has just closed was a remarkable one in many respects. For the most part trade was at a low ebb, and the volume of business done does not compare favourably with the previous year's record. Cause for congratulation, however, may be found in the fact that the book trade has not suffered in the same proportion from the hard times as have most of the other branches of commerce, which would seem to indicate that it is at least on a sound footing. The new year seems to promise better things, and we may confidently expect that trade will be steadier, more regular, and consequently better, than in 1896.

December business was good right through the month, and the booksellers had all they could do to keep up with the demand. Holiday trade was cyclonic in its nature, and when it did open up, though somewhat tardy in starting, the rush was simply terrific. Piles of popular books melted like snow in the sun from the booksellers' counters, when the holiday crowds took possession of the stores, and many publishers were utterly unable to cope with the avalanche of orders they received during the Christmas week, several of the leading books of the day being reported out of stock just before the season ended. The latest popular novels, such as *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *King Noanett*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, *Marm Lisa*, *The Joy of Life*, and *Quo Vadis*, absorbed the lion's share, but other classes did well, particularly those embracing history and biography. New books published this fall were particularly successful, and it speaks well for the careful way in which this season's publications were selected when we say that there were few, if any, failures among them.

The December list of new books was a large one, and was remarkable for the number of works published other than fiction. The month's books which met with the largest sales were *A Romany of the Snows*, by Gilbert Parker; *That First Affair*, by J. A. Mitchell; *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, by Richard Le Gallienne; *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson; *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and *Miss Ayr of Virginia*, by Julia Magruder.

Some of the titles conferred upon juveniles, books this year are strikingly original, to say the least, and should some of these peculiarly named books attain classical honour the English language will be considerably enlarged. *The Golliwogs Bicycle Club* and *Prince Boo Hoo and Little Smuts* are astounding enough, and *Gobolinks* does not, to the uninitiated, throw much light upon the matter between its covers, but who in the name of mystery knows, without reading the book, who the *Wallypug of Why* is, or ever heard before of *The Zaukewauk and the Bletcherwitch*?

Judging from the nature of a number of books published recently and their popularity, it would seem that short-cuts to knowledge are much sought after nowadays. Such books as *Audiences*, by Florence P. Holden; *How to Listen to Music*, by H. S. Krehbiel, and *National Epics*, by Kate Milner Rabb, are selling very well, and are likely to do better as they become familiar.

Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli.

Grey Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.

Oriel Window. By Mrs. Molesworth.

Peckkeray's Ballads. Illustrated. 6s.

Seven Homes. By Mrs. R. Charles.

Wells's Annual. 3s. 6d.

Animal Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.

Downing's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

Long Life. By M. C. Clarke. 7s. 6d.

The Heritage of the Spirit. By Bishop

Houghton. 3s. 6d.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore.

6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1896, and January 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25 and \$2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25 and \$2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. A Year in the Fields. By Burroughs. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
4. True George Washington. By Ford. \$2.00. (Lippincott)
5. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. By Skinner. \$3.00. (Lippincott.)
6. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
2. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
3. One of the Visconti. By Brodhead. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. That First Affair. By Mitchell. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. In Sight of the Goddess. By Reade. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Authors and Friends. By Fields. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
2. The Second Century of Charades. By Belamy. \$1.00. (Houghton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Taquisara. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Old Dorset. By Rogers. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. A Venetian June. By Fuller. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Italy in the Nineteenth Century. By Latimer. \$2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
4. A Child-World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
5. Pierrette. By Bouvet. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Mystic Masonry. By Buck. \$1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Beginners of a Nation. By Eggleston. \$1.50. (Appleton)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Driving. By Underhill. \$7.50. (Appleton)

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
 ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
 6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
 3. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
 6. Cape Cod. 2 vols. By Thoreau. \$5.00. (Houghton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
 5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. \$1.50. (Houghton.)
 2. Singular Life. By Phelps. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. March Hares. By Frederic. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 6. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Tales of Languedoc. By Brun. \$2.00. (Doxey.)
 2. Pictures of People. By Gibson. \$5.00. (Russell & Sons.)
 3. Kemble's Coons. By Kemble. \$2.00. (Russell & Sons.)
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little Brown & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

- ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
 5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 6. That First Affair. By Mitchell. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

TOLEDO, O.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 4. A Child-World. By Riley. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
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 5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (English Colonial Edition.)
 6. Taquisara. By Crawford. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25. (English Colonial Edition.)

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- ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 2. Rodney Stone.* By Doyle. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)
 3. The Gray Man.* By Crockett. 75 cts. and \$1.25. (Unwin.)
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 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. Story of Canada. By Bourinot. \$1.50. (Putnam.)

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1. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. By Skinner. 2 vols. \$3.00. (Lippincott.)
 2. Cape Cod. By Thoreau. 2 vols. \$5.00. (Houghton.)
 3. Constantinople. By De Amicis. 2 vols. \$5.00. (Coates.)
 4. Venice. By Yriarte. \$3.00. (Coates.)
 ✓ Country of Pointed Firs. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ✓ Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

* Colonial libraries.

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THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

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- GIBBONS, JAMES, Cardinal.—The Ambassador of Christ. 12mo, pp. xiv-404, \$1.00 *net*. Murphy
- HOUSMAN, Rev. H.—John Ellerton: Being a Collection of his Writings on Hymnology. With a Sketch of his Life and Works. 12mo, pp. iii-427, \$2.00..... Young
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- WATSON, J.—Christianity and Idealism: the Christian Ideal of Life and its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern Philosophy. 12mo, pp. xviii-216, \$1.25 *net*. Macmillan

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English Editor:—W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

American Editors:) PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, of Columbia College, N. Y.
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ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1897

New and Attractive Features

A New Serial Story

IN KEDAR'S TENTS

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Sowers"

The great popularity which Mr. Merriman's recent novel, *THE SOWERS*, has won for him in England makes a serial from his pen one of the events of the present year. During the last three months *THE SOWERS* has been selling rapidly, and continues to be the favourite book of the hour. His new novel, entitled *IN KEDAR'S TENTS*, which has been secured for *THE BOOKMAN*, does not fall behind his previous work as a thrilling story of adventure. Mr. Merriman is one of the born story-tellers, and *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* is full of exciting episodes, adventurous incidents, brilliant repartee and dramatic climaxes. The opening scene takes place during the Chartist uprising in England, but shifts quickly to Spain, where the hero of the story becomes involved in a tangle of love and intrigue. *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* has been pronounced by critics who have read the advance sheets to be one of the best serials that have been written for years, and equal to Anthony Hope's *PHROSOS*, which held the interest of its readers in *McClure's Magazine* as did no other serial during the past year.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN

From Irving to Holmes

By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

For some months back, the Editors have been making arrangements to present to the readers of this magazine a series of papers during the present year, which shall give a more complete, a more exhaustive and picturesque account of the lives of our great American Bookmen who have lived and worked in the present century, than has yet been published. The series begins with an article on Washington Irving in the February number, and will be continued through the year. Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has been engaged to write these papers, and few men have probably had the training and are so happily situated as Mr. De Wolfe Howe for undertaking this delightful task. An attractive feature of these articles, besides the new material given in the text, will be the addition of new portraits and fac-similes and other interesting illustrations connected with the various authors who are to be considered.

LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS

The series of Living Critics, which has proved a popular one in *THE BOOKMAN* during the past year, is finished, so far as American and English critics are concerned, with a paper on William Dean Howells by Professor Peck in the February number. These studies, however, will now be extended to Living Continental Critics, about whom very little that is trustworthy has yet been published

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

in English. In embracing this opportunity, the Editors of THE BOOKMAN will bring into this neglected field an amount of fresh material which will be gladly welcomed by all readers. The articles, of course, will be accompanied, as heretofore, by recent portraits.

OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS

By EDWIN M. BACON

It was intended during the past year to follow up the articles on the Old Booksellers of New York, which appeared in THE BOOKMAN in the previous year, with a series of like articles on the Old Booksellers of Boston; but Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, who undertook the work, found the field so much more interesting and extensive in its resources than he had imagined, that it has been impossible for him, until now, to condense his material and put it in shape for a series of articles to be published in THE BOOKMAN. There will be four papers in this series, and a feast of good things can safely be promised, as many interesting facts hitherto unpublished concerning the relations between some of these old booksellers with the historians and litterateurs of New England have been discovered by Mr. Bacon. These papers will be illustrated with portraits, and it is intended to reproduce fac-similes of those contracts made with authors, that are interesting as possessing a curious documentary value.

GENERAL FEATURES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck will contribute, as heretofore, signed articles on topics of immediate contemporaneous interest. Among them is a critical analysis of the literary work of William Dean Howells (in the February number), papers on "The Americanization of England," "The Progress of 'Fonetik Refawrm,'" "An American Play in an English Theatre," and a series of articles under the general title "France and Germany," embodying the results of much careful observation, and replete with significant illustration and anecdote.

Special articles of interest may also be looked for, from time to time, in the future, from those who have already contributed to THE BOOKMAN, and who have undertaken to contribute in the future. Among these are the following :

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All the other popular features of THE BOOKMAN will be continued, and the Editors—grateful as they are for the recognition which their efforts in the past have evoked—hope, in the coming year, to approach still nearer to the standard of excellence which they have set before them, in their desire to make THE BOOKMAN the most readable, the most authoritative, and the most complete of literary journals.

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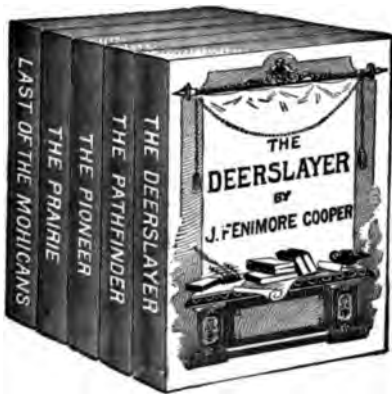
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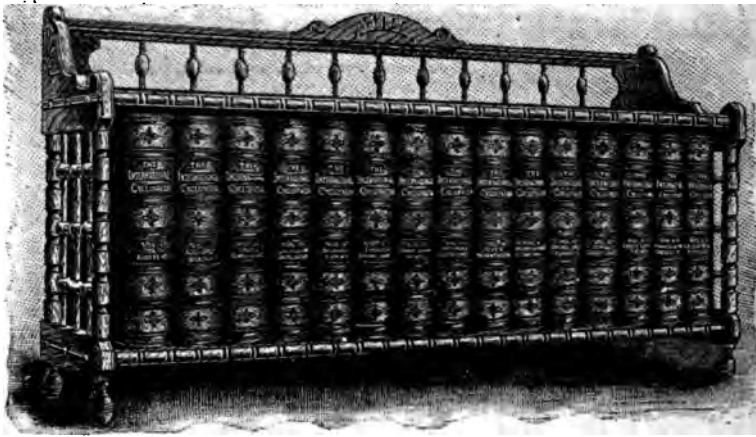
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